

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.]

AUGUST, 1879.

[No. 38.]

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT STEPHEN PROPOSED.

THIS was the dream of a night. Morning, especially if it be cold, rainy, and uncomfortable morning, brings awaking and reality. Stephen awoke and realized. He remembered the evening's dream with a shudder which came of shame. He looked out upon leaden clouds, rain-beaten, bare branches, and plashy lawns, and he was ashamed of his ready enthusiasm.

Morning always found Stephen Hamblin sad. It is the way with men whose joys belong entirely to the town. In the morning he was at his worst in looks and in temper. The bald temples seemed to cover a larger area of skull, the tuft of black hair which remained in the middle seemed smaller, and his eyes seemed closer together. Morning, with such men, is the time for evil deeds.

He breakfasted alone, and then dragged out all the papers and spread them before him. He would, at least, learn all that was to be learned, and at once. Absurd to go on dreaming impossibilities.

And yet, in one form or the other, the dream had been with him so long that it was hard to put it aside.

The documents divided themselves into three classes. There were the letters—Alison had already taken away her own; there were the papers relating to private accounts, small but continuous loans to Alderney Codd, himself, and others; and there were the diaries and journals year by year. The lawyers had gone through

them before and taken away the more important papers. But there was still a great pile left.

Stephen had already carelessly turned over the letters. He now devoted himself to a rigid and thorough reading of every scrap of paper.

This took him more than one day. At the close of the first day's work he laid down the last read paper with a sigh of satisfaction, because he had as yet arrived at nothing. The results he wished to secure were chiefly negative results. There was not one hint, so far as he had got, of any love-business at all. If there were letters from women, they were letters from people in distress, asking for money: if there were any reference at all to marriages, they were those of persons entirely unconnected with the matter which interested Stephen.

Stephen was, in one sense, disappointed. What he would have rejoiced to find—evidence of an *amourette* without a ring—he had not found. But, on the other hand, there was no evidence of any love-passages at all, which was clear gain.

He went up to town, dined at the club, sat late after dinner, slept at his chambers in Pall Mall, and returned to Clapham on the following morning.

Here he renewed his researches.

This day he spent among the miscellaneous documents. Here were his own early I O U's—of late years this unmeaning ceremony had been abandoned—for prudence' sake, he tied these all up together and placed them in his own pocket. Nothing so hopelessly valueless as one of his own I O U's, and yet, for many reasons, nothing more desirable to get hold of. There were several, too, from Alderney Codd, which he also

put together by themselves for future use. Alderney might be influenced by means of them, he thought, with some shadowy idea about threatening that most impecunious of men and fellows.

The same day he began the study of the voluminous diaries.

Anthony Hamblin, brought up under the strict rule of an old-fashioned merchant, was taught very early to be methodical. He became, by long practice, methodical in all his ways. He not only kept carefully and endorsed all receipts, letters, and documents, down to the very play-bills, the dinner-bills, the hotel-bills, the luncheon-bills, but he actually entered in a big diary, one of the biggest procurable, all the simple daily occurrences of his life. Thus, the record of the day would appear as follows:

"April 1, 18.—Letters: from Stephen, asking for a loan of twenty-five pounds—sent the check: from the vicar, urging a continuance of my subscription to the schools—wrote to renew it: from the Secretary of the Society for providing Pensions for Aged Beadles—put the letter in the basket: from the Hospital for Incurable Cats—sent half a guinea—see disbursements for month. Promised Alison a box at the opera: into town: saw Augustus on business matters: lunched at the City Club—more champagne than is safe in the middle of the day: saw Alderney Codd. Lent him ten pounds for a fortnight: took his I O U for the amount: did no work in the afternoon: walked all the way home: strolled on the Common with Alison till dinner-time: the Dean and his daughters to dinner. Study at eleven: read till twelve."

This was the harmless chronicle of small things kept by the great City merchant. It was the journal of a man who was contented with life, was anxious about nothing, hoped for nothing strongly, had always found the road smooth, and was conscious that his lot was an enviable one. In Stephen's eyes it had one special merit: it accounted for every hour of the day. All Anthony Hamblin's life was there.

There were six-and-thirty of these volumes. Anthony had begun the first under the supervision of an exact and methodical father, when he entered the office at sixteen. What Stephen looked for and feared to find would probably occur somewhere about the sixteenth volume. Yet, taking every precaution, Stephen began with the earliest and read straight on.

The expression of his face as he toiled through page after page of these journals suggested contempt and wonder. With his dark eyes, almost olive-tint, and once clear-cut features, now rather swollen, he looked something like Mephistopheles, gone a little elderly, and showing signs

of an indulgent life. Certainly that hero of the stage could not more unmistakably have shown his contempt for such a record. Some men would have been moved to admiration at a life so blameless; others would have been moved to love and gratitude, finding their own name constantly mentioned, and always accompanied by a gift; others would have felt sympathy with so much paternal affection as appeared in the later volumes. Stephen, for his part, was unconsciously engaged in comparing his own life, step by step, as he went on, with that before him. He rejoiced in the contrast: on the one side were peace and calm, on the other red-hot pleasures; the "roses and rapture of life" for himself, and the insipidity of domestic joys for Anthony. History, to be sure, is not made by men of Anthony's stamp, because history is entirely a record of the messes and miseries incurred by people in consequence of their ignorance and the wickedness of their rulers. One thing of importance: there was no mention at all of any love-passages, to say nothing of any marriage. Yet Alison must have had a mother, and there could be no doubt that she was Anthony's own daughter. The resemblance to his mother was enough to prove it.

Presently the reader came upon a line which interested him. "By Jove!" he said, "I wonder what he says about Newbury?"

There was a good deal about Newbury, but not apparently what the reader expected.

"I thought he would have written something more about Dora," said Stephen.

He now read more carefully, as if he suspected something might happen about this time. To begin with, it was now only a year before Alison's birth, yet nothing was said. The entries were candid and frank; there was no hint at concealment; there seemed nothing to be concealed. The reader turned over page after page in anxiety which was fast becoming feverish. The holiday at Newbury seemed terminated, like all the rest, by return to London; not a word afterward about Dora Nethersole. The autumn and winter were spent at Clapham and in the City, as usual; in the spring Anthony went for a month to the south of France, his companion being that most respectable of the cousins, the Dean. He returned in early summer; in the autumn he went to Bournemouth. The reader's face clouded. He read on more anxiously. There was a gap of four weeks, during which there was no entry. You who have read Miss Nethersole's manuscript know how the time was spent. After that interval the journal went on. "Returned to town, saw Stephen, told him what I thought fit."

"What he thought fit!" echoed Stephen. "Then he kept something back. What could that be?"

Then the journal returned to its accustomed grooves, save that there was an entry which appeared every month, and seemed mysterious. "Sent eight pounds to Mrs. B." Who was Mrs. B.? In the journal, S. stood for Stephen, A. C. for Alderney Codd, F. for Mrs. Cridland, and so on. But who was Mrs. B.?

This entry was continued with no further explanation for three years. Then there appeared the following:

"June 13.—Went to fetch away A. Took her by train to Brighton. Gave her over to the custody of Mrs. D."

"A." must have been Alison.

After that the references made to "A." became so frequent as to leave no doubt. He went to Brighton to see "A." She was growing tall; she was growing pretty; she was like his mother. Not a word said about her own. She had the Hamblin face. And so on.

There was certainly small chance of finding anything in the later diaries, but there might be some mention of the deceased wife's relations. Stephen persevered.

There was none. The book was full of Alison. The man's affection for his daughter was surprising. To Stephen it seemed silly.

He laid down the last of the volumes with a sigh of relief.

So far, in a set of thirty journals and diaries carefully kept from day to day, there was only one gap, a modest little four weeks' interval in which Anthony had been to Bournemouth. "What," thought Stephen again, "did he hide when he told me about his Bournemouth journey?"

Then he thought of another chance.

He remembered the great family Bible, bound in solid leather, which contained the whole genealogy of the Hamblins from the birth of the earliest Anthony.

He knew where to find it, and opened it with a perceptible beating of the heart.

There were the names of Anthony and himself, the last two of the elder line. *No addition had been made.* There was no entry of Anthony's marriage. The two brothers stood on the page, with space after them to record their respective marriages and death. But there was no further record. Like the journals, the Bible was silent.

"Alison," he said, "is certainly Anthony's child. For that matter, no one ever doubted it. For some reason, he wished to hide the place of her birth and the name of her mother. Why? Two reasons suggest themselves: one, that he was never married at all—unlike Anthony, that—the second, that he desired to conceal the marriage. Why, again? Possibly because he was ashamed of his wife's people. Unlike Anthony,

very much unlike Anthony. Or he might have married under an assumed name—also unlike Anthony—in which case" (here Stephen smiled gratefully and benignantly) "it might be absolutely impossible to prove the marriage."

But mostly Stephen inclined to the no-marriage theory. A secret *liaison* commended itself to him as the most probable way of accounting for the whole business. To be sure, one easily believes what is the best for one's own interest.

"Anthony," he said, "would be eager to destroy, as effectually as possible, every trace of the presumably brief episode. No doubt he wished that no one should even suspect its existence. That is the way with your virtuous men. But he could not efface his own daughter, and did not wish to try. Hence the shallow artifice of pretending that her mother had died in childbirth. And that must be the reason, too, of Anthony's disinclination to make a will, in which he would have had to declare the whole truth."

At this point of the argument Stephen grew red-hot with indignation. No Roman satirist, no vehement orator of eloquent antiquity, could be more wrathful, more fiery with passion, than himself. His face glowed with virtue. He was the Christian who did well to be angry.

"What an impudent, what a shameful attempt," he cried, "to defraud the rightful heir! Was it possible that an elder brother could be so base? But he was mistaken," said Stephen, rubbing his hands. "He was mistaken! He reckoned without me. He did not count on my suspicions. He thought he should hoodwink me with all the rest of them. Why, I knew it all along. He forgot that he had to do with a man of the world."

Certainly Stephen knew one side of the world extremely well: it was the seamy side.

After this examination there was no longer any doubt in his mind; he was resolved. At the fitting moment, after a little preparation, he would present himself in the character of sole heir and claimant of the whole estate. But there must be a little preparation first.

"As for what my cousins say or think," he said, "I care not one brass farthing. Nor, for that matter, do I care for what all the world says and thinks. But it is as well to have general opinion with one."

It would be well, he thought, to begin, after the manner of the ancients, the German political press, and Russian diplomatists, by scattering abroad ambiguous words.

He made no more appearances at the domestic circle as the benevolent guardian, and he ceased sending polite messages to Alison.

He began to sow the seeds of distrust in the mind of honest Alderney Codd, who, but for him,

would certainly have never suspected evil. Of all the many classifications of mankind, there is none more exhaustive than that which divides humanity into those who do not and those who do think evil, those who believe in motives noble and disinterested, and those who habitually attribute motives low, sordid, and base. Needless to say that Stephen belonged, in his capacity of man of the world, to the latter. There are sheep and there are goats: the man of the world prefers the goats.

He invited Alderney to dine with him at Clapham, stating that it would be a bachelor's dinner for themselves. In fact, dinner was served in the study. Alderney arrived, clad still in the gorgeous coat with the fur lining. He was punctual to time—half-past seven—and found Stephen apparently hard at work behind a great pile of papers on a side-table.

"These are a few," he said, looking up and greeting his cousin, "just a few of the papers connected with the estate, which I have to go through."

"Oh!" said Alderney, with sympathy. "Poor Anthony will cut up, I hear, better than was expected even."

Stephen nodded mysteriously.

"You have heard, perhaps, that I am to take out letters of administration. There was no will, but of course I am the nearest friend of this poor, bereaved girl."

Alderney was rather astonished at this expression of sympathy and so much grief, after an interval of so many weeks. Many brothers dry up, so to speak, in a fortnight at latest. Most brothers cease to use the language of grief after a month.

"Yes, it is very sad; but Alison won't go on crying for ever, I suppose?"

"Don't be brutal, Alderney. Pretend to sympathy, if you can't feel any. You were always inclined to look on things from so hard a point of view."

This, again, was astonishing. Alderney sat down meekly, and began to wish that dinner would come.

"I thought," he said presently, while Stephen went on making notes and turning over leaves, "that the lawyers relieved you of all the work."

"My dear fellow!" with gentle surprise. "Impossible. They take care of the details, and do the necessary legal work. I have, however, to master the general situation. The guardians, executors, and trustees have all the responsibility, nearly all the work, and none of the profit." This was ungrateful, considering the five hundred a year. "But, of course, for the poor child's sake, one must not flinch from undertaking it."

Alderney was more surprised than ever. The last time Stephen spoke to him of Alison he called her a little devil. But that, to be sure, was late in the evening, when he was lamenting her existence.

"It is very creditable to you, Stephen," said Alderney warmly. "You have the same kind heart as your brother. I feared from what you said once before that you bore poor Alison a grudge for ever having been born, which is a thing that no girl should be blamed for."

"Alderney," said Stephen, "you ought to know better than to rake up an old thing said in a bad temper. Alison has now become my especial, my sacred charge."

Alderney Codd stroked his chin—noticing as he did so that the frayed condition of his cuffs was really beyond everything—and began to be more confounded than ever. He wished they would bring dinner. That Stephen Hamblin should acknowledge any duty, and act upon that recognition; that he should acknowledge anything sacred, and square his conduct accordingly, was to Alderney like a new revelation; and yet Stephen appeared in perfect health. So he only coughed—an involuntary expression of incredulity—and said nothing.

"What a task!" said Stephen; "what a melancholy yet profitable task it is going through the simple records of a blameless life like my brother Anthony's! You think with me, Alderney, that his life was really a blameless one?"

"Surely," said Alderney, almost ready by this time to believe that Stephen must be an awakened and converted vessel, and feeling some natural anxiety on his own personal behalf lest the complaint might be contagious—"surely. The very best man who ever lived. Many is the fiver I have borrowed of him. So far even as a tennor went, indeed, I always regarded Anthony as a safe draw; but, as a regular rule, not more than that at a time, and not more than once a month or so. And it was best to vary the place, the time, and the emergency. Dear me! to think that I have borrowed the last fiver from him that I shall ever get! Where shall we find another lender so free and so forgetful?"

"You can always rely on me, Alderney," said Stephen, slowly and sadly, "for that amount at least."

"God bless my soul!" cried Alderney, bewildered beyond power of control by this sudden conversion. "Has anything happened to you, Stephen? You haven't got some internal complaint?"

Stephen was still sitting at the table, with a three-quarter face lit by the fire. The room was dark, and his hard features, suffused by the rosy light, looked gentle and kind. Who, up till now,

had ever heard of Stephen Hamblin lending any one a single penny?

"I have been searching among these papers," he went on, still in the same slow, sad way, without noticing Alderney's extraordinary question, "for some evidence—say, rather, some record—of my brother's marriage. Alison is nearly twenty years of age. Here, for instance, is a bundle of papers which refer to a time before her birth. Plenty of diaries of that date are here before me. Oddly enough, I find no mention anywhere of any marriage. Yet Anthony was a most methodical man, and one would think must have made somewhere a careful record of an important event such as his marriage. Here, again"—he took up a thick volume, and opened it at random—"is a diary of that time. Anything seems set down. 'Advanced to Alderney Codd, twenty-five pounds.' And here is even your own I O U."

"Really!" cried Alderney, springing to his feet. "Let me see that document. My own I O U! And for five-and-twenty! I remember it well. It was twenty years ago. We went to Paris, you and I, with the money, and we staid there for a week. When it was all gone, you had to write to Anthony for more, to bring us home. I remember—I remember. Now this is really touching. I borrowed that money twenty years ago. Think of one's good deeds seeing the light again after so many years! It was indeed a casting of bread upon the water. I never expected to be rewarded in this manner."

His face flushed, especially his nose, and he spoke as if his own borrowing had been the good deed thus providentially brought to light.

Then the dinner was brought up. Alderney, like all thin men, was blessed with a regular and trustworthy appetite. There was little conversation during the dinner, which was good. When it was all over, and nothing more remained but the wine, the two men turned their chairs to the fire, and fell to quiet talk over a bottle of 1856, out of Anthony's capacious cellar.

"I suppose," said Stephen presently, harking back to the subject of his brother, "that you have a very distinct recollection of poor Anthony's regular habits?"

"Why, any man would remember so regular a life as his."

"True, the most methodical of men. It seems to me, Alderney, as if he knew on any day and at any time what he was then doing. This is really admirable port. I should like a bin of it. Of course, Anthony moved like the hands of a clock. It is good wine—Falernian. And yet I can not remember, nor can I find a trace of, any week or month during which he could

have gone away to be married. Take another glass, Alderney."

"Not that it takes a week," said Alderney, "to be married in. You may leave the office and find a church within a stone's-throw, if you like. Gad! Stephen, the thing is so easy that I wonder you and I have never been let in for it. Thank you. The decanter is with you. Full of body, isn't it?"

"The ceremony is not everything. The nose-gay of this wine is perfect. You have to court your bride, I suppose; and all that takes time. And what sort of a wife would that be, content with a five minutes squeezed here and there out of the office-day? Alderney, I know every holiday he ever took, where he went, with whom he went, and what he did. Ah, what a color! For the life of me, I can not understand when he was married."

"It does seem odd," said Alderney, "now one begins to think of it. This is the inner flask. Why can't a man drink a couple of bottles of this divine liquor without getting drunk?"

"Then the death of his wife. Did he go about as if nothing had happened? How is it there is no word about it in the diaries? We can have another bottle up. And the birth of his daughter? Why is not that event entered?"

"It does seem odd."

"So odd, Alderney, that I am going to investigate it. Do have some more port. If Anthony had been any other kind of man, if we were not all sure, quite sure in our own minds, that his life was always beyond reproach—if we could not all agree in this, I should say that he had never been married at all."

As Stephen said these words slowly, he leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed sadly into the fire.

Alderney did not reply at first. He was taking another glass of port. Wine stimulates the perceptive faculties, but sometimes confuses the powers of speech. Presently he said, rather thickly:

"Quite—quite impossible. Anthony's the best man in the world, and there's no better port out of Cambridge."

Alderney called next day at the offices in the City. Augustus Hamblin, apparently willing to waste a quarter of an hour with him, which was not always the case, received him, and let him talk.

Alderney expatiated on the virtuous attitude of the new guardian.

"Richard III.," said Augustus, "was equally full of love for his nephews."

"Nay, nay," cried Alderney reproachfully, "Stephen is in earnest. He is a new man."

"Perhaps," said Augustus. "We have, however, cut his nails pretty short. New man or old, he will do no mischief to the estate."

"Well," Alderney went on, "it is very odd, but Stephen can find no trace of Anthony's marriage, which was always, you know, a very mysterious affair. He must have married somebody."

"Yes," said Augustus confidently, though his brow clouded; "of course, somebody. What does it matter?"

"Stephen says that if Anthony had been a different kind of man, unless we were all agreed that he was the best of men, we might be inclined to think that he never was married at all."

The words went home. Augustus felt a sudden pang of fear and surprise. Stephen would in that case be the sole heir.

"A changed man, is he?" he asked. "Upon my word, Alderney, I suspect he is exactly the same man as he always has been: not changed a bit."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BIRCH-TREE TAVERN.

AMONG the City clubs is a small and little-known association which meets informally on every day of the week and all the year round, between the hours of two and five in the afternoon.

There are no rules in this club: it has no ballot-box: nobody is ever blackballed, nobody is ever proposed, nobody is ever elected: there is no subscription—if there were, the club would instantly dissolve: and it is nameless. It is, however, felt by the members to be a very real and existing club, a place where they may be sure of meeting their friends, an institution to which only those resort who are bound together by the common ties of like pursuits.

This place of meeting is the Birch-Tree Tavern, which stands in one of the narrow streets leading southward out of Cornhill. Its situation, therefore, is central, in the very heart of London. It is a simple house of refreshment, which, like all the City places, is full of life between one and three, and before or after those hours is dull and empty. When the hungry clerks have all disappeared, when the jostling waiters have left off carrying, taking orders, and bawling, when the boys have ceased to balance among the mob their piles of plates and dishes, when the compartments are all empty, a great calm falls upon the place, broken only by the buzz of conversation of the men who are always lounging over a London bar: by the occasional click of the bil-

liard-balls, and by the distant murmur from the room where the members of the club are holding their daily conference. If you ask for anything at this place after four, the waiters collect together to gaze upon you in pity; if at half-past five, they receive your orders with contumely, or even eject you with violence.

The Birch-Tree Tavern, the glories of which belong perhaps to the times when the new and splendid restaurant was unknown, consists of several houses, or parts of houses. Many years ago these had behind them little yards, each four feet broad by twenty long, where rubbish could be shot, where cats could practice gymnastics, and where the melancholy moss, which can live without sunshine, dragged on a monotonous existence. But the walls of the yards are taken down, the space between the houses roofed over, and the ground thus reclaimed has been made into a bar and a luncheon-table. If you go up stairs and turn to the left hand, first door on the first floor, you will find yourself in the room affected by the members of this nameless club.

They arrive between one and two o'clock in the day; they find a row of tables on one side of the room, spread with table-cloths, which are white on Monday; here they dine. After dinner they adjourn to a row of tables without table-cloths, on the other side, near the windows, which are adorned with nothing but lucifer-matches in their native caskets. Here they join their friends, and sit talking over fragrant tobacco and whisky-and-water till afternoon deepens into evening—in other words, until the waiter turns them out.

Where do they go when they leave the Birch-Tree Tavern?

That is a question to which there is no reply. They used to show a man at the Stilton Cheese who sat in that place every day of his life from four o'clock till seven, except on Sunday, when he was supposed to lie in bed till six. He then went to the Coach and Four, where he remained until nine. After that he repaired to the Albion, where he finished his monotonous day of perpetual thirst, for, during the whole of that time, he drank whisky-and-water gayly.

The members of this club began to drink earlier than this hero. In all probability, therefore, they left off earlier. It does not seem in nature, for instance, to drink whisky-and-water from two till six, and then to finish with another sitting from six till eleven afterward. Perhaps they went home and had tea and read good books; perhaps they went to bed at once; perhaps they sat in solitude and reflected; perhaps they sat like mediums waiting for a communication. I do not know, nor did the members of this club know, because their acquaintance with

each other began and ended at the tavern, what they did in the evening.

Men who pursue secret, tortuous, or mysterious methods of making money always meet their fellow laborers in certain taverns. One class of ingenious adventurers, which turns its attentions to the fluctuations of foreign stock, may be seen whispering together—they all whisper—in a certain underground place where they keep wonderful sherry at eighteen pence a glass; it is a sherry which unlocks all hearts. Others, who take an interest in the railways of the foreigner, may be seen at the Whittington, an agreeable little place, where they put you into little boxes, four feet square, with walls eight feet high. Here the guests sit like conspirators and discuss their secrets. Sometimes you may see one more suspicious than the rest, peering over the partition-wall to see if the occupiers of the next place are likely to be listeners. At Binn's, again, you will find in the ordinary compartments German Jews, who can tell you all about the price of diamonds and the rise of bullion. They are safe from listeners, because they are talking their own language, which is Schmoozum, and no one understands that except themselves.

The men who used the Birch-Tree Tavern were all of them engaged perpetually in the formation, the promotion, the floating of new companies. To conceive the idea of a new company; to give it such a name as would attract; to connect it with popular objects; to draw up a flaming prospectus, showing how the profits *must* be five-and-twenty, and would most likely be cent. per cent.; to receive fully paid-up shares, in reward for the idea and the preliminary work; to realize upon them when the shares were at their highest, and before the smash—this was the golden dream of men who frequented that first-floor room. They were always occupied with designs—hatching new ideas, abandoning old. They listened with the utmost eagerness to each other's ideas. They believed in them more than in their own, envied their possession, marveled at their own bad luck in not hitting upon them for themselves; and they pleased themselves with stories about great strokes of good fortune.

They are not an unkindly set of men. They do not steal each other's ideas or try to anticipate them. Their faces lack the hawk-like look of professional turf-men and gamblers. They all love to lounge and talk. Their calling makes them perhaps inclined to be dreamy and imaginative. One would not claim for them the highest standard of moral excellence, but certainly, when the imagination is allowed fair play, the habits of the bird of prey are seldom found. Now the rook is an eminently practical and not an imaginative bird.

I am far from asserting that these gentlemen are models of morality. On the contrary, they have no morality; such a thing does not exist in the lower flights of financing, whatever may be the case with the higher. They are positively without morals on this side of their character. They consider nothing about a company, except to inquire how the idea can be so presented as to attract the general public. Whether it is a snare and a delusion, whether the formation of such a company is a dishonest trading on the credulity of the ignorant, whether the traffic in its shares is not a mere robbery and plunder—these are things which the small projectors neither inquire into, nor care for, nor would understand.

One of the most regular frequenters of the tavern was Mr. Alderney Codd. Since the age of eight-and-twenty—since the time, that is, when he made that little arrangement, of which we have spoken, with his creditors—he has been engaged in the active, but hitherto unsuccessful, pursuit of other people's money by the promotion of risky companies. How he fell into this profession, by what successive steps this lay fellow of St. Alphege's became a promoter of companies, it is needless here to tell. He was in the profession, which is the important thing, and he was greatly respected in it, partly on account of his fertile imagination, which perpetually led him to devise new openings, and partly because he was supposed able to "influence" capital. Next to a capitalist comes the man who can influence capital. Was he not cousin to the Hamblins of Great St. Simon Apostle? Was he not hand-in-glove with Stephen, the younger brother, who was not in the firm, yet was supposed to be possessed of great wealth, and was always hanging about in the City? Was he not, again, a private friend of the successful Mr. Bunter Baker, commonly known as Jack Baker?

It was nothing that Alderney Codd was shabby and poor; they were all poor, and most of them were shabby. The important thing was, that he could influence capital directly, while the rest of them had to work crab-fashion toward the attainment of their objects—to crawl up back stairs, to take into their confidence a go-between, whose commission sopped up most of their profits. Another thing in Alderney's favor was that he was undoubtedly a university man, a fellow of his college, reputed to be a great scholar—a thing which always commands respect. Lastly, Alderney had once, some years before, actually made a great *coup*. He always told the story at the tavern whenever any stranger appeared in the circle—it was a privilege accorded to him; and the rest were never tired of hearing the story.

"It was in the early days of trams," he said, when he had led the conversation artfully to the

right moment for introducing the story—"the early days of trams. Not but what there is a good deal to be done in trams, even now, by a man who keeps his eyes open; and I would recommend anybody here who has time in his hands, and a little money for preliminary expenses" (here their jaws fell), "to consider the subject of trams applied to our own towns. My town was no other than—Valparaiso." Alderney Codd at this point would look round with an air of triumph, as if real genius was shown in the selection of a town so remote from Cornhill. "Valparaiso. It is a city which has a fine trade, and—and—well, I thought the idea of a tram in Valparaiso would possibly attract. Had it been Bristol or Birmingham, no one would have touched it; but to lend money to a foreign enterprise in those good days when people were credulous—ah, well!" Alderney Codd sighed. "We may well, like Horace, praise the past time, because it will never come again." Alderney's allusions to the classical authors, like his quotations, would not always bear inspection. "I conceived this idea, however. I have, as our friends know, some little influence over capital. I drew up the prospectus of that company; I introduced that company in certain quarters; I floated that company; I received five thousand pounds in fully-paid shares; the shares were taken; they ran up; I had the happiness to sell out when they were at seventy per cent. premium, a fortnight before the company smashed. As for the tram, gentlemen, it never was made, in consequence of a dispute with the municipality. However, it was not my fault; and I believe, gentlemen, I may call that transaction business—'*quocunque modo, rem*,' as Horace says."

Alderney generally stopped here. Had he gone on, he would have to explain that it was Stephen Hamblin who helped in starting this disastrous company, the name of which still brings tears of rage and bitterness to the eyes of many a country clergyman and poor maiden lady; he would have explained, further, that it was in consequence of acting further on Stephen's advice that he subsequently lost the whole. For he invested it in a new American railway. The prospectus, beautifully emblazoned with arms of the State, mottoes, gilded emblems, and effigies of the almighty dollar, set forth that this line of El Dorado, this railway of Golconda, this iron road of Ophir, ran through diamond-fields, silver-mines, gold-mines, rich *ranchos* boasting of ten thousand cattle; past meadows smiling—nay, grinning—with perpetual crops; through vineyards whose grapes were better for pressing and fermenting than any on the Johannisberg or belonging to the Château Lafitte; and among a population numerous as the ants in an ant-hill, pros-

perous as an early engineer, and as rich as Nebuchadnezzar, Vanderbilt, or Mr. Stewart. It ran, or passed, from one place not marked on any English map to another not marked on any English map—from one to another world-center, both shamefully passed over and neglected by Mr. Stanford's young men. It was elaborately explained that, besides the enormous passenger traffic in this densely-populated country, there would be expected from the extraordinary wealth of the territory, as above indicated, a great and rapidly-increasing goods business. Figures showed that the least which holders of ordinary stock in this railway could expect would be twenty-five per cent. The shares of the new railway were placed upon the markets; Alderney Codd's money was all, by Stephen's advice, invested in them. He unfortunately let go the golden opportunity, which Stephen embraced, of selling all he held when the shares were at their highest, and was involved in the general ruin when it was discovered that there was no town at all within hundreds of miles of the place, that there were no people except one or two in a log-hut, that there would be no passenger traffic, and no conveyance of goods. Alderney, unfortunately, like all his friends, believed in other people's companies. He promoted what he knew to be a bubble, but he accepted all other bubbles for what they professed to be. And bubbles always profess to be solid pudding: such is their playful way.

Perhaps Alderney's popularity was due in great measure to his personal qualities. He was a good-hearted man; he never ascribed evil, or thought evil, though his manner of life would have been, had Providence allowed him to float many of his bubble companies, as mischievous, tortuous, and shady as that of an Egyptian vice-roy. He took everybody into his confidence, and, with a sublime trust in human nature which nothing could ever destroy, he imparted profound secrets to the acquaintance of an hour, who in his turn not unfrequently revealed mysteries of the most startling and confidential description to him. Men who talk to strangers at bars have few secrets, and are very candid. Then Alderney never forgot a face or a friend; he had an excellent memory; he was always cheerful, even sanguine, and was never mean. To be sure he was a lavish borrower, a very prodigal in borrowing; he would ask for a ten-pound note and take a crown-piece; and he never, unless when he borrowed among his own set, remembered to repay.

Perhaps, again, part of his popularity was due to his face. This was thin and clean shaven. The mouth had an habitual smile lurking in the corners; the nose was just touched with red, which, when not carried too far, imparts benevo-

lence of aspect; and the eyes were kindly, so that young children and old ladies were encouraged to ask him the way.

Alderney was a philanthropist whom fortune had made an enemy of mankind; he perpetually schemed and planned methods by which his fellow creatures were to be ruined, being himself the readiest dupe, the most willing victim in the world. Men may despise dupes, but they like the ready believer. It is delightful to find even among hawks the simplicity of the pigeon. The quack doctor buys a plenary indulgence of Tetzel, while he, in his turn, purchases a pill of the quack. The vender of beef fat for butter gets her fortune told by the gypsy; the gypsy buys the beef fat on the word of the immoral young person who sells it for butter.

About the beginning of every quarter, Alderney Codd would be absent from his regular haunts; the circle at the Birch-Tree would miss him; it might be rumored that he had gone down to Cambridge, where these honest speculators supposed that his society was still greatly in request, by reason of his being so massive a scholar. The real reason of his absence was, that he drew his hundred a year quarterly, and lay in bed half the day for two or three weeks after it. That was Alderney's idea of enjoying life if you were rich—to lie in bed. While in the first flush and pride of that five-and-twenty pounds, Alderney got up about one o'clock every day. Naturally, therefore, he dined late. During this period he ceased to devise schemes; his imagination rested; his busy brain had time to turn to practical things, and such renovation in his apparel as the money ran to was accomplished during this period. When it was over, he would cheerfully return to the stand-up dinner, the half-pint of beer, and the Scotch whisky with pipes and conversation among his fellows.

Every one of the circle had a history. To be sure that is sadly true of all mankind. I mean that these men were all out of the ordinary grooves of life. They were adventurers. Formerly they would have joined a band of free lances, to fight and plunder under the flag of a gallant knight of broken fortunes; or they would have gone a-buccaneering, and marooned many a tall ship, without caring much whether she carried Spanish colors or no. Or they might have gone skulking among the woods and shady places of England, where Saverlake, Sherwood, or the New Forest gives on to the high-road, lying in wait for unarmed travelers, in guise, as the famous dashing highwayman. Nowadays, for men of some education, no money, and small principle, there are few careers more attractive, though few less generally known, than that of small finance.

There were nine or ten of them at the tavern one afternoon in March; they had the room entirely to themselves, because it was Saturday, and the general public had gone away for their half-holiday. There was, therefore, a sense of freedom and enlargement: they need not whisper.

They sat round the largest table, that under the middle window. Outside it was a charming and delicious day in very early spring, a day when the first promise comes of better times, when the air is soft and fragrant, and one reckons, like the one confiding swallow, that the winter is gone.

In this tavern the atmosphere was always the same: no fragrance of spring ever got there, no sunshine could reach the room; if the windows were ever opened, they would let in nothing but a heavy wave of air equally laden with the fumes of tobacco, spirits, and roasted meats. The men at the table, however, cared little for the breath of meadows; they loved the city air, which always seems charged with the perfumes of silver ingots and golden bars.

Among them this afternoon was one whom all regarded with a feeling which had something of awe in it; more of awe than of envy; because he was one who had succeeded. He was still a comparatively young man, rather a handsome man of two or three and thirty, with strong features, which were rather too coarse, a crop of curly, brown hair, a clear complexion, and bright eyes. He was dressed with more display than quiet men generally like, but his rings and chains seemed to suit his confident, braggart air. He spoke loudly, asserted himself, and in all companies pushed himself at once to the front. He was that phoenix among City men, the man who has made everything out of nothing, the successful man. He has a little to do with this story, and we will presently tell how he rose to greatness. His friends addressed him familiarly as Jack; everybody spoke of him behind his back as Jack Baker; on his cards was the name Mr. J. Bunter Baker. "Not plain Baker," he would say; "we are of the Bunter Bakers, formerly of Shropshire. The arms of the two families are, however, different."

The other men were sitting over whisky-and-water, with pipes. Jack Baker, half sitting, half leaning on the top rail of the back of his chair, was smoking a cigar, and had called for a pint of champagne. It was rumored among his admirers that he drank no other wine except champagne.

Alderney Codd, who was still attired in the magnificent fur-lined coat, was laying down the law.

"Capitalists tell me," he was saying, as if he

was on intimate terms with a great many capitalists, "that if you have got a good thing—you will bear me out, Jack—you can't do better than bring it out. Nonsense about general depression; there is plenty of money in the world that longs to change hands."

"Quite right," said Mr. Bunter Baker. "Plenty of money."

"And plenty of confidence," said Alderney. "Now I've got in my pocket—here—at this actual table—a thing good enough to make the fortune of a dozen companies."

Every project advanced at that table possessed the merit of a great and certain success—on paper.

He produced a small parcel wrapped in brown paper. All bent their heads eagerly while he toyed with the string, willing to prolong the suspense.

There is a certain public-house in Drury Lane where you will find, on any Sunday evening that you like, an assemblage of professional conjurers. They go there chiefly to try new tricks on each other, and they judge from the first exhibition before their skilled brethren of the effect which they will produce on an uncritical public. So with Alderney. He was about to propound a new scheme to a critical circle, and he naturally hesitated. Then he turned to Mr. Bunter Baker before opening the parcel.

"I ask you, Jack, what is the first rule for him who wants to make money? Nobody ought to know better than yourself—come."

"Find out where to make it," said Jack.

"No, not at all; make it by means of the millions. Go to the millions. Never mind the upper ten thousand. Satisfy the wants of the millions. One of those wants, one of the commonest, is appealed to by the contents of this parcel. We seek to catch the *mutabilis aura*, the changeable breath of popular favor. The invention which I hold in my hand is so simple that the patent can not be infringed—*flecti, non frangi*; it will be as eagerly adopted by those who drink tea, the boon of those who, as Horace says, love the *Persicos apparatus*, or Chinese tea-tray, as by those who drink toddy; it will be used as freely at the bar—I do not here allude to the Inns of Court—as at the family breakfast-table."

"You need not quote your own prospectus," said Mr. Baker. "Get to the point, man. Let us into your secret."

No one was really in a hurry to learn it, for, like true artists, they were criticising the manner of putting the case.

"There's nothing like a good prospectus," said a keen and hungry-eyed man, who was listening attentively.

"And a well-placed advertisement in the 'Times,'" observed a little man, whose only known belief was in the form of such an advertisement. When he had one, of his own composition, it was a red-letter day; when he had a long one, it seemed like a fortune made: once he was so happy as to make the acquaintance of a man who reported for the "Times." He lent that man money in perfect confidence; and, though his advances were never repaid, his admiration for the paper remained unbounded.

"Cheap things for the people," said another, with a sigh. "See what a run my sixpenny printing-press had, though I was dished out of the profits."

A curious point about these men was, that they were always dished out of the profits whenever anything came off.

"But what is it?" asked another, taking out a note-book.

He was, among other things, connected with a certain "practical" weekly, and was supposed to give "publicity" to the schemes whenever he was allowed. I fear the circulation of the paper was greatly exaggerated with the view of catching advertisers.

"It is," said Alderney, untying the parcel, "nothing less than the substitution of glass for silver spoons. Honest glass! not pretended silver, not worthless plate. You drop one, it breaks; very good. A penny buys another."

All eyes turned on Mr. Baker. He took one of the glass spoons; he dropped it; it was broken.

"Very true indeed," he said. "It is broken."

"There are," Alderney continued, "seven million households in England; each household will require an average of fifty-five spoons: three hundred and eighty-five million spoons; original demand, three hundred and eighty-five million pence, a million and a half sterling. Not bad that, I think, for a company newly starting. Nobody can reckon the breakages—we may estimate them roughly at twelve million a year. Think how maids bang spoons about!"

The newspaper correspondent made further notes in his pocket-book. A great hush of envy fell upon the audience. One of them seemed in for a good thing. Their eyes turned to Mr. Baker. He too was making a note.

"I have in my pocket," said another, a man with a face so hard and practical-looking that one wondered how he had failed in making an immense fortune—"I have in my pocket a little scheme which seems to promise well."

Everybody listened. Mr. Baker looked up from his note-book with curiosity. This emboldened the speaker.

"You all know," he said, "that the highways

of England are studded with iron pumps, set up by beneficent governments to provide for wagon-and cart-horses in the old days. I have made a calculation that there are about a hundred thousand of them; they pump no water, and they are no longer wanted. I propose to buy up these pumps—they can be had for a mere song—and sell them for scrap-iron, eh? There is money in that, I think."

Nobody replied. Mr. Baker, to whom all eyes turned, finished his champagne and went away, with a nod to Alderney.

"I must say," said one of them angrily, "that when we do get a capitalist here it is a pity to drive him away with a cock-and-a-bull scheme for rooting up old pumps."

"None of the dignity of legitimate financing about it," said Alderney grandly; "we do not meet here to discuss trade; we do not stoop to traffic in scrap-iron."

Then they all proceeded to sit upon the unfortunate practical man who had driven away the capitalist.

CHAPTER XII

HOW STEPHEN DECLARED HIS INTENTIONS.

AFTER sowing the seeds of suspicion in the mind of the private town-crier, Alderney Codd, Stephen remained quiet for a time. Alderney the talker would unconsciously help him. This, indeed, happened; in less than a fortnight the Hamblin enemies were, with one accord, whispering to each other that no one knew where and when Anthony had been married, or, as the elder ladies added significantly, *if at all*. But for the moment none of these whispers reached the ears of Alison.

Meantime, Stephen was busy all day among the diaries and letters. He read and re-read; he examined them all, not once or twice, but ten times over, in constant fear of lighting on some clew which might lead to the reversal of his own opinion. But he found nothing.

One day, in the middle of March, about a fortnight after his dinner with Alderney Codd, he met his cousin, Augustus Hamblin, in the City. Since the appointment of Stephen as guardian it had been tacitly understood that there was to be a show of friendliness on both sides. The past was to be forgotten.

"I am glad to meet you," said Stephen, shaking hands with a show of great respect for the senior partner of the house. "Are you so busy that you can not give me a few minutes?"

"Surely," replied Augustus, "I can give you as many as you please."

He noticed, as they walked side by side in the direction of Great St. Simon Apostle, that Stephen's face looked thoughtful, and his eyes rested on the ground. In fact, he was mentally revolving how to state the case most effectively. At present he only intended to follow up the slight uneasiness produced by Alderney's artless prattle.

"I have been intending to consult you for some time," he began, when they were in the office, "but things prevented."

"Yes; pray sit down; what is it? Alison continues quite well, I hope?"

"Quite well, poor girl, thank you. I wanted to confer with you on the subject of my brother's marriage."

Stephen looked straight in his cousin's face—a disconcerting thing to do if your friend wishes to dissemble his thoughts. Augustus changed color. Alderney therefore had, as he expected, aroused a feeling of uneasiness.

"My brother's marriage," he repeated. "Can you tell me when and where it took place?"

"I know nothing about it," said Augustus; "no more than you know yourself. We none of us know anything about it."

"Do you," continued Stephen solemnly, as if this was a very great point, "do you remember any time, from twenty to five-and-twenty years ago, when Anthony went away, say on a suspicious holiday, or behaved like a man with a secret, or departed in any way from his usual open way of life?"

"N—no; I can not say that I do. He had a holiday every year in the summer or autumn. Sometimes he went away in the spring." Of course, he must have managed his marriage in one of those excursions."

"Yes; that is not what I mean. I know the history of all those holidays. I want to find a time, if possible, when no one knew where he went. It must have been out of the usual holiday-time."

"I remember no such time," said Augustus. "But, of course, one did not watch over Anthony's movements. He might have been married as often as Bluebeard without our suspecting a word of it."

"No," said Stephen, shaking his head. All this time he was observing the greatest solemnity. "I should have suspected it. You forget the intimacy between us. Anthony had no secrets from me, poor fellow! nor I any from Anthony."

(This was a sentimental invention which pleased Stephen and did not impose upon Augustus, who knew that Stephen's life had many secrets.) "Had Anthony hidden anything from me, his manner would have led to my suspecting. Again, I have read through his private journal,

and there is nothing, not one word, about any marriage—no hint about any love-affair at all; nothing is altered or erased; he tells his own life hour by hour. This is very mysterious.”

“Better let the mystery sleep,” said Augustus quietly. “No one will disturb it if you do not.”

“What!” said Stephen, with a show of virtuous indignation, “when the legitimacy of Alison is at stake? Do you not perceive how extremely awkward it would be if the judge, when we come to ask for letters of administration, were to ask a few simple questions?”

“The judge is not likely to ask anything of the kind,” said Augustus.

“But he might,” Stephen persisted. “He might say that although the deceased brought up this young lady as his daughter—a relationship proved besides by her great resemblance to him and other branches of the family—he left nothing behind him to prove that she is, in the eyes of the law, his daughter. What should we say then?”

“I think we can afford to wait till the difficulty arrives,” replied Augustus quietly.

“Nay, there I differ from you. It is not often, Cousin Augustus, that a man like myself can venture to differ from one of your business experience and clear common sense; but in this case I do differ. None of us question Alison’s legitimacy, but we would like to see it established. Let me, for Alison’s own sake, clear this mystery. Besides,” he smiled winningly, “I own that I am anxious to know something about this wife of Anthony’s, kept so cunningly in the back-ground.”

“For Alison’s sake,” Augustus continued, “I think you had better let it alone. You do not know what manner of unpleasantness you may rake up.”

“Why,” replied Stephen quickly, “you would not surely insinuate that Alison—”

“I insinuate nothing. All I say is that Anthony had probably very good reasons of his own for saying nothing of his marriage. He probably married beneath him; he may have wished to keep his daughter from her mother’s relations; the marriage may have been unhappy; the memory of his wife’s death may have weighed upon him. There are many possible reasons. Let us respect your brother’s memory by inquiring no further into them.”

“If that were all,” Stephen sighed, “I should agree with you. I wish I could agree with you; but, in the interests of Alison, I fear I must pursue my researches. Why, what harm if we do unearth a nest of vulgar relations? We can always keep them away from Alison. I will let you know the result of my researches, Augustus. And now good-by.”

Augustus waited till the steps of this good guardian were heard at the foot of the stairs. Then he sought William the silent, and repeated the conversation.

William shook his head.

“Do you see the cloven foot, William? What a mistake we made in letting the man into the house! Why did we leave him the diaries? Why did we let it be possible to raise the question? After all these years we should have known our cousin better. What can we do?”

“Wait,” said William.

“Do you know who would be the heir if—”

“I know,” said William.

In Alison’s own interests. That was the way to look at this question. Stephen felt that he had now completely cleared the ground for action. Everybody was awakened to the fact that Anthony’s marriage was still an unsolved mystery. Everybody would very shortly learn that Stephen the benevolent, in his ward’s interest, was at work upon the problem. No one but the partners and the family lawyer would be likely to guess what issues might spring of these researches.

He began by questioning Mrs. Cridland. He invited her into the study one morning, placed her in a chair, frightened her by saying that he had some questions of the greatest importance to ask her, and then, standing over her, pocket-book in hand, with knitted brows and judicial forefinger, he began his queries.

Mrs. Cridland knew nothing. Anthony, when he brought Alison home, wanted a lady to take charge of her. Mrs. Duncombe, he explained, her previous guardian, was trustworthy, and thoughtful as regards the little girl’s material welfare, but she lacked refinement. What was very well for a child of three or four, would no longer be sufficient for a great schoolgirl. So Anthony looked round, and chose—a cousin. Mrs. Cridland was a Hamblin by birth; her husband was dead; she had no money, and was at the moment actually living on an allowance made her by the most generous of cousins. She was delighted to accept the post of governess, duenna, and companion to this girl, with a home for herself and her white-haired boy, and a reasonable salary.

“Ah!” said Stephen at this point. “Yes, a reasonable salary. What, may I ask, Flora, did my brother consider reasonable? He was not always himself a reasonable lender.”

This was unkind of Stephen.

“We agreed,” replied Mrs. Cridland, with a little flutter of anxiety, “that the honorarium should be fixed at three hundred pounds a year.”

“Three hundred a year!” Stephen lifted his

eyes, and whistled. "And board and lodging, of course. My poor brother was very, very easily cajoled. Even washing too, I dare say."

"If you mean that I cajoled him," cried the lady, in great wrath, "you are quite wrong! It was he who offered the sum. Cajoled, indeed!"

"Three hundred a year for ten years means, I should say, three thousand put by. You must have made a nice little pile by now, Flora. However—to return. Then Anthony told you nothing about the girl's mother?"

"Yes; he told me that she was long dead, and that he wished no questions to be asked at all."

"And did you allude then, or at any other time, to the surprise felt by all his friends at such a discovery?"

"Of course at the time I told him how amazed we were to learn that he whom we regarded as a confirmed bachelor should actually turn out to be a widower. He said, with a laugh, that people very often were mistaken, and that now, at any rate, they would understand why he had not married."

"He used those words? He said, 'People will understand now why I have not married'? Take care, Flora; your words may be very important."

"Good gracious, Stephen, don't frighten me! Of course he used those words. I remember them perfectly, though it is ten years ago."

Stephen made a careful note of the words, repeating under his breath, "why he had not married." Then he looked as if he were grappling with a great problem.

"Thank you, Flora," he said at length, coldly. "I believe you have done your best to confess the whole truth in this extremely difficult matter."

"What difficult matter? and what do you mean by 'confessing'?"

"Is it possible, Flora, for a sensible woman like yourself to be blind to the probability that Anthony was never married at all?"

"Stephen," she cried in sudden indignation, "it is impossible!"

"It is difficult, Flora, not impossible; I am endeavoring to prove that Anthony *was* married. But as yet I have failed. When did he marry? Where did he marry? Whom did he marry? Find out that if you can, Flora."

"But then—there is no will either—and Alison would not be the heiress even."

"Not of a single penny."

"And who would have all this money?"

"I myself, Flora; now you see why I am trying to prove the marriage. It is in Alison's interests, not my own, that I take all this trouble."

"You, Stephen, you?" All her instinctive

dislike was roused. She stared at him in horror and astonishment. "You? Then God help us all!"

"Thank you, Flora," he returned coldly, playing with a paper-knife; "that was kindly and thoughtfully said. I shall remember that."

"Remember it on my account as much as you please, only do not visit my words on that poor child."

"I do not intend to do so. Had it not been for the resolute way in which all my cousins have continued to misunderstand me, I might have expected some small credit for the pains I have taken for these months in clearing up this mystery."

"Oh!" she cried, firing up, like the honest little woman that she was, "I understand it all now—why you came here, why you tried to coax and flatter the poor girl, why you sat all day searching in papers—you wanted to test your own abominable suspicions—you wanted to persuade yourself that there are no proofs of Anthony's marriage—you wanted to rob your niece and get your brother's fortune into your own hands. And again I say, God help us all! But there are your cousins, and there is Mr. Billiter, to stand by her."

"Thank you, Flora. To such a speech there is but one reply: I give you a day's notice to go. You shall be paid your salary up to date, and you shall leave the house at once."

Here a sudden difficulty occurred. His account at the bank was reduced to a few shillings—how was he to pay this salary?

"I refuse to accept this notice. I will not go unless I am told to go by Mr. Billiter or by Mr. Augustus Hamblin. You are a bad and a dangerous man, Stephen Hamblin. We have done right to suspect you. O my poor Alison!"

"Very well, madam—very well, indeed. We shall see. Now go away, and tell Alison I want to say a few words to her."

He looked blacker and more dangerous than she had ever seen him, and he held the paper-knife as if it had been a dagger.

"Stephen, you are not going to tell Alison what you suspect? You are not going to be so cruel as that?"

"I have a good mind to tell her, if it were only to punish you for your confounded impudence. But you always were a chattering magpie. Anthony was quite right when he used to say that for downright idiotic gabble Flora Cridland's conversation was the best specimen he knew. Go, and send Alison to me."

Anthony had never said anything of the sort. But it was the way of this genial and warm-hearted person to set people against each other

by the simple process of repeating what had *not* been said.

Mrs. Cridland knew in her heart that Anthony could not have said words so unkind, but the thing pained and wounded her all the same, and she retired with trembling hands and lips. She had reason to tremble at the prospect. To begin with, she had lost, or would probably lose, her comfortable post and salary; she would have to fall back upon her little savings, and live in poverty and pinching; and then there was Alison and the terrible calamity which seemed hanging over her.

It was not Stephen's present intention to tell Alison of his suspicions. As yet he would only alarm her and make her anxious.

He received her with the same grave and judicial solemnity which he had observed toward Mrs. Cridland. He was seated now, and had before him a bundle of papers which he looked at from time to time as he spoke. Alison remained standing.

"Pray excuse me, Alison," he began. "In my capacity as administrator of these estates I have to trouble you from time to time with matters of business. Tell me, please—I asked you this once before—all you know about your—your mother."

"I know nothing."

"At least her name."

He began to make notes of her answers. This irritated Alison.

"Not even her name. Papa once told me—it was the only occasion on which he seemed to speak harshly—that I was never to ask him any questions about her."

He took this down in writing.

"But—the lady with whom you lived before you came here—Mrs. Duncombe. Did she never speak to you about your mother?"

"She knew nothing about her. I was brought to her a year-old child by papa. That is all she knew."

"And the trinkets—nothing to connect you with your mother?"

"Nothing except a little coral necklace, which was found in a box of baby-clothes which came with me."

"A coral necklace is nothing," said Stephen, making a careful note of it. "And that was all?"

"That was all, indeed. Why do you ask? Is there anything depending on my mother's name?"

"There may be, Alison. A great deal may depend upon it. Be assured that I shall do my best to find out the truth. Of course I mean in your interests."

Alison retired, confused and anxious. In

the breakfast-room she found Mrs. Cridland in tears.

"Oh! what has he said to you, Alison?" she cried, clasping her hands together. "What has the horrid, wicked man been saying?"

"Uncle Stephen?" asked Alison in surprise. "Why is he horrid and wicked, auntie? He has said nothing. He only asked me for the second time what I knew of my poor dear mother, whom I never saw. To be sure, he wrote down my replies. But then, as I know nothing about her, there was not much to be said. And he had an odd way with him too. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Cridland breathed more freely on Alison's account. Here was at any rate a respite for her. She did not know, as yet, the miserable thing that was waiting for her, to be revealed at the man's good pleasure. So she replied with reference to her own troubles.

"My dear," she said, wiping her eyes, "we are to leave the house, Nicolas and I. Stephen has ordered us to go. We are to leave as soon as the money which is due to me has been paid. He says I must have cajoled your poor father—"

"But what does he mean? What excuse has he?"

"None that I know, except that I said a thing which angered him. And then there is the expense of keeping Nicolas and me. To be sure, the poor boy *has* got a large appetite."

"Wait," said Alison. "I will know the reason of this." She had no notion of a guardian's duties extending to the dismissal of her friends and companions.

"O Alison!" Mrs. Cridland sprang forward and caught her by the arm. "Don't go near him. He is dangerous. You will only make matters worse."

Alison tore herself away.

"Alison, dear Alison, do not, for Heaven's sake, do not anger him!"

But Alison was already in the study.

"Uncle Stephen," she cried, with an angry spot on either cheek, "will you be kind enough to tell me why you have ordered Aunt Flora out of the house?"

Stephen was already far advanced in one of his most brilliant and uncontrollable attacks of evil temper.

"I shall certainly not tell you, Alison," he replied curtly.

"Not tell me? But you *shall* tell me!"

Stephen remarked, while he felt that he was about to measure swords with an antagonist worthy of himself, that Alison had never before so strongly reminded him of his mother, especially at those moments while the Señora allowed herself to be overcome with wrath. These mo-

ments, thanks to her son, were neither few nor far between.

"I *shall* tell you, shall I?" he replied. "You order me to tell you, do you? Come, this is rather good. Be assured, young lady, that I have my reasons that Flora Cridland and her little devil of a boy shall turn out of this, without any delay, and that, as to my reasons, they are my own business."

"No," replied Alison; "they are my business. You are my guardian, I know; but in a twelve-month you will be guardian no longer. Let us understand one another, Uncle Stephen. You have certain powers for a limited time. Remember, however, that it is but a very limited time."

"Oh!" said Stephen, looking dark and angry, "you are going to lecture me on my duties as guardian, are you?"

"No, I am not; but I am ready to tell you that, if Aunt Flora leaves this house, I shall go with her. I do not understand your duties to extend to depriving me of my companion and protector."

"She is an heiress, this girl," said Stephen. He had left the chair and his papers, and was standing upon the hearth-rug in one of his old and familiar rages—one of those with which he would confront his mother in the old times. His bald temples were flushed and his black eyes glittered. "She thinks she is an heiress. She is a *grande dame*. Very good. She tries to hector me. Very good, indeed. She shall learn a lesson. Listen, Alison. You may threaten anything you like. At one word from me, at one single word, all this wealth of yours vanishes. Learn, that if I choose, say, when I choose, you will step out of this house a penniless beggar."

"What do you mean?"

"Remember every one of my words. They mean exactly what they say. You depend at this moment on my forbearance; and, by Heaven! that has come very nearly to the end of the rope."

"You think that I am in your power. Is that it?"

"That is exactly what I think."

"Then, Uncle Stephen"—Alison stepped up to him and looked him full in the face. Like her uncle, she was flushed with excitement and indignant surprise, but her eyes expanded while his contracted under their emotions—"do not think that by anything you can say, or by any facts of which I know nothing, that I *can* be brought into your power. I used to wonder how two brothers could be so unlike each other as you and my dear father. Henceforth I shall be more and more thankful for the want of resemblance. Meantime you will find that I shall not want protectors."

She left him, and shut the door.

"Have I been precipitate?" Stephen thought, when he had had time to calm down. "Perhaps a little. Yet, after all, what matters? Sooner or later the blow must have fallen."

He rang the bell again.

"Give my compliments to Miss Hamblin," he said; "ask her if she will favor me with one minute more."

Alison returned. "You are going to explain what you said."

"I am," he said, "if your abominable temper will allow you to be calm for five minutes. Listen: Since your father's death I have been diligently hunting in your interests for any record of his marriage. *There is none*. Do you understand what that means?"

"No."

"If no proof can be found, Anthony had no children—"

"No children? But I am his daughter."

"He said so. Prove your—your descent by proving your father's marriage. The law does not recognize likeness as proof of descent."

Still Alison did not comprehend.

"You will find out what all this means in the course of time. For the moment, the only things you need understand are that your father was never married—he never had a wife; he therefore never had a child, in the eyes of the law. He made no will; you can not therefore inherit one penny. The sole heir to all his property—this house and all that is in it"—he swept round his arm with an air of comprehensive proprietorship—"is myself."

"You?"

"Myself; no other. In your interests, I have been doing what I could to find proofs of the marriage. There are none. Everybody has always suspected this; I have always known it. In your interests, and out of consideration to your own feelings, I have been silent all this time."

"In my interests!" she repeated.

She had indeed the spirit of his mother, her quick perceptions, and her fearlessness. With all his assumed exterior calm, Stephen felt that the girl was stronger than himself, as she faced him this time with every outward sign of outraged honor—flashing eyes, flushed cheeks, and panting breast.

"In my interests!" There were scorn and passion in her tones beyond the power of an Englishwoman.

Mrs. Cridland, who had stolen timidly after the girl, fearful that this impious slanderer of his dead mother might insult her, stood within the door, trembling yet admiring. Behind her, the pink-faced boy, with the heavy white eyebrows,

who had just come home from school, gazed with curiosity, wonder, and delight. Uncle Stephen was catching it. This was better than pie. Alison—she really was a splendid fellow, he said to himself—was letting him have it. "No one, after all," thought young Nick, "when it comes to real slanging, can pitch in like a girl in a wax."

"In *my* interests!" she pointed her finger at his scowling face and downcast eyes. "He pretends that my father was a deceiver of women: he pretends that my father threw away his honor, and my mother her virtue: he pretends that I am a cheat and an impostor: he pretends that everybody has always suspected it: he pretends that I have no right to the very name I bear. This man alone, of all the world, has been base enough to *think* such a thing of my father, he alone has dared to say it. In my interests he searches private papers for a secret which would not be there, and rejoices not to find it. In my interests he seeks to prove that he is himself my father's heir!"

She paused a moment.

(*To be continued.*)

"Alison!" whispered Mrs. Cridland, "it is enough. Do not drive him to desperation."

"He shall be no guardian of mine," the girl went on. "Henceforth, he shall be no uncle of mine. O father—father—" she burst into sobs and crying, "my poor dead father! Is there no one to call this man a liar, and give you back your honor?"

Stephen answered never a word.

Mrs. Cridland drew the girl passively away.

But young Nick rushed to the front. His eyes were lit with the light of enthusiastic partisanship. His white eyebrows stood out like the fur of a cat in a rage. He brandished his youthful fists in Stephen's face.

"I will, Alison," he cried.—"You hear—you! You are a liar and a coward!" Here he dodged behind a chair. "Wait till I get older, Uncle Stephen. You've caught it to-day from Alison, and you'll remember it. But that's pancakes—mind—to what you are going to catch when I grow up. Only you wait. Pancakes, it is, and parliament, and baked potatoes!"

A CORNISH SAUNTER.

HAVING just a week at my disposal before the period of my sojourn in England must end, I determined to have a glimpse of Cornish scenery, the kindness of Weymouth friends enabling me to join a small party of excursionists who were about to proceed from Weymouth as far as Boscastle. It is not my purpose to inflict upon the reader a description of Weymouth, with its fine promenade and bay; or of our rambles through Dorset, and that other county, Devon, which, it seems to me, has an immeasurably higher claim to be called "The Garden of England" than Kent; I will merely say of Devon that its gracious climate, beautiful scenery and flowers, superb mansions, hedge-embowered roads, and exquisite Torquay, impressed me as a piece of earth more Italian than English. My wish is merely to sketch at random a few of the scenes which interested me in Cornwall—scenes which, from their remoteness, are yet comparatively unfamiliar even to English tourists, and which, from their singular wildness and grandeur, or poetical and historical associations, are well worthy of, at least, passing remark.

Imagine, then, that we have left the lawns and orchards of Devon behind and crossed the river Tamar between Pentillie and Cothele. This

we did one afternoon; and drove along deep valleys, shut in by great rounded hills well clothed with forest-trees, the glens crossing and recrossing, intersecting each other at various angles, and each with its own little gushing stream buried in moss and fern. And such moss and fern! the former so green and soft and luxuriant, and the latter with its great spreading leaves bending gracefully over the chattering stream underneath. There are few spots left in England at once so beautiful and retired as this stretch of broken, confused country on the Cornish side of the river Tamar. One afternoon we came to a hamlet placed just at the head of one of these valleys. Its whitewashed walls, red roofs, and chimneys surmounted by light curling smoke, stood out against the mountain-side as some point emerges from the midst of Turner's canvases—almost smothered in color. A little to the left of the hamlet, on a well-rounded hill fringed with larch and spruce-fir, stood the church—a gray old tower covered with green and orange lichens which grow everywhere in this moist climate, and surrounded by a little knot of fir-trees whose heavy green foliage struck vividly across the hazy outline of the adjacent hill. Nowhere else in England had I beheld such cloud-

splendor, either, or detected that peculiar azure in the sky which constantly hangs over Naples, and is always associated with sea and mountains and sunshine. The blending of repose, color, and antiquity was absolutely perfect. As we followed the road which winds up the hill, we could look back over the retreating valleys through which we had passed, and at last, when we got to the top, we had a glorious view over Dartmoor—its distant hills bounding the horizon with a bold, undulating outline. Passing on, we had a view of a strange-looking, dilapidated church on the Tor—the “Brent Tor,” described so graphically by Kingsley in his “Westward Ho!”—where a congregation still assembles every Sunday afternoon for public worship. Presently we turned a sharp corner, and the whole view was changed. Below us flowed the river, making a grand sweep under Pentillie Castle, and opposite the bleak Devonshire sides of the Tamar, which were sprinkled here and there with tall mine-chimneys, and crowned with a desolate-looking slate-roofed village. Close on our right there stood a great, solid-looking, square tower, surrounded by a low wall and a fosse. The whole building was grown over with ivy, and buried in thick brushwood and large trees, some of which started out of the wall. A flight of some half-dozen broken-down steps brought us to the wall of this tower. In the wall there is a little window, about a foot square, with a granite mullion. Looking through this window you see a stone figure on the opposite wall, sitting down on a stone chair, and dressed in the long, flowing wig and quaint costume of the last century. That is Sir James Tillie, of Pentillie! Who was he? He was a *bon vivant* in his lifetime, who laughed at the possibility of any future state of rewards and punishments. So opposed was he apparently to all religion that he ordered this tower to be built in order that he might be buried in it, not in a recumbent position, however, like an ordinary mortal, but in a sitting posture. It was, as far as can be ascertained, his own intention that he should be put in a chair in this tower with a table in front of him, on which were to be placed bottles and glasses, pipes and tobacco, as emblems of a sensual life. This was not done, however. Some years ago, the father of the present owner of Pentillie Castle opened the vault, and found there the remains of his ancestor, in a sitting posture, indeed, but inclosed in a coffin. There his bones rest still! There stands the old, ivy-mantled tower—the monument of a man who dared to scorn the mysteries of death and futurity.

It was on a cloudless day that we left the grand and wild cliffs of Bude, to spend a few hours at Tintagel, the reputed birthplace of (to quote from Caxton) “the most renowned crysten

kyng. . . . Kyng Arthur, whyche ought moost to be remembered emonge us Englysshe men tofore al other crysten kynges.” It is to this romantic ruin that Tennyson, too, alludes in his “Idylls of the King”:

“After tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur!”

The road was most picturesque, giving us occasional glimpses of the deep-blue sea on our right hand, and a wide expanse of Cornish scenery on our left, with many a church-tower in sight, round which a village clustered, and in the far distance, the craggy peaks of Rowtor and Brownwilly, two of Cornwall’s finest mountains. Lizards were sunning themselves on every mossy bank, the hedges were full of wild flowers, and the *Osmunda regalis* grew tall and luxuriant in the sedgy ditches by the roadside.

The apparently interminable descent into the town of Boscastle gave us the sensation of driving into an abyss. The grandeur of the scenery is indescribable. From the little bridge at the bottom of the town, we gazed upward awe-struck at the threatening craggy hills that inclosed us on every side. A Lilliputian at the bottom of a Tyrolese peasant’s inverted hat might be supposed to look upward with much the same feelings as we were then experiencing. The dark-gray rock burst here and there through its turfy mantle, and the houses of the town of Boscastle, built one above another up a precipitous hill, gave the idea that if the topmost house received a push, the whole village would fall over like a pack of cards.

As some of our party were unequal to the walk of three miles that lay between Boscastle and Tintagel, and our own mules were too tired to proceed farther, we made inquiries about a conveyance, and being unable to meet with one at the hotel, we proceeded to *climb* the village street, on the strength of a report that a mule-trap could be obtained at the top of the town. We little knew what we were attempting when we set out, or the most delicate among us would have preferred the three-mile walk to Tintagel, over headland and down, to the fatiguing ascent of the village, and the subsequent drive that was in store for them. We had no need to be told that we were “rambling beyond railways.” The Old World (but not less interesting) appearance of the town, and the pursuit under difficulties of this fabulous mule-trap—of which some whom we questioned had heard, and others had not—bore sufficient testimony to the fact, which was

further demonstrated by our discovering the identical "trap" drawn up in front of the last house in the village.

Let not the reader suppose that a Boscastle mule-trap is one of those dainty, morocco-cushioned equipages driven by a smart youth in a jaunty cap, which may be seen at fashionable watering-places during the summer months. The mule-trap we at length secured was neither more nor less than a tax-cart without springs, drawn by a bony animal of the size of a small horse, with a head ornamented with a gigantic pair of donkey's ears. A good-natured woman, with a loud voice and broad Cornish accent, consented to drive three of the party from "Boskittle" to Tintagel, and three ladies were assisted into the cart; two seated on the bare wooden board that constituted the front seat, and one perched behind on a high stool, placed for the occasion, which performed pleasing little peregrinations as the vehicle jolted forward. We only waited to see the driver mounted on her own seat, which consisted of the wooden ridge that formed the front of the cart, with a moderate allowance of the lap of the lady immediately behind her; and when she had, by dint of sawing away at the reins with her whole strength, and noisily belaboring the bony back of the poor mule with a large stick, succeeded in making him crawl forward in a zigzag direction, we retraced our own steps down the precipice, bestowing many a sympathizing thought upon those of our party who were jolting along the high-road at a snail's pace, and whose comical faces of woful despair, as they cast a parting look at us, still lingered in our imaginations.

From Boscastle we walked first to the harbor, which is half a mile from the town. It is a curious and romantic little inlet, winding between high rocks, and not a stone's-throw in breadth. The sea is in constant agitation, so that the cove itself offers no protection to ships; but at its extremity there is a space large enough to hold two or three vessels at a time, and this is guarded by a small pier. The water, owing to the proximity of high, dark rocks, is black and dreary-looking, and one could fancy many kinds of death less fearful than that of being drowned in the gloomy waters of Boscastle Harbor. We sat for some time on a seat at the foot of the headland of Willapark, and watched the curious and somewhat rare phenomenon of the blowing-hole, which is caused by the water being drawn up into a fissure in a rock outside the harbor, and ejected again with a volley of spray resembling a jet of steam. A passer-by made our blood run cold with the information that some years before a young lady bathing in the harbor was sucked into the blowing-hole, and never afterward heard

of. He informed us also that at low tide, when the sea happens to be unusually agitated, a column of water is violently projected across the harbor, by means of a passage underground, communicating with the open sea, and that this action is accompanied by a terrific report. There is something melancholy and depressing in this iron-bound coast, where even an ordinary fishing-boat can not be launched with any feelings of security, and where stories of terror abound, from the awful tales of Cornish wreckers raising false lights in this immediate neighborhood to lure vessels to destruction, down to innumerable cases of death by drowning, either from the bathers having been sucked out by the irresistible sand-wave, or drawn off by one of the many strong currents that invest these shores.

On leaving the harbor, we came within sight of the "silent tower of Bottreaux," to which is attached one of the most poetical of the many wild Cornish legends. It is said that a jealousy existed between Bottreaux and Tintagel, because the church of the latter village possessed a beautiful peal of bells, while the former possessed none; and on summer evenings the musical chime of Tintagel bells would be wafted up the coast, to meet with no response from the sister-tower. The inhabitants of Bottreaux raised a sum of money to purchase a peal of bells for their church, and, after long and anxious waiting, the day at length arrived when a vessel hove in sight containing the longed-for and precious freight. As the vessel drew near the shore, the sweet peal of the Tintagel chimes came over the water. The pilot, who was a Tintagel man, uncovered his head with feelings of rapture and thankfulness. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "that I hear those bells once more! With his blessing we shall set foot on shore this evening." "Thank God upon land, you fool!" exclaimed the captain, in brutal tones; "on sea thank the seaman's skill, the good ship, and the prosperous wind."

No sooner were the scoffing words uttered than the wind began to blow high, the fearful waves of that terrible coast grew stronger and fiercer; the captain's cheek grew pale, and the noble ship, with its stalwart crew, sank, never to be seen more, one man alone being rescued from a watery grave—the pilot who had "given God the glory."

So Bottreaux lost her peal within sight of her own gray and lichened walls, and, according to the "Echoes from Old Cornwall"—

"Still when the storm of Bottreaux' waves
Is raging in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide!

'Come to thy God in time!'

Thus saith the *ocean*-chime.

'Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
Come to thy God at last.'

In the deep caverns which undermine this coast, numbers of seals are taken during the summer by the Boscastle fishermen. A little farther on we reached the headland of Willapark, and gazed into the dreary chasm known by the name of "The Black Pit," in which the rock is so dark as to be easily mistaken for coal. We were informed by our guide that we were that moment standing upon a spot interesting to geologists, where two great formations meet—the carbonaceous and graywacke groups—which are respectively characteristic of Devonshire and Cornwall. Immediately to our west we observed a slate-quarry, worked in the face of the graywacke cliff. Our guide again informed us that the guide-chains, by which the stone was raised, were fastened to the bottom of the sea, an almost incredible fact on such a wild and impracticable shore.

Proceeding onward, we presently descended into a picturesque valley, at the bottom of which flowed a clear stream. Had we had time to follow its windings upward, through bush and brake, we heard that we should have found ourselves in a romantic spot called "St. Knighton's Keeve," where a waterfall dashes from a considerable height into a natural basin or *keeve* below. This place, like others, has its legend, namely, that two forlorn maidens took refuge here, and lived for a considerable time in such strict retirement that even the curiosity of the neighbors failed to discover their names. Their only means of subsistence was said to be snails, which are unusually plentiful; and in this lonely spot it was their tragic fate "to live forgotten and die forlorn."

The picturesque water-mill in this little valley, named Trevillet, has been already made familiar to us by the pencil of Creswick in his picture "The Valley Mill." Once more mounting the cliffs, we caught sight of the hamlet of Bossiney, which, consisting as it does of a few mean cottages, yet boasts of having sent to Parliament such members as Sir Francis Drake and Sir Francis Cottington. This village, or hamlet, is in the parish of Tintagel, and its *status*, before it was disfranchised by the Reform Bill, was a curious and interesting illustration of English representation of even a recent time. A select number of freeholders of Tintagel, who assumed the name of burgesses, claimed the right of electing two members of Parliament. Oldfield, in his "Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland," styles them "a self-created corporation," and prints the names of nine persons (eight of whom were of one family), forming,

when he published his work, "the whole constituent body of the borough of Bossiney, *alias* Tintagel!" The same magical number of electors appears to have constituted the corporation some thirty years before, when eight of them were disqualified from voting by reason of their being revenue officers belonging to the custom-house at Padstow; and thus it was left to *one solitary individual*—Arthur Wade—to exercise the important function of choosing two members of Parliament! The patrons of the borough were the Earl of Mount Edgemcombe and J. A. Stuart-Wortley, Esq. It is rather difficult to point out how the little body of nine self-appointed electors was acted upon by the patrons or their nominees; but, as eight of them belonged to one family, it may be easily conceived how they kept the secret!

The precept for the election used to be published by the Mayor from the summit of a green tumulus or barrow, opposite the Wortley Arms; and many a joke is still afloat in the neighborhood connected with the jovial festivities which marked the elections. On one occasion the returning officer, who was the Mayor, was no man of letters, and proceeded to give the accustomed notice from memory, aided by the prompting of some more learned clerk, who stood at his worship's elbow. It was humbly suggested by a bystander that the precept was held upside down, upon which the Mayor turned to him with a look of withering scorn:

"And pray, sir, may not the Mayor of Bossiney read it upside down if he chooses?"

On the summit of a towering precipice, which starts out in bold sublimity amid the waters of this northern coast, stand the venerable ruins of Tintagel Castle, "the rude remains of high antiquity." The mossed and moldering strength of its shattered towers strikes with appalling distinctness against the sky as one gazes at them from a little distance, and from the sea-level. Turret upon turret is massed almost all round what seemed to us a small circular bay at a fearful height, the walls rising up straight from the precipitous sides of the bay. It is as if the bay had once been one huge rocky formation which some convulsion had thrown up in wild, perpendicular blocks on the inmost precipice, a heap of ruins vast and hoar. Its surly grandeur is simply indescribable, and no one painting could convey an adequate idea of the Titanic, chaotic dimensions of the whole mass. As we looked, the sea—notwithstanding the fine weather—was seething and raving against the rocks on all hands with tremendous force; and just at the head of the bay, and firmly pinnacled on a spike of shelving rock, a wreck of considerable size, dismantled and water-logged, was receiving the full

brunt of the waters, while thousands of screaming sea-birds were wheeling up and down, and through every fissure in the battlements. The scene was inconceivably wild, and I thought, as I stood there entranced, that the same view in a stormy sunset would fill any man's ideal of the utterly awful and solemn.

The history of this fortress, like that of other Cornish castles, is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity; and the nature of its masonry appears to be the only principle from which we are to trace its origin. Dr. Borlase is of opinion that the ancient Britons had here a place of defense before the invasion of the Romans. But the present remains are now pretty clearly ascertained to be of Roman workmanship. Norden, who surveyed these buildings when in a less ruinous state, observes that "it was some time a state-liege, impregnable seat, now rent and ragged by force of time and tempests; her ruins testify her pristine worth, the view whereof, and due observation of her situation, shape, and condition in all partes, may move commiseration that such a state-liege pile should perish for want of honourable presence. Nature has fortified, and art dyd once beautifie it, in such sort as it leaveth unto this age wonder and imitation, for the mortar and cement, wherewith the stones of this castle were layde, excelleth in fastness and obdurity the stones themselves; and neither time nor force of hands can easely sever the one from the other."

The whole of these buildings were formed of slate, and the cement consisted principally of hot lime. They occupied a considerable space partly on the mainland, and partly on what is called the island—the sea having worn away a cavern quite across the promontory, and the cavern being so narrow at one end as to give a spectator at a little distance the impression of its being a circuitous bay. Above this passage, on the eastern side, is a considerable gap, supposed to have been purposely cut for the security of the inhabitants in time of danger, and over it was formerly thrown a drawbridge, which was destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII. and its place supplied with elm-trees. The only passage now to the island is by a narrow path over dangerous cliffs on the western side, where the least slip of the foot would send the passenger at once into the sea. At the end of this path we entered the island through a wicket-gate, the arch of which is still to be seen. We climbed the rude and dizzy staircase that had been cut in the rock, and presently we found ourselves standing on the very rock where once had stood the "spotless King" and his fair but faithless Guinevere.

The cool Atlantic breeze was exquisitely grateful and refreshing after our mid-day walk,

and the boundless expanse of deep-blue sea, the picturesque line of coast on the left, with the pleasant break of waves upon the opposite shore from the cavern, and the soothing ripple of the receding water, allured us to a long rest upon the short, dry turf that crowns the summit of the headland. At the water's edge, on this side, the sea was of the most brilliant emerald-green tint we ever remember to have observed, and of such pellucid clearness that every stone and weed was visible for a considerable distance.

On the right of the wicket-gate by which we entered we were shown two rooms of a good height, one above the other, the chimneys of each being visible. We presumed them to have been occupied by the guard or porter. The buildings within the area seem to have been numerous, and walls are to be traced in every direction to the very edge of the cliff. On the highest part, toward the north, are the remains of a building fifty-six by fifty-eight feet, with an entrance to the southwest. A little farther to the south we were shown the remains of the chapel, said to have been dedicated to St. Uliane, and measuring fifty-four feet long by twelve feet wide.

At the northwest corner of the island, which is the most exposed, are the remains of a small building eight feet square, with two openings to the right of the entrance, which had apparently been windows once. The walls are about six feet high. In the center of the room is a sculptured moor-stone four feet four inches by two and a half, the top covered with letters or characters no longer legible. It is undoubtedly a sepulchral monument, and—as we were informed—thought by some to mark the tomb of John Northampton, Lord Mayor of London, who for abuse of his office was committed to this castle a prisoner for life, by order of King Richard II. It appears not improbable that in this melancholy cell the unhappy captive—whoever he may have been—lingered out his days, to rest at last beneath a monument of his own carving. On this northern side, too, there is an excellent spring of water, and about twenty fathoms thence is a subterraneous cavern or passage cut through the solid rock for the space of twenty feet, but now so choked with earth that it is no longer penetrable. Some have described it as a hermit's cave, but to us it seemed most likely that it was the unsuccessful expedient of some prisoner to escape.

Owing to some peculiarity in the stone, the constant wear of wind and weather has worn it into innumerable pools and basins, which are called by the villagers "King Arthur's Cups and Saucers." Our guide exhibited, in entire good faith, the gigantic impression of a foot, which is

said to be King Arthur's footprint, left when he strode across the chasm that separates the peninsula from the mainland. It did not appear to have occurred to him that, from the position of the footprint, the King must have stepped backward across the yawning gulf. No doubt the idea owes its origin to the tradition of his extraordinary stature which has descended to us. We made our way into a rude rock-seat, called "King Arthur's Chair," and tried, as in duty bound, to recall the days so long gone by. But the records of King Uther Pendragon were too slender and various, and even the birth of his son too much shrouded in mystery, to enable us to conjure up any distinct imagery of the past. That the latter was born and bred at Tintagel does not seem to have been discredited many centuries ago, as appears from the verses of Joseph Iscanus (a priest of the Cathedral of Exeter), who accompanied Richard I. to the Holy Land:

"From this blest place immortal Arthur sprung,
Whose wondrous deeds shall be for ever sung—
Sweet music to the ear, sweet honey to the tongue,
The only Prince that hears the just applause—
Greatest that e'er shall be, and best that ever was."

Lord Bacon says of King Arthur, that his story "contains truth enough to make him famous, besides what is fabulous." Milton, in his verses to his friend Mausius, hints that he had once designed to celebrate King Arthur, but the British hero was reserved for another destiny, to be victimized in an epic poem of twelve books, which is now forgotten, by the muse of Sir Richard Blackmore. Bishop Heber, too, left us a fragment of a poem upon the "Morte d'Arthur." But, of course, of all existing Arthurian romances, none can boast of such refinement and purity as the sweet fancies of the author of the "Idylls," who has invested the pure King and his court with a beauty and interest they never before possessed. Warton, in his "Grave of King Arthur," alludes so pleasingly to the traditional belief in his eventual return to govern his people, that we are fain to transcribe the passage:

"When he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enameled steep,
Far in the bosom of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew—
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillowed his majestic head—

O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Twice she waved an opiate wand,
And to soft music's airy sound
Her magic curtains closed around.
There, renewed the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king,
And many a fair and fragrant clime
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fanned,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return
(If right prophetic *roles* I learn),
Borne on Victory's spreading plume
His ancient scepter to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride,
His knightly table to restore,
And have the tournament of yore."

After the Norman Conquest, Tintagel Castle became the occasional residence of several of the English princes; and here Richard, Earl of Cornwall—otherwise known as King of the Romans—entertained his nephew David, Prince of Wales, when in rebellion against the King in 1245. In Doomsday-Book Tintagel is mentioned as "Dunchine," or "Chain Castle." It was kept in good repair, and occasionally used as a prison until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was allowed to fall into ruins, which are now the property of the duchy—the Duke of Cornwall being the Prince of Wales.

We were fortunate enough to find a specimen of *Trifolium stellatum* in our descent, and more samphire than we cared to gather. In the pretty rivulet that runs through the valley from Trevalga were growing luxuriant plants of mimulus, a mass of golden blossom; and, although it was the end of July, we discovered a full-blown primrose in a shady corner, which we carried off as a memorial of Tintagel. The parish church of Tintagel stands on an elevated spot west of the castle, and many curious epitaphs we found in the churchyard, and, did our space permit, we should have liked to amuse the reader with a few of them. Tintagel, indeed, is a study in more respects than one. To the geologist its charms are substantial, for its quarries afford quartz, rock-crystals of great transparency and beauty, calcareous spar, chlorite, and in some instances adularia. The slate bears a near resemblance to that of Snowdon, and, like it, presents the impression of bivalve shells.

Few spots in any country more deserve a visit than this remarkable ruin, standing as it does in the midst of the wildest and most romantic scenery. The whole coast and neighborhood abound in picturesque spots and legendary lore, and for ourselves we had to regret that we had not time to carry our investigations further.

D. C. MACDONALD.

WANDERING THOUGHTS ABOUT GERMANY.

WE complain that the Continent is used up, and that one finds the same people and the same dishes and the same prices on the other side the Channel as we are familiar with on this side. Quite true, if we stick to the Rhine and the Oberland, or to Baden and Paris; but, if we will go a little out of the beaten track, there are districts, even within a day's journey of Charing Cross, which are as simple and unspoiled as they were when the flood of tourists first began to spread its fertilizing but corrupting waves over the Continent, and where a man with twenty days, twelve pounds, a pair of serviceable legs, and a conversational knowledge of German at his command, may enjoy, not of course Alpine scenery and Alpine perils, but much quiet beauty and much simplicity of life and habits. Such districts are to be found in the Vosges, the Black Forest, the Odenwald, the Taunus, and the volcanic district between the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Ahr, called the Eifel. To the geologist this latter region, with its extinct volcanoes and its lava-streams, is of the highest interest and importance; but even to the ordinary traveler it presents, not indeed grand, but very striking scenery: a high plateau, some twelve hundred feet above the Rhine, broken by conical hills with flattened tops; lovely deep-blue circular lakes, wooded to the water's edge, filling up the centers of ancient volcanoes; wide sweeps of landscape, stretching beyond the Rhine and away toward Lorraine; and clean country inns, where the *Fraülein* wishes you "*Guten Appetit*" as she serves your supper of fresh trout and veal-cutlets.

It is probably because the idea of a walking tour is altogether foreign to a Frenchman's habits and tastes, whereas with Germans of all classes it is the established way of spending a holiday, that the country inns in France are so inferior to those in Germany. In both North and South Germany, in every village of any size, you may reckon upon finding at least one inn where clean and comfortable, if humble, accommodation may be found; but he would require to have "*robur et æs triplex circum pectus*," and indeed round all parts of his body, who should intrust himself to a village *auberge* in any part of France, from Picardy to Provence. Even in the larger provincial towns, to which the ecclesiastical traveler may be attracted by the beauty of their churches, notably in Auxerre, Sens, Chartres, and the like, the hotels, though often more pretentious, are usually much inferior to those of far less important towns in Germany. The fact is, that the French, as a rule, do not explore their own coun-

try; provincials go to Paris, and Parisians go to their campagne, or to the seaside, or to visit a friend in the country, and certain classes of Frenchmen travel on business; but it needs only to compare any French guide-book with the works of the great *Bäderer* to perceive how entirely absent from the French mind is that love of wandering, whether on a larger or smaller scale, which in the German is so prominent.

I had not been in Germany, except in passing rapidly through, since the Franco-German war; and, though I did not notice that deterioration in the German character which is sometimes said to have been the consequence of the war, I did observe one very significant symptom of its results. It has always been the practice at the entrance of a town or village, usually on the first house, to write up the name of the place with the *Kreis* and *Regierungs-Bezirk*, the larger and smaller civil district, the county and union as we might say, to which it belonged. Now, however, the name of the place is followed by the regiment and the battalion in which its fighting males are enrolled, the civil division following in humble inferiority to the military. Whether this is the case throughout Germany, I know not; I can only speak for a large district of Rhine-Prussia; but, in any case, it is a striking symptom of the development of militarism—an evil word newly come into use to denote an evil thing—which lies like an incubus upon Germany. No doubt Germany has a difficult position to maintain: until France has thoroughly mastered the lesson which she has got to learn—the lesson of abstinence from aggressive warfare and of sedulous devotion to the arts of peace—Germany can not place her army on a peace footing; and, on the other side, the condition of Austria obliges her to be vigilant. Yet none the less it is a calamity for Europe that the nation which, for the first three quarters of the century, has been in the van of the intellectual movement, should now have been forced, or should have forced herself, into the position of the great military power of Europe. It can hardly be doubted, unless the stream of tendency is to flow back again, that the reign of brute force is destined, slowly perhaps, but surely, to come to an end, and that the day will come when royal personages will no longer of necessity array themselves in military costume on all solemn occasions, as the only raiment befitting their dignity.* Already wars of wanton aggression are

* Since this was written, France has done herself honor by taking for her chief ruler "*Un Président en habit noir*."

branded by the public opinion of civilized Europe; even the Napoleons, uncle and nephew, felt obliged to put forward some colorable pretext for their attacks on their neighbors. But a still further elevation of international morality is seriously postponed by the military spirit which at present seems to pervade the ruling classes in Germany. And if this spirit is a hindrance to the progress of Europe, still more is it an element of danger to Germany herself. Nowhere else, probably, in Europe are the mediæval and the modern spirit, the spirit of authority and militarism, and the spirit of liberty and industry, to be found ranged against each other in such force. Nowhere else is an aristocracy, feudal in ideas if not in power, confronted so directly by a proletariat leavened with the ideas and aspirations which the late Pope summed up under the term "the Revolution." And therefore those who are fostering the military spirit and painting up the regiment and the battalion before the civil organization are, in fact, sitting on the safety-valve, purchasing present force and movement at the cost of an imminent explosion. The desire of all who believe in the future progress of the race should be that, without any great convulsion or cataclysm, modern ideas may, as men are able to bear them, supersede those of barbarism and feudalism; that the age of armies and privileged classes may pass—as it must pass—peacefully and gradually into the age of free industrial development and equal rights and "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*." In France, indeed, the accumulated evils of many generations had so wrought themselves into the very life and system of the nation, that they could not be driven out without a terrible paroxysm of revolution; but in Germany, the mother of inquirers and thinkers, it might be hoped that the change should be a peaceful and a natural process. If however, the present apparent predominance of the military spirit is more than a mere passing symptom, if Germany is to continue to be, in the happy phrase of M. Rénan, "crushed beneath the weight of her own armor"—if, instead of fostering industry and commerce, the ruling classes are bent upon developing the present system of bloated armaments and of unproductive expenditure of the people's earnings upon guns and drums and villainous saltpetre—then it can hardly be doubted that a terrible day of reckoning will come at last, and that the force of the ultimate explosion will be in proportion to the weight of repression.

In truth, the present policy of Europe seems calculated to force on the question whether, after all, smaller states are not better suited for the growth and maintenance of liberty than these vast and sometimes heterogeneous empires which it

has been the work of modern Europe to pile up with much labor and to cement with much blood. Setting aside Great Britain, as having her boundaries fixed for her by nature, and Austria as an altogether abnormal and portentous growth, it may fairly be questioned whether, for instance, the unification of Germany will have been a benefit or an injury to Europe, if it causes her, by maintaining a vast military establishment, to crush her restless masses into despair, and to keep her neighbors' armaments at their present overgrown scale. It is at least among the possibilities of the distant future, that a federation of small republics, united closely for purposes of defense and of commerce and intercourse, but otherwise independent, may take the place of the enormous monarchies which now overshadow Europe.

At present, however, Germany is great, and will remain great so long as her rulers can hold her together. But it is amusing to notice how neither the infinitely great nor the infinitely little is beyond the notice of the Government. At the little town of Altenahr, I was surprised to notice the figures 23 legibly painted on the lintel of the church door. Apparently, an edict had gone forth from the Home Office that every house in every town should be numbered consecutively, and accordingly, the church being the twenty-third house in Altenahr, it was numbered 23. Fancy if Westminster Abbey were known to the official mind only as No. 57 Parliament Street! But the home government of Germany is conducted on a policy of "peddling and meddling" (to paraphrase a celebrated epigrammatic saying), which a born German accepts as his natural heritage, but which to any other nation would be intolerable. Not long ago—very likely they are there still—there were to be read in the carriages of a German railway the following regulations: "Only one window of this compartment may be open at one time, and that only on the side from which the wind does not blow, and that only with the expressed consent of all the travelers in the compartment." So that if on the hottest day the travelers are unanimous in wishing to put down both windows, or the window on the windward side, a paternal government interposes its veto, and says: "Not so, my children. I know what is best for you. You will get cricks in your necks and rheumatic pains in your shoulders, and will be unable to fight for the Fatherland. One window only, and that on the leeward side." The maxim of English lawyers, "*De minimis non curat lex*," might be exactly adapted to German usage by the omission of the negative. Any one who may have chanced to take lodgings in a German city some five-and-twenty years ago—it may be so now very likely—will remember with awe the form which on the very first day of his entry

was brought to him from the Polizei to be filled up; how he had to inform the Government not only of his own Christian name and age, but of the Christian names and ages of each of his revered parents, of his religious profession, of his means of living, of his reasons for coming there, whether he had ever been there before, how long he proposed staying there, with sundry other particulars, dear to the mind of a German official, but hateful to the independence of a freeborn Briton. The way in which a German carries about with him under all circumstances, and probably keeps under his pillow at night, his "Legitimations-Schein," and all those precious documents attesting his identity, without which he would consider that he had lost his right to exist, is a standing marvel to those who believe that formalities were made for man, and not man for formalities. It must, however, be admitted that there are occasions when this bondage to formalities has its compensating advantages. This present writer set out one hot summer day to walk to the colossal statue of Bavaria, outside Munich. The road led round the outermost boundaries of a meadow; but as the said road was hot and dusty and the meadow was soft and cool, he naturally took the shorter cut across the grass. He was accosted on the farther side by an official, red with anger, who informed him that the way across the meadow was "am strengsten verboten," and that he was liable to a fine of three gulden, which would assuredly have been inflicted, but unfortunately the official whose duty it was to enforce it was gone to his dinner, and therefore the majesty of the law could not for the moment be vindicated.

It is obvious that a nation which has been accustomed to accept as part of the natural order of things a pedantic and minute system of interference in the small details of life, is exposed to a great danger. When the work of government is in the hands of a bureaucracy, men who under a more popular government would find a healthy outlet for their activity in political and municipal action will be thrown back upon themselves, and will brood over theories while they leave others to do the practical work. And in this way a dangerous separation is produced between theoretical and practical politicians, and the Government has to reckon, not with a party in opposition, who, if they should succeed to their places, would carry on the administration of affairs pretty much on the same lines, though with more of reforming energy or more of conservative caution, but with an irreconcilable faction, whose object is to blow up the existing building in order to clear the ground for an entirely new departure. The present spread of socialism in Germany, which has evidently alarmed the ruling classes, and

which is a distinct danger for society in Europe, may probably be attributed partly to the excessive development of militarism, and partly to the perilously wide division of classes. Whether Germany, which has for so long been the prolific mother of new ideas in theology, in history, in metaphysics, in philology, is in the coming age to be the source of a new political propaganda, is a question which time only can decide. It is at least certain that antagonistic forces of unknown power are at work in the heart of German society; that their antagonism, instead of being mitigated, is becoming intensified, and that the materials for an explosion, though differently compounded, are almost as plentiful in Germany now as they were in France a century ago.

How far the religious element contributes to the danger it is impossible for one merely looking on the surface to pronounce an opinion. That the Falk laws must have produced great irritation in the Catholic part of Germany, and must have created considerable disaffection against the Imperial Government, can not be doubted. It is, of course, a very difficult thing for a Protestant Government to deal with an empire of which some of the constituent parts, formerly independent, are strongly Catholic; but in such a case it would at least have been safer to err on the side of laxity, and to bear in mind that, while repression irritates, liberty often disarms opposition. It is not without some grounds that German Catholics have raised a cry of persecution; and to persecute an adversary is to give him an unfair advantage. The penal laws in Ireland might have served for a salutary warning to Germany. It seems likely that the Catholics and Protestants would have found it possible to be Germans first and Catholics or Protestants afterward, if the state had abstained from "rattling up sleeping lions"; but, unhappily, it is the fact that on the Continent rulers, whether professing liberal or conservative principles, have not yet attained to the statesmanlike wisdom of Gallio,* of whom it is recorded, to his infinite credit, that he "cared for none of those things." Not only in conservative Prussia, but also in democratic and radical Geneva, the Church of Rome has been treated with exceptional harshness. At Geneva, indeed, by a misapplication of the principle of universal suffrage, a large and costly church recently built by the Catholics has been handed over to a very small body of "Old Catholics," while the very people who built the church are driven to worship where they can; and the prohibition to appear in public in any ecclesiastical costume,

* When will our preachers learn that Gallio, instead of an awful example of a careless Christian, is, in fact, an admirable instance of a magistrate "indifferently ministering justice"?

intended to annoy the Roman ecclesiastics, by the grotesque literalness of a gendarme, led to the arrest of a Protestant pastor one Sunday morning on his way from his house to the church.

In Geneva, indeed, it is certain that this rough handling of the Catholics is the work, not of Protestants, but of persons hostile to Christianity altogether. In Germany, however, the recent effusive confession of faith on the part of the Chancellor, and the well-known religious sentiments of the Emperor, forbid us to interpret so. Yet it might have been supposed that the present state of religion in Germany would have been a sufficient reason against attempting to depress or persecute any form of Christian belief. Indeed, so far as outward indications go, Catholicism is the only form of religion that has any real hold upon the people. In the Rhineland and in South Germany the churches are still crowded with devout worshippers, whereas in Protestant Prussia * the very profession of Christianity has well-nigh died out. And this appears to constitute a far more serious and more threatening religious difficulty than the supposed intrigues of the Jesuits or the claim of universal allegiance on the part of the Roman Pontiff. For when a great nation is divided into two sections, the one without any religion or wish for religion, the other holding to the most rigidly dogmatic and authoritative form of Christianity, and when these two sections are not closely connected with each other by a thousand ties of daily intercourse, of neighborhood, of business, of kindred, as, for instance, the various religious denominations of Englishmen are connected, but are separated by almost as sharp a line as were formerly the slave-owning and the free States of America, it needs no political foresight to perceive that a time may come when religious questions will bring an intolerable strain upon German unity. And, further than this, it is a very grave and difficult problem, what is likely to be the effect on the national character of that absence of religion which is so striking a feature in the cultured classes of Germany. For a time the restraints of a public opinion formed under the influence of Christianity, and the sense of responsibility in the first generation of those who have abandoned dogmatic beliefs, may probably serve to maintain the standard of morality; but it is a thing hardly to be hoped for that in a second generation an equally high standard should be preserved, either by the abstract idea of virtue or the positive law of the state. Assuredly the motives to right conduct

which Christianity has to offer—hope for the individual, hope for the race, a great act of self-sacrifice requiring self-sacrifice in return, self-reverence springing from a sense of a high and divine calling, the consciousness of the divine Fatherhood resulting in a claim of universal brotherhood, an unswerving faith in the final and complete victory of good over evil, and, above all, love to God and to our fellow-men as the main-spring of life—these motives are considerably superior to any mere “honesty is the best policy” principle. Nor are indications wanting among the upper class in Germany of that sense of hopelessness and vacancy in life which comes of mere negation. “Ach, ich bin lebensmüde” was the exclamation of a young man of apparently good social position, who in England might probably have been doing good service to his fellow-men in some of those positions which with us are open to men who have time and money to bestow on public objects, but who seemed utterly without an object or a motive in life. “Positivism” has at least this recommendation, that if it denies Christianity it asserts the religion of humanity; whereas the mere blank negation of all religion which seems to be the present mental attitude of the cultivated classes in Germany can result in no high or noble activity, no moral heroism, nothing but the old story, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” And among the working classes, it is certain that no system has yet been discovered capable of raising the tone of society, of promoting temperance, self-respect, domestic purity, thrift, and unselfishness, except Christianity. It may be very well admitted by the most earnest apologists of the Christian faith, that it has been weighted with much adventitious matter that does not belong to its essence; that Catholics and Protestants have been too apt to “make the word of God of none effect through their traditions”; that religion has been made too much a matter of the intellect and of the imagination, too little of the heart and the life; that people have been too much in the habit of inquiring about a man’s religious “persuasion” rather than about his religious life; and it is possible that the decay of Christian profession in Germany and in France, and in a far less degree in England, has been owing to the form under which the advocates of religion have insisted on presenting it. But, if so, it would be well if all religious teachers would imitate the courageous wisdom of an English bishop, who is reported lately to have said, “If you can not join us with the miracles, join us without the miracles”; for if they insist on an acceptance of the supernatural as a condition of adopting Christianity as a rule of life, assuredly a return of the mass of the people in Germany to religious profession is a

* “Who that knows modern Germany will call it a Christian land, either in the sense Rome gives to the term, or in the meaning Luther attached to it?”—(“Letters on the State of Religion in Germany,” reprinted from the “Times,” 1870.)

thing not to be hoped for. To accept the supernatural, indeed, in the highest sense, is an essential condition of any religious faith, for Christian morality is, in the strictest sense of the word, supernatural; but it is probable that the Founder of Christianity would not have rejected any who were weary and heavy-laden, and were willing to learn duty and conduct of him.

Unhappily, however, there is much reason to fear that, although this estrangement from Christianity may have originated in a recoil from over-dogmatism, there is now a strong element of revolt against its ethical requirements. And if this is so, if either avowedly or unconsciously large masses of men reject the Christian code as setting before them an ideal which they can not bring themselves to aim at, then it remains for the Christian Church to put forth a new power, to develop some resource which shall be to the

nineteenth century what the prophets and the Baptist were to the Jews, and the preaching friars to the middle ages. Evils sooner or later bring about their own remedy; and if the future is for Christianity, under whatever change of form, it is certain that sooner or later her beneficent influence will go forth with renewed force, conquering and to conquer. Meanwhile, for Germany and for every other civilized land, the main thing is to aim at the highest; that all men should ask *as though* Christianity were true, and should resolutely and perseveringly cultivate "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," in the firm faith that right thinking must come of right doing, and that to him that orders his conversation aright will ultimately be shown the highest truth.

R. E. B., in *Fraser's Magazine*.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

CAPTAIN ABIJAH BAKER had been to sea ever since his fourteenth year. He was born on the Cape; there he found his wife; there his children were born; there stood the house he had built, to which he always returned for a few days at the end of each voyage; and thither he had come at last after forty years of wandering on the ocean to pass the remainder of his days, on a moderate but snug competence wrenched from the mad sea-waves, until he should once more launch his bark on the voyage from which no traveler returns. His boy had also taken early to the water, and was now skipper of the fishing schooner *Gentle Annie*. He was engaged to Lucy May, the lady who taught the district school, and after one or two more successful trips to the Banks the wedding was to come off.

Captain Baker was a noble specimen of the mariners they used to turn out on Cape Cod. Nearly six feet tall, broad-chested and broad-shouldered, he still walked erect as in his youth; and the keen, honest, fearless look of his blue eyes from under their roofing of shaggy gray eyebrows was as undimmed as when he first trod the quarter-deck. But if sometimes their glance was stern and uncompromising, there lurked in them also unfathomed possibilities of good-natured mirth, and not rarely an expression which showed that under a bluff exterior he carried a warm, true heart.

Mrs. Baker still survived, after twenty-six

years of wedded life, to have her "old man" with her, and with him to share the remaining years of life. When they were first married she made several voyages with her husband, but the invariable sea-sickness which persecuted her on shipboard, and the growing demands of her children, obliged her to remain at home to worry for him on stormy nights, and realize the truth of the French proverb, "*Femme de marin, femme de chagrin*."

Her daughter Mary, now a girl of twenty, had tended to assuage her solitude while husband and son were battling with winds and waves thousands of miles away. Mrs. Baker was one of those women of tact and character who, while not at all lacking in independence and spirit, had the penetration to perceive that in the family as on the quarter-deck, there can be only one captain, even when the mate knows more than the captain about navigation, and that even for her own comfort merely, and to retain her influence over him, it was better to yield to and cooperate in the life-plans of her husband than to thwart them by direct opposition. A thoroughly practical New England woman, generally undemonstrative but faithful in her affections, portly and warm-hearted, Mrs. Baker accepted with serene content the prospect of having Abijah with her as never before during all their married years, with their son and daughter-in-law settled near them, and possibly divers grandchildren toddling

in the spring sunshine before the grandparental door.

But Fate seemed to have otherwise determined, or at least awhile longer deferred good Mrs. Baker's entrance into possession of these castles in Spain. It is a hard thing for a man still in active possession of his powers suddenly to abdicate the throne and retire into peaceful inaction. When he is oppressed by the storms of life he looks longingly forward to a tranquil rest under his own vine and fig-tree. But the strongest muscles condemned to inaction become flabby and weak, the keenest blade hanging unused on a wall is eaten with rust, and the brain, ceasing its wonted habits of action, softens and decays, and senility comes on apace. Many men, instinctively conscious of this tendency after they have tried rest for a time, chafe once more for a field whereon to exercise their powers, and spring back to the arena to begin life anew, but so heavily handicapped by age or the more recent habits of lethargy, that they learn when it is too late the mistake they made in so soon quitting their life-pursuits.

It was not long before Captain Baker began to realize the truth of these observations. To spend the remainder of his days hoeing potato-hills and turning his melons and squashes to the sun on the sere soil of the Cape, or oscillating between his house and the village store, with an occasional trip to Boston, was rather too placid and monotonous a change for a man who had listened all his days to the creaking of tackle-blocks and the thunderous and frantic flapping of topsails in Atlantic squalls—a man, too, in whose veins still leaped a manly vigor, in whose heart still throbbed an honest ambition. The growing uneasiness of her husband, the restlessness and annoyed discontent so unusual in his frank and generous nature, were not unperceived by Mrs. Baker; she foresaw the inevitable result, but kept her own counsels. But when he returned one day from Boston with a sober but brisk and determined air, she was prepared to hear him say: "Well, mother"—he always called her mother—"I don't s'pose you'll like it very well, and it comes kind of hard for me to tell ye, but I'm going on a v'yge to Smyrny; I sail next week."

"I mistrusted somethin' of the sort when you went to Boston; I knew 'twan't for nothin' you were going up there so often. But what on airth possesses ye to go to sea again, Abijah? Here you are, everything just as cozy as can be, and I ain't seen much of ye since we stood up afore the minister twenty-seven years ago come next October; and here's Johnnie going to be married maybe next Thanksgiving."

"Well, you see it's just here: I hate to go

and leave ye, but then what's a man to do here if he hain't got no trade ashore to keep him busy? And I feel just as spry as when I first took command of the Wild Rover. I don't mean to go to sea again for good, but let me just go one more v'yge, and I'll get over this hankering for it. Anyway, I didn't really mean to go again, but when I went into Clark & Allen's office t'other day they said to me: 'Captain; you are just the man for us. Captain Tressle has just fallen and broken a leg and two ribs; 'tain't no kind of use for him to try to go this v'yge, and the Jennie Lane will be ready to go to sea next week. You are part owner, and now you've had a long vacation on shore, here's a good chance for you to get your sea-legs on again.' It did seem kind o' providential like, and, after turning the matter over, I told them that I would go."

"I am afraid you are making a mistake, Abijah. I won't say nothing for myself," and the poor woman put the corner of her apron to her eye—it was only a momentary weakness—"but I mistrust things won't go all right."

"So you've said before when I've been a-goin' to sail, but nothin' ever came of it. So, cheer up, mother; and, if you've got a good cup of that last tea I brought, 'twon't come amiss."

"The Lord knows! We don't always know our own minds, or what's good for us. But if you must go, Abijah—and now you've given your word, it can't be helped—I must look over your things, and, if there's anything you need, I'll send for Mehitabel Wheeler to come right over and help me do the sewing."

The Captain, relieved that he had got over the difficulty of breaking unpleasant news to his wife so easily, and that she took it so kindly, had to give her a kiss, while she, between smiles and tears, said: "Oh, yes; that's just the way; you are always ready enough with your kiss if I'll only let you have your own way," but she was proud enough of the old sea-captain for all that.

And so the matter was settled. In a fortnight Captain Baker was once more crossing the Atlantic, the topsails of the Jennie Lane swelling with the exuberant force of a westerly gale which rapidly bore him away from his quiet home and disconsolate wife. In ten days they sighted Fayal, and, after a splendid run of thirty-six days, the Jennie Lane had passed from the New World into the Old World, from the nineteenth century into the past ages, from the orthodox tones of the bell of Park Street Church to the theistic chant of the muezzin of Islam, and discharged the rum of Medford and the prints of Manchester upon the wharves of Smyrna.

In another month she was ready to turn her bowsprit again toward Long Wharf and the land of the setting sun. Her hold was packed with

bales of wool and rags. The hatches were battened down, the topsails were hoisted and sheeted home and back to the mast; the crew, with a long song, had got the anchor a-trip; the passengers, a missionary with his wife and four children, were busy arranging their quarters in the small cabin; the Greek pilot was on board; and the setting sun was tingeing the mountain-crags of Anatolia with roseate hues, and gilding the red roofs, crescent-tipped minarets, and crumbling Roman ramparts of Smyrna, when Captain Baker and the consignee came off to the ship, having paid their last visit to the consul and the health officers of the port.

"Mr. Partridge, you can make sail on her and cast off; let me know when all is ready," said the Captain to the mate as he went below for the last consultation with the consignee. As the breeze was light, the top-gallant sails and royals were sheeted home, and when she was adrift Mr. Partridge called the Captain.

As the bark fell off gracefully on the star-board tack, the two brass pieces were fired; Captain Baker was a strict disciplinarian; he kept his vessel trim as a yacht, and in entering or leaving port aimed at a man-of-war style as far as is possible in a merchant-ship.

"Good-by, Captain Baker," said the consignee, as he stepped into his boat; "a pleasant and quick voyage to you! When shall we look for you again?"

"Oh, this is my last v'ye! I ain't goin' to sea any more; I promised Mrs. Baker to stay at home after this v'ye."

"So you said the last time you were here. We'll see you back again before long."

"No, I say good-by to Smyrna now, for good and all. But I expect to see you in Boston some time."

Everything looked propitious for a prosperous voyage home; but, being the summer season, the occasional gales and squalls they encountered were alternated by light, baffling winds and long calms, always more or less irritating to the ruling mind which paces the quarter-deck, but affording a good opportunity for scraping the masts, setting up and slushing the rigging, and painting the ship from truck to water-line. In this way the Jennie Lane was made to look as if she were "intended to be put under a glass case," while Captain Baker talked theology with the missionary, and kept an eye on the barometer or the offing for a breeze. On the 4th of July the bark was suddenly surrounded by field-ice and bergs of enormous size; the air, from almost tropical heat, became wintry cold, and the gleam of the sun and the moon on the glittering masses, while it displayed their splendor also revealed the extent of the perils by which they were sur-

rounded. Most fortunately, the weather continued clear, and they had a leading wind, and thus escaped the ice unharmed. And now, ho for the Grand Banks and for home! Captain Baker had been impatient all the voyage to reach the Banks, hoping to see his son there; the Gentle Annie was generally on fishing-grounds about that time, and the Captain was especially anxious for clear weather, so that he might not only see his boy's schooner, but might also thus avoid the danger of running her down in the fog, a peril of the Banks which neither fog-horns nor whistles nor the utmost vigilance can altogether dispel. It was a great relief, therefore, when on a fine, clear morning, with a good offing, Captain Baker saw a fleet of fishermen at anchor ahead or dodging about after fish. With eagerness he scanned them all, recognizing one and another in turn; but it was with ill-concealed disappointment that he failed to see the Gentle Annie anywhere in sight. Hailing one of the schooners which was from the Cape, he inquired for her whereabouts, and was informed that she had started for home some days previous, having got a full fare of fish.

"Well," said Captain Baker, "I'm right glad to hear John's got a full fare so early in the season; he'll be coming out again afore long, and, if he gets another good catch, then there'll be a wedding, and you can count me in as one of those present. I don't know anybody who deserves a good wife more than our John, and that's just what he's a-going to have."

After the Grand Banks are passed, going to the westward, it always seems as if one could almost see the ridge-pole of the old homestead and the well-sweep rising by it, especially if a driving northeaster makes the lads in the fore-castle sing, "The girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope." And that was just the wind which now swept the Jennie Lane along like a mad race-horse, scudding over the foaming crests on a bee-line for Boston Light. Captain Baker always carried sail hard, and he could do this safely because he never lost his head, and could take in canvas in a squall with perfect coolness. The bark now staggered under a press of sail rarely seen in such weather except on Yankee ships, and when commanded by such men as Captain Abijah Baker. When the canvas blew away, all hands were sent aloft to bend and set on another sail on the yard.

"By George! but if this isn't glorious!" exclaimed the hale old sea-dog. "If Johnnie don't look out, we'll get into Boston Bay before he sights the Highland Light!"

But the nearer they came to the coast the thicker the weather became—not exactly a fog, but a dripping Scotch mist and rain that effectually

ally shut everything out of sight a ship's length ahead, requiring a constant, careful lookout, with frequent blowing of the fog-horn. But they kept driving the bark on her course, although she rolled heavily in the immense seas heaving under the quarter; and the rattling and crashing of tin pans and crockery below, and the faint gleams of lightning in the southwest, indicated the growing severity of the storm. But Captain Baker, judging from the barometer and certain signs significant to the experienced eye, inferred that there would be a shift of the wind ahead before morning, and was anxious to make all the longitude possible before the change.

It had just struck eight bells. There is something peculiarly solemn in the toll of a ship's bell on a dark, stormy night, when the wind is chanting a shrill, weird wail in the rigging, and the melancholy swash of the waves seems to shut out the lonely vessel and the isolated beings on her deck from all the rest of creation.

"Mr. Partridge," said the Captain to the mate, whose watch it was on deck—"Mr. Partridge, you'll keep a good lookout, and, if there's any sign of a change of weather, give me a call. If the wind hasn't shifted when they change the watch, we'll heave to, as we don't want to run in too close while it continues thick like this."

Captain Baker then turned to go below, and had just reached the companion-way, when the lookout on the fore-castle sang out:

"Vessel dead ahead, close aboard of us!"

"Port! hard-a-port!" rang out the thunder-tones of Captain Baker's voice, and like an echo of his own voice came back the cry from the unknown ship, "Port!" and the bark, suddenly arrested in her course, swung to windward, reeling over on her side, and her foretopmast snapping off even with the cap as she broached too. But it was too late. At the same instant she rose on a sea and rushed down with a tremendous crash into the vessel ahead; and as she swung back, stunned by the shock, and then surged on again, a schooner loomed up out of the gloom, ranged alongside, and went down with a last smothered cry of agony rising from her deck blending with the howling of the gale. Hencoops, spars, and life-preservers were thrown over from the bark, if haply some poor soul might lay hold of one; but, obviously, the first duty was to see whether the Jennie Lane had suffered such damage as would place her own existence in danger. The pumps were sounded, and a slight increase of water was found, indicating that she had started some of her forward timbers; but, most fortunately, the water did not rush in so fast as to be an object of immediate concern, proving under control of the pumps. But some of her upper works had been carried

away, including her jib-boom and foretopmast and top-gallant mast, so that she seemed to be in quite a forlorn condition. While the investigation as to the damage done was going on forward, a voice was heard in the fore-chains, and it was found that one of the schooner's crew was clinging there, who had managed to get a hold, but, spraining his ankle, was unable to climb farther. He was at once rescued and brought aft in a half-drowned condition.

"What schooner was that?" inquired Captain Baker.

"She was the Gentle Annie, of—"

"What! the Gentle Annie, John Baker skipper?" exclaimed the Captain, shaking like a leaf.

"Yes, sir."

"My God! O my God!" groaned the poor Captain, leaning against the rail for support in the extremity of his emotion. "O my boy! my poor boy!"

But when the first paroxysm of sudden grief and despair was over, Captain Baker, like all men of action of his stamp, nerved himself to his duty, and, controlling the outward expression of his feelings, went about the ship to see that all was made snug and secure. To put a boat over in that sea and mist, in search of the schooner's crew, was a hopeless task, and would only needlessly risk other lives. He therefore gave orders to keep the bark as near as possible to the position of the catastrophe until daybreak; and, having assured himself that his vessel was in no present danger from the collision, he went below to pass the saddest night of his life.

A long and earnest search on the following morning brought no relief to the hopeless father. The wind had shifted and "scoffed" the fog away, but nothing was to be seen except here and there a distant sail. About mid-day a pilot was taken on board, and in twenty-four hours, with the aid of a tug, the Jennie Lane was alongside of Long Wharf.

The news of the collision, being in the nature of bad tidings, and involving the fate of three men at Captain Baker's home—the rest of the lost men were from other places—it reached the place without delay one evening after candle-light. As usual, when the mail arrived, there was a knot of loafers collected inside of the store, with such more reputable and industrious villagers as expected letters. The postmaster's paper was seized by one of those most greedy for news, and if any item of interest occurred he read it aloud. The audience being largely composed of seafaring people, the column of ship-news was naturally the first to receive attention. On this occasion Jerry Fuller, a lank-limbed specimen of the Cape Cod race, had the newspaper, and, with his slouched hat on the back of his head and his

feet on the rung of the old chair which was tilted against a barrel of potatoes, was leisurely going over the items, when, with a start, he vehemently exclaimed:

"My good gracious, if this don't beat all!"

"Why, what is it now, Jerry?"

"Just look a-*here*—just listen to this, boys! The Gentle Annie's been run down and sunk in a gale of wind by the bark Jennie Lane."

Every one in the store immediately crowded around Jerry while he read aloud the account of the calamity, which, although briefly and simply told, came home to them all with terrible emphasis.

"There was the Widow Fisher's boy and Tommy Sloane and Johnnie Baker, all from this place, all as likely fellows as ever grasped a marlinspike, and they've all gone to 'Davy Jones,'" said Bill Tucker, heaving a sigh and moistening the fireless stove with tobacco-juice.

"I'm thinkin' it's mighty hard lines for the old man," said Joey Greene.

"A drowning of his own boy! It's blamed hard luck now, I tell you," muttered Jerry.

"Derned if I don't think so," echoed Bill Tucker.

"Well, it's the Lord's doing," solemnly ejaculated Mr. Plympton, the minister, who with sal-low, hatchet face was standing on the edge of the crowd.

"Maybe 'tis, maybe 'tain't," growled one who never went to meeting, and was reputed to believe in neither God nor devil.

"Anyway, it's mighty rough on him, you bet," answered old Captain Si Jones.

But the minister, realizing the fearful import of the fatal tidings when it should reach Mrs. Baker, and touched with anxious sympathy, hastened home to inform his wife, who immediately put on her hood and stepped over to the Captain's house to break the news to the afflicted wife and mother.

It is not for us to intrude upon that stricken household, or to reveal the sorrowful meeting of the parents of the lost Johnnie, or the despair of his betrothed, Lucy May, to whom it now seemed as if the light had gone out of the world.

But if it was hard for Captain Baker to remain at home before this tragedy had overtaken him, it was still harder now. Everything reminded him of his lost son, and of the blasted hopes which had centered around him. Although ten years seemed to have been added to his age, and a slight uncertainty seemed to some to have altered the firm tread of his massive frame, yet to the outside world he preserved a steady, almost cheerful demeanor. But the sea drew him again with a strange, irresistible influence, with the glamour of a witch.

"I can't live this way, mother; I must take another voyage, even if I don't never come back here again."

Not only did Mrs. Baker not hinder his going, but she decided to go with him; whatever be the fate before him, she would share it, and great as was her sorrow, she knew that his was in some sort increased by the shadow of self-accusing remorse, a self-blame not wholly unnatural for a calamity which it was out of his power to prevent. Leaving their daughter and Lucy May in their house with a maiden aunt who had been invited to make her home there during their absence, the faithful pair, at an age when most people are laying aside the burdens of life, sailed out once more on the rough, treacherous ocean which so emphatically symbolizes the troublous life of man. The gossips of the Cape, with a knowing shake of the head and pursed-up lips, acknowledged to a presentiment that he would never return, that this was destined too truly to be his last voyage, notwithstanding that he asserted with a grim smile that he was heading for the Cape of Good Hope this time, which was true enough; for, as if to renew the days of early manhood, Captain Baker now took command of the *Dhulep Singh* for Calcutta, the port to which his first voyages were made.

The voyage out was unattended by any unusual incidents. The ship reached the Hooghly in safety, and, having discharged her cargo and reloaded, she started for home. If the outward voyage had often seemed monotonously melancholy to the old sailor and his wife, oppressed by the weight of their loss and the blasting of their hopes, the homeward voyage was more hopeless, for they felt, if they did not shape their thoughts in words, that the blank dreariness of their home on their return to it would tend to reopen the heart-wounds but partially healed. Gradually the *Dhulep Singh* plowed her way across the Indian Ocean toward the Cape of Good Hope. She had escaped the violent gales which accompany the change of the monsoons, and was running before a very fresh but favorable and seemingly steady breeze on the quarter, and it was hoped that she would weather the Cape and take the southeast trades without meeting any heavy gales. But it was otherwise ordained. Having taken his afternoon nap, Captain Baker got up and took a look at the barometer. The result was so unsatisfactory that he rubbed his eyes and gave another glance at the mercury, which only confirmed his first observation. He went on deck without delay. A great change was impending. A terrific gloom was overspreading the heavens, reaching up from the horizon across the zenith in ragged, livid streaks like the arms

of demons stretching out to clutch their victims. The sea under this pall rolled black and ominous, boding no good, while ever and anon the dark curtain of mist which was rapidly approaching from the southwest was rent by appalling flashes of lightning, now white bolts riving the skies in twain, now in vivid sheets which circled the whole offing and rimmed the sea with a ring of fire. The distant but ceaseless roll of thunder, every moment growing louder, was of a character to impress the stoutest heart with awe and apprehension.

The officer of the deck had already begun to take precautions to meet the storm, and most of the watch were aloft furling the light sails; but Captain Baker, who was better acquainted with the weather of those seas than the mate, saw that not a moment was to be lost while the ship still had whole topsails and courses set.

"Come down from there!" he roared to the men aloft; "don't wait to furl the top-gallant sails!" then, turning to the mate, he bade him call the watch below. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship was taken aback by a fierce squall right in her teeth. The tremendous pressure on the topsails made it useless to let go the halyards or start the sheets, and, driven stern foremost, the ship began to bury her taffrail under the combers; the water boiled over like a sluice, rushing forward into the cabin and the waist; she was apparently entirely beyond human control, and in another minute would have gone down, as lightning, thunder, darkness, wind, and rain burst with a sublime, confused, and irresistible roar and fury over the devoted ship. But at that supreme moment the crew, by almost superhuman effort, succeeded in lowering the spanker and bracing the foreyard. The noble ship, writhing and wrestling for life, fell off in the trough of the sea, lying over almost on her beam-ends, while the sails were blown out of the bolt-ropes and flew off to leeward like scraps of vapor. For the time she was saved, but how long could she live in that position was the question, especially if the storm settled down into a continuous hurricane. By skillful management they finally got the ship paying off before the wind, scudding with a rag of canvas in the fore-rigging. By the next morning the Dhulep Singh had run out of the vortex of the cyclone, and they were able to heave to, although a sea absolutely mountainous rolled up from the south pole in a manner that sometimes threatened to engulf the ship.

The sun set that day in a clear offing, festooned with the pageantry of crimson and golden clouds, and the wind having shifted and greatly moderated, they were able to make sail. Two days after the Cape of Good Hope was sighted, like a gray cloud against the pale green of the horizon

sky. The weather was fine, the ship jogging along under royals, and the crew engaged in repairing such damages as had occurred to the rigging in the late storm. Two of the men, squatted on the deck in the gangway, were mending a topsail; Mrs. Baker was seated by the companion-way sewing and chatting with the Captain, who, spy-glass in hand, scanned the offing from time to time. Neptune, their white Newfoundland dog, was standing on the taffrail snuffing the land, and gazing at the sea with an expression truly human. It sometimes does seem as if, with their other gifts, some dogs may be permitted to claim a certain dim, far-off sense of the poetic feeling. It was, in a word, one of those average days between the repose of a calm and the excitement of a storm such as come in the life of a ship as in the life of man.

"To-day is our John's birthday. Had you thought of it, Abijah? He would have been twenty-eight years old," said Mrs. Baker.

"Yes, mother, it was the first thing I thought of when I woke up."

"Well, one thing is sure—he's where he'll have no more hurricanes to fight." Although she had been heroically calm throughout the late storm, it had naturally made a lasting impression upon her, and, being the least bit superstitious, like most people, or call it belief in Providence if you prefer, she sincerely believed it was for some purpose she had been "spared," when others were overwhelmed by the winds and waves never more to see their homes.

"I suppose that's so; we don't know much about it; still, I'd be glad to see him back again, and I don't believe but what, to please his old parents and his poor girl mourning for him on the Cape, he'd be willing to come back for a while."

"You know the Bible says, 'He shall come back no more to me, but I shall go to him,'" repeated the good lady in a low tone.

"I wish I had your faith, mother, not because believing a thing makes it any more true, but then one feels better and takes life easier."

Thus the pair gossiped to themselves in the commonplaces characteristic of those whose life-work is action rather than speech. After a while one of the men aloft reported a sail in sight.

"Where away?"

"On the lee-beam; looks like a wreck, sir."

Everybody immediately sprang to his feet and scanned the offing, but, as the strange sail was not visible from the deck, Captain Baker went aloft with his glass, and discovered it to be a ship apparently in a sinking condition, her fore- and main-masts gone by the board, and a flag of distress in the mizzen-rigging; she had evidently been dismantled by the late hurricane.

"Square the main-yard!" was the order that now rang through the ship, and she was then kept away for the wreck, which very soon became visible from the deck. As they drew nearer they could see that she was settling fast, and that the crew (her boats having been carried away) were rapidly constructing a raft alongside. The Dhulep Singh was hove-to a short distance from the wreck, which proved to be the *Rothsay*, tea-clipper of London, and a boat was lowered and sent off to her. The *Rothsay* was almost down to her scuppers, wallowing helplessly in the sea, and her end was fast approaching. Help had come to her crew just as she was about to go from under them and leave them adrift on the waste of ocean; nor was it safe for the boat to linger alongside, lest it should be sucked down by the whirling vortex caused by the death-throes of the foundering ship, liable to occur at any moment. A number of the *Rothsay's* crew had been washed off in the hurricane, and one, who had been maimed by falling spars, was already lying on the raft, and was gently transferred to the boat, which then shoved off. When it was midway between the two ships the *Rothsay*, lurching convulsively, buried her bow in a sea, and the waves closed over her as she went down, locked in their embrace till the sea gave up her dead. There is no more solemn or impressive sight in this world than the sinking of a ship at sea. When a man dies the body continues for a while to give the semblance of reality, and only by degrees wastes away to nothingness. When a house burns down, it is only gradually, and the ashes remain. When an earthquake fells a city, the fragments are still there. But when one moment we see the strong and mighty fabric of a ship actually before us, and the next can discern absolutely not a vestige or sign or semblance or shadow of it existing, we come very near to forming a conception of what annihilation is, if there be any such thing.

The *Rothsay* having disappeared, the attention of all on board the *Dhulep Singh* was directed to the returning boat, and the haggard faces of those who had been so opportunely rescued from a watery grave were eagerly scanned. But when it arrived alongside, and the features of the wounded man became distinctly visible, Mrs. Baker, shuddering as if with cold, pale as death, and with tongue almost paralyzed with overpowering emotion, clutched her husband's arm: "Abijah, don't he look like our Johnnie?"

"Elizabeth, what—you don't mean to say—My God, it can't be!—and yet—if only the dead could come to life, I should say it was our John!"

Thus gasping and staggering, rather than walking, Captain Baker took two or three steps

forward, and gazed earnestly into the eyes of the maimed seaman, who at the instant looked up. As he caught the gaze of the Captain, a change came over his sunken features; reaching forward his arms and exclaiming, "Father!" he fell back apparently dead; it was this circumstance which aided to prevent the parents from yielding to the emotions caused by the violence of the shock received from this most extraordinary event. Descending into the boat, the Captain found that his son was only in a syncope, resulting from excitement from physical exhaustion. With the greatest tenderness and sympathy, in which every one of the crew joined—and it may be said to their credit that more than one of them drew his rough fist across his eyes—John Baker was hoisted out of the boat and carried into the cabin, where the usual remedies applied in such cases soon restored him to consciousness.

John Baker's story is soon told; hair-breadth as was his escape, it is at any rate no more remarkable than the adventures which are encountered by most seafaring men some time in the course of their adventurous lives. On the night of the collision he was on deck; the schooner was lying-to, and, as she was directly in the track of inward-bound vessels, anxiety was felt, and a sharp lookout maintained. He discovered the bark at the same instant that the schooner was perceived. Conscious at a glance that a collision was unavoidable, he at once took thought for his personal safety. As is common on our fishing schooners, there was a nest of dories amidships. He made a dive at this and lifted the upper one out of its bed just as the two vessels came together, and held fast to it by the painter. By great good luck it floated when the schooner went down, and he contrived to get into it. It glided over the seas before the wind, its very lightness giving it buoyancy, and helping to keep it clear of the combers. But it was only by the greatest management—may not one also add, by the aid of Providence?—that dory and crew of one man lived till morning. He was then sighted by a ship outward bound; she altered her course, and flung a rope to him as she swept by: he caught it and was saved. The vessel was bound to China, and the Captain was loath to put back to land him, but promised to transfer him to some homeward-bound vessel if convenient. No such opportunity seemed to occur: either the sea was too high to launch a boat when they met such a ship, or they did not care to lose a fair wind; something always prevented. In the mean time John was given a berth in the fore-castle, and worked his passage. At Shanghai he secured the place of second mate in the *Rothsay*, and started for home *via* England. The *Rothsay* was overtaken by the hurricane de-

scribed above, and hove on her beam-ends; her captain was washed overboard with several of the crew; it was then found necessary to cut away the masts to right her, and John had his leg broken in two places by a falling spar. After the ship righted it was discovered that she had started a butt, caused perhaps by the pounding of a mast-head before the wrecked stuff was cleared away, and the water gained rapidly on the pumps.

John had suffered greatly from the severe accident which had befallen him, which had been aggravated by exposure and lack of surgical aid. And, although the tender care of his mother and the glad face of his father did much to relieve his pain, it was decided to put into Cape Town to procure the medical advice he so much needed. At the Cape of Good Hope they remained several days, and then under propitious auspices hoisted the topsails once more for home. Past St. Helena's rocky isle, across the line, and the Gulf Stream, the Dhulep Singh sped as if impelled by a consciousness of the glad tidings she bore to the forlorn heart on the Cape, gazing with despair along the far-off verge of ocean for the sail of one who would never return to cheer her life again.

It was a glad moment for all on board when the bare, yellow sand-hills of Cape Cod and the Highland Lighthouse hove in sight. "My country!" exclaimed Captain Baker with exultation, as he proudly gazed on the rising shores of his native land, while Neptune, wagging his bushy tail with becoming dignity, evidently regarded the scene with similar sentiments, and hailed every passing vessel with a sonorous, good-natured bark.

A question which often arises in life is whether

the happiness that succeeds adversity and sorrow is dearly purchased at that rate. Probably, if we had the choosing of our destiny, we should shrink from such a valuation of good fortune. But Providence, which lays down the laws for man, has otherwise ordained, and decrees that as in art so in life the strangest effects of light shall be gained by a deep, contrasting shade; that repose shall come as a relief from toil and pain; that rapture shall be rapture because it is the revulsion from overpowering anguish of soul. Hard is the law, terrible the price we pay for what happiness we have in life, but there is only one philosophy that is of any practical value here below, and that is to accept the inevitable.

This train of thought received a practical exemplification when Captain Baker, with his good wife and son, arrived at home on a certain evening some years ago. The wedding which followed before many weeks needs little comment; it was one of unusual solemnity and happiness; and the chubby, blue-eyed, dimple-cheeked little girl, who appeared in due season thereafter, was regarded with peculiar feelings. It was a warm welcome indeed which she received from Grandmother Baker, who at one time had given up all prospect of ever seeing this little granddaughter.

"Ah, little one, you little know how near you came to never having a father!" said Captain Baker, as for the first time he gazed entranced on his first grandchild.

"One may truly say that she was brought to us out of the depths," said Mr. Plympton, the minister; "out of the depths of the sea, out of the depths of despair, she comes to us, bearing consolation and the smile of God reflected on her brow."

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

REMINISCENCES.*

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË.

SOON after I came to Halifax I made the acquaintance of a genius of the highest order, Patrick Branwell Brontë, who was at least as talented as any member of that wonderful family. Much my senior, Brontë took an unusual fancy to me, and I continued, perhaps, his most confidential friend through good and ill until his death. Poor, brilliant, gay, moody, moping,

wildly excitable, miserable Brontë! No history records your many struggles after the good—your wit, brilliance, attractiveness, eagerness for excitement—all the qualities which made you such "good company," and dragged you down to an untimely grave. But you have had a most unnecessary scandal heaped upon you by the author of your sister's "Biography," which that scandal does its best to spoil.

This generous gentleman in all his ideas, this madman in many of his acts, died at twenty-eight of grief for a woman. But at twenty-two, what a splendid specimen of brain-power run-

* From "Pictures of the Past: Memoirs of Men I have met and Places I have seen," by Francis H. Grun- dy, C. E. London, 1879.

ning wild he was! what glorious talent he had still to waste! That Rector of Haworth little knew how to bring up and bring out his clever family, and the boy least of all. He was a hard, matter-of-fact man. So the girls worked their own way to fame and death, the boy to death only! I knew them all. The father—upright, handsome, distantly courteous, white-haired, tall; knowing me as his son's friend, he would treat me in the Grandisonian fashion, coming himself down to the little inn to invite me, a boy, up to his house, where I would be coldly uncomfortable until I could escape with Patrick Branwell to the moors. The daughters—distant and distrustful, large of nose, small of figure, red of hair, prominent of spectacles; showing great intellectual development, but with eyes constantly cast down, very silent, painfully retiring. This was about the time of their first literary adventures, I suppose—say 1843 or 1844. Branwell was very like them, almost insignificantly small—one of his life's trials. He had a mass of red hair, which he wore brushed high off his forehead—to help his height, I fancy—a great, bumpy, intellectual forehead, nearly half the size of the whole facial contour; small, ferret eyes, deep sunk, and still further hidden by the never-removed spectacles; prominent nose, but weak lower features. He had a downcast look, which never varied, save for a rapid, momentary glance at long intervals. Small and thin of person, he was the reverse of attractive at first sight.

This plain specimen of humanity, who died unhonored, might have made the world of literature and art ring with the name of which he was so proud. When I first met him, he was station-master at a small roadside place on the Manchester and Leeds Railway, Luddendenfoot by name. The line was only just opened. This station was a rude wooden hut, and there was no village near at hand. Had a position been chosen for this strange creature for the express purpose of driving him several steps to the bad, this must have been it. Alone in the wilds of Yorkshire, with few books, little to do, no prospects, and wretched pay, with no society congenial to his better tastes, but plenty of wild, rollicking, hard-headed, half-educated manufacturers, who would welcome him to their houses, and drink with him as often as he chose to come—what was this morbid man, who couldn't bear to be alone, to do?

I always have liked scamps with brains. Here was one, as great a scamp as could be desired, and with an unexpected stock of brains, indeed. He took to me amazingly—I suppose from my difference to his then enforced companions, for I was very young, and had the ideas and habits of a gentleman. Nay, I could meet

him sometimes with quotation for quotation, even in the languages, other than English, which he most affected. On his side, he had a fund of information, experience, and anecdote, which he poured forth freely for my benefit, not at first showing me anything of the rough side of his nature.

Now, this Luddendenfoot was but three or four miles from my place by rail, of which I was free and he, too, so that we saw one another frequently enough. This man of the world of twenty-two had already played parts. He had been usher in a school, which he left in disgust; the lads, I think, ridiculed his downcast smallness. He had been private tutor also, and, when that failed (such was this man's versatility), he had established himself in Bradford, at nineteen or twenty years of age, as a portrait-painter self-taught, and had achieved considerable success, till eccentricity or desire of change removed him. Then came a short time of which I never heard an explanation; but I fancy that he "gave it best," as colonials say, for a time, and then probably moped, and gave trouble at home. I am sure, indeed, that he must have done so; for he had at that time been studying De Quincey, and, with the obstinate determination of doing himself whatever any one else had done, he positively began the practice of opium-eating. He did this until it became a habit, and when it had seized upon his nervous system he underwent the torture of the damned, or of De Quincey at least.

Then Brontë came to Luddendenfoot. I think I did him so much good that he recovered himself of his habits there after my advent. But he was ever in extremes, gloriously great or as ingloriously small. He would discourse with wondrous knowledge upon subjects, moral, intellectual, philosophical, for hours, and afterward accompany his audience to the nearest public-house, and recruit his exhausted powers by copious libations. He was proud of his name, his strength, and his abilities. In his fits of passion I have seen him drive his doubled fist through the panel of a door: it seemed to soothe him; it certainly bruised his knuckles. At times we would drive over in a gig to Haworth (twelve miles), and visit his people. He was then at his best, and would be eloquent and amusing, although sometimes he would burst into tears when returning, and swear that he meant to amend. I believe, however, that he was half mad, and could not control himself. On one occasion he thought I was disposed to treat him distantly at a party, and he retired in great dudgeon. When I arrived at my lodgings the same evening I found the following, necessarily an impromptu:

"The man who will not know another,
Whose heart can never sympathize,
Who loves not comrade, friend, or brother,
Unhonored lives—unnoticed dies.
His frozen eye, his bloodless heart,
Nature, repugnant, bids depart.

"O Grundy! born for nobler aim,
Be thine the task to shun such shame;
And henceforth never think that he
Who gives his hand in courtesy
To one who kindly feels to him,
His gentle birth or name can dim.

"However mean a man may be,
Know man *is* man as well as thee;
However high thy gentle line,
Know he who writes can rank with thine
And though his frame be worn and dead,
Some light still glitters round his head.

"Yes! though his tottering limbs seem old,
His heart and blood are not yet cold.
Ah, Grundy! shun his evil ways,
His restless nights, his troubled days;
But never slight his mind, which flies,
Instinct with noble sympathies,
Afar from spleen and treachery,
To thought, to kindness, and to thee.

"P. B. BRONTË."

One of Brontë's peculiarities was a habit of making use of the word "sir" when addressing even his most intimate friends and acquaintances; and if he made a quotation in Greek, Latin, or French, he always translated it: "'Fiat justitia, ruat cælum'; that means, 'Justice must be done though the heavens fall.' I beg your pardon, sir, but I have been so much among the barbarians of the hills that I forgot," etc., etc. He one day sketched a likeness of me, which my mother kept until her death, and which is perhaps treasured in a more moderate manner among my sisterhood now. He wrote a poem called "Brontë," illustrative of the life of Nelson, which, at his special request, I submitted for criticism to Leigh Hunt, Miss Martineau, and others. All spoke in high terms of it. He gave it to me only about two or three weeks before his death, and Frank Fowler, a literary aspirant, got possession of it for his Sydney magazine known as "The Month." He did not publish it, but when he left for England he kept the manuscript. Brontë drew a finished elevation of one portion of Westminster Abbey from memory, having been but once in London some years before. It was no mean achievement, for the sketch was correct in every particular. He once wrote an epitaph upon me, with a drawing of a marble mausoleum at its head. My mother kept *that* too, and I remember nothing of it except that I wrote one in reply to it.

One very important statement which he made to me throws some light upon a question which I observe has long vexed the critics; that is, the authorship of "Wuthering Heights." It is well-nigh incredible that a book so marvelous in its strength, and in its dissection of the most morbid passions of diseased minds, could have been written by a young girl like Emily Brontë, who never saw much of the world or knew much of mankind, and whose studies of life and character, if they are entirely her own, must have been chiefly evolved from her own imagination. Patrick Brontë declared to me, and what his sister said bore out the assertion, that he wrote a great portion of "Wuthering Heights" himself. Indeed, it is impossible for me to read that story without meeting with many passages which I feel certain *must* have come from his pen. The weird fancies of diseased genius with which he used to entertain me in our long talks at Luddendenfoot, reappear in the pages of the novel, and I am inclined to believe that the very plot was his invention rather than his sister's.

There was an old fortune-teller at Haworth, ninety-five years of age, and Branwell and the "three curates" used often to go and consult her. She was a wonderful old soul, and, I think, believed thoroughly in her arts. At any rate, she was visited, either in jest or earnest, by the "carriage-people" of two counties; and we often took our day's spree on horseback or in "trap" thitherward. Nay, she entirely altered the life of a friend of mine, a draughtsman, who was so impressed by her wonderful knowledge of him and his doings, that he went home from an interview with her and carried out all she had told him, even to marrying a girl toward whom he had not previously been attracted.

To return to "Brontë." After a long time something went wrong. How could it be otherwise? It was never the special forte of a genius to manage sixpences. He left the railway; and my work in that part of Yorkshire also came to a close for a time. I went to Manchester, Rugby, London, Rochester, Warwick, Maidstone, as my profession demanded, and we lost sight of each other. After three years, however, fate sent me once again into Yorkshire, and I found myself within seven miles of Haworth. The first letter which I received was from Brontë. He was ill and unhappy. I offer no apology for giving extracts from some of the letters of this life-wrecked brother of great sisters, both because he was one of a house of noble intellect in the world of England's history; because there may be yet, here and there, one who believes in his memory; and chiefly because those letters show the struggles of a man very different, at worst, from the social demon of Mrs. Gaskell's creation,

Although the earlier of these letters was written at a period antecedent to that at which my history is now arrived, I have, for the sake of convenience, placed them here consecutively.

HAWORTH, June 9, 1842.

DEAR SIR: Any feeling of disappointment which the perusal of your letter might otherwise have caused, was allayed by its kindly and considerate tone; but I should have been a fool, under present circumstances, to entertain any sanguine hopes respecting situations, etc. You ask me why I do not turn my attention elsewhere; and so I would have done, but that most of my relatives and more immediate connections are clergymen, or by a private life somewhat removed from this busy world. As for the Church—I have not one mental qualification, save, perhaps, hypocrisy, which would make me cut a figure in its pulpits. Mr. James Montgomery and another literary gentleman, who have lately seen something of my "head-work," wish me to turn my attention to literature, and, along with that advice, they give me plenty of puff and praise. All very well, but I have little conceit of myself, and great desire for activity. You say that you write with feelings similar to those with which you last left me; keep them no longer. I trust I am somewhat changed, or should not be worth a thought; and though nothing could ever give me your buoyant spirits and an outward man corresponding therewith, I may, in dress and appearance, emulate something like ordinary decency. And now, wherever coming years may lead—Greenland's snows or sands of Africa—I trust, etc.

October 25, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR: There is no misunderstanding. I have had a long attendance at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Weightman, one of my dearest friends, and now I am attending at the death-bed of my aunt, who has been for twenty years as my mother. I expect her to die in a few hours.

As my sisters are far from home, I have had much on my mind, and these things must serve as an apology for what was never intended as neglect of your friendship to us.

I had meant not only to have written to you, but to the Rev. James Martineau, gratefully and sincerely acknowledging the receipt of his most kindly and truthful criticism—at least in advice, though too generous far in praise—but one sad ceremony must, I fear, be gone through first. Give my most sincere respects to Mr. Stephenson, and excuse this scrawl; my eyes are too dim with sorrow to see well. Believe me, your not very happy but obliged friend and servant,

P. B. BRONTË.

October 29, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR: As I don't want to lose a *real* friend, I write in deprecation of the tone of your letter. Death only has made me neglectful of your kindness, and I have lately had so much experience with him, that your sister would *not now* blame me

for indulging in gloomy visions either of this world or another. I am incoherent, I fear, but I have been waking two nights witnessing such agonizing suffering as I would not wish my worst enemy to endure; and I have now lost the pride and director of all the happy days connected with my childhood. I have suffered such sorrow since I last saw you at Haworth, that I do not now care if I were fighting in India or —, since, when the mind is depressed, danger is the most effectual cure. But you don't like croaking, I know well; only I request you to understand from my two notes that I have not forgotten you, but *myself*. Yours, etc.

The gap here of two and a half years is that previously mentioned when I had left Yorkshire.

HAWORTH, NEAR BRADFORD, May 22, 1845.

DEAR SIR: I can not avoid the temptation to cheer my spirits by scribbling a few lines to you while I sit here alone—all the household being at church—the sole occupant of an ancient parsonage among lonely hills, which probably will never hear the whistle of an engine till I am in my grave.

After experiencing, since my return home, extreme pain and illness, with mental depression worse than either, I have at length acquired health and strength and soundness of mind, far superior, I trust, to anything shown by that miserable wreck you used to know under my name. I can now speak cheerfully, and enjoy the company of another without the stimulus of six glasses of whisky; I can write, think, and act with some apparent approach to resolution, and I only want a motive for exertion to be happier than I have been for years. But I feel my recovery from *almost insanity* to be retarded by having nothing to listen to except the wind moaning among old chimneys and older ash-trees—nothing to look at except heathery hills, walked over when life had all to hope for and nothing to regret with me—no one to speak to except crabbed old Greeks and Romans who have been dust the last five thousand years. And yet this quiet life, from its contrast, makes the year passed at Luddendenfoot appear like a nightmare, for I would rather give my hand than undergo again the groveling carelessness, the malignant yet cold debauchery, the determination to find how far mind could carry body without both being chucked into hell, which too often marked my conduct when there, lost as I was to all I really liked, and seeking relief in the indulgence of feelings which form the black spot on my character.

Yet I have something still left in me which may do me service. But I ought not to remain too long in solitude, for the world soon forgets those who have bidden it "Good-by." Quiet is an excellent cure, but no medicine should be continued after a patient's recovery; so I am about, though ashamed of the business, to dun you for answers to— (Here follow inquiries as to obtaining some appointment.)

Excuse the trouble I am giving to one on whose kindness I have no claim, and for whose services I am offering no return except gratitude and thankful-

ness, which are already due to you. Give my sincere regards to Mr. Stephenson. A word or two, to show that you have not altogether forgotten me, will greatly please yours, etc., P. B. BRONTË.

But Brontë got no situation with us. Indeed, it was altogether improbable, for the cause of his leaving his appointment had been too notoriously glaring. His absence, carousing with congenial drinkers (anything rather than "congenial spirits" were those rough, coarse, half-educated men), had been of days' continuance. He had a porter at the insignificant station where he was to whom he left all the work, and the result was that very serious defalcations were discovered, and the inquiry which succeeded brought out everything. Brontë was not suspected of the theft himself, but was convicted of constant and culpable carelessness, so that it was almost hopeless to seek for work with us again. He remained a year longer at home, and then came the beginning of the end. I had one or two desponding letters during 1845 and 1846, and then he wrote to tell me that he was appointed tutor to —. This information was followed by a silence upon any subject of interest to the public of some two years, during which time fate was weaving her web and enshrouding him in its meshes. The next letter, and the others which followed quickly, are all without dates, but must have been written within a few months of January, 1848:

I fear you will burn my present letter on recognizing the handwriting; but, if you will read it through, you will perhaps rather pity than spurn the distress of mind which could prompt my communication after a silence of nearly three (to me) eventful years. While very ill and confined to my room, I wrote to you two months ago, hearing that you were resident engineer of the Skipton Railway, to the inn at Skipton. I never received any reply; and, as my letter asked only for one day of your society, to ease a very weary mind in the company of a friend who *always* had what I always wanted, but most want now, *cheerfulness*, I am sure you never received my letter, or your heart would have prompted an answer.

Since I last shook hands with you in Halifax, two summers ago, my life till lately has been one of apparent happiness and indulgence. You will ask, "Why does he complain, then?" I can only reply by showing the undercurrent of distress which bore my bark to a whirlpool, despite the surface-waves of life that seemed floating me to peace. In a letter begun in the spring of 1848, and never finished, owing to incessant attacks of illness, I tried to tell you that I was tutor to the son of —, a wealthy gentleman whose wife is sister to the wife of —, M. P. for the county of —, and the cousin of Lord —. This lady (though her husband detested me) showed me a degree of kindness which, when I was deeply grieved one day at her husband's conduct, ri-

pened into declarations of more than ordinary feeling. My admiration of her mental and personal attractions, my knowledge of her unselfish sincerity, her sweet temper, and unwearied care for others, with but unrequited return where most should have been given, . . . although she is seventeen years my senior, all combined to an attachment on my part, and led to reciprocations which I had little looked for. During nearly three years I had daily "troubled pleasure, soon chastised by fear." Three months since I received a furious letter from my employer, threatening to shoot me if I returned from my vacation, which I was passing at home; and letters from her lady's-maid and physician informed me of the outbreak, only checked by her firm courage and resolution that, whatever harm came to her, none should come to me. . . . I have lain during nine long weeks utterly shattered in body and broken down in mind. The probability of her becoming free to give me herself and estate never rose to drive away the prospect of her decline under her present grief. I dreaded, too, the wreck of my mind and body, which, God knows, during a short life have been severely tried. Eleven continuous nights of sleepless horror reduced me to almost blindness, and, being taken into Wales to recover, the sweet scenery, the sea, the sound of music, caused me fits of unspeakable distress. You will say, "What a fool!" but, if you knew the many causes I have for sorrow which I can not even hint at here, you would perhaps pity as well as blame. At the kind request of Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Baines, I have striven to arouse my mind by writing something worthy of being read, but I really can not do so. Of course, you will despise the writer of all this. I can only answer that the writer does the same, and would not wish to live if he did not hope that work and change may yet restore him.

Apologizing sincerely for what seems like whining egotism, and hardly daring to hint about days when in your company I could sometimes sink the thoughts which "remind me of departed days," I fear departed never to return, I remain, etc.

HAWORTH, BRADFORD, YORK.

DEAR SIR: I must again trouble you with— [Here comes another prayer for employment, with, at the same time, a confession that his health alone renders the wish all but hopeless]. Subsequently he says: The gentleman with whom I have been is dead. His property is left in trust for the family, provided I do not see the widow; and, if I do, it reverts to the executing trustees, with ruin to her. She is now distracted with sorrows and agonies; and the statement of her case, as given by her coachman, who has come to see me at Haworth, fills me with inexpressible grief. Her mind is distracted to the verge of insanity, and mine is so wearied that I wish I were in my grave. Yours very sincerely, P. B. BRONTË.

Soon there is another letter, wearying for work, although illness of body and mind have

brought on sleeplessness and disordered action of the heart :

Since I saw Mr. George Gooch I have suffered much from the accounts of the declining health of her whom I must love most in this world, and who, for my fault, suffers sorrows which surely were never her due. My father, too, is now quite blind, and from such causes literary pursuits have become matters I have no heart to wield. If I could see you it would be a sincere pleasure, but . . . Perhaps your memory of me may be dimmed, for you have known little in me worth remembering ; but I still think often with pleasure of yourself, though so different from me in head and mind.

I invited him to come to me at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, a distance of some seventeen miles, and in reply received the last letter he ever wrote :

If I have strength enough for the journey, and the weather be tolerable, I shall feel happy in visiting you at the Devonshire on Friday, the 31st of this month. The sight of a face I have been accustomed to see and like when I was happier and stronger, now proves my best medicine.

As he never came to see me, I shortly made up my mind to visit him at Haworth, and was shocked at the wrecked and wretched appearance he presented. Yet he still craved for an appointment of any kind, in order that he might try the excitement of change—of course uselessly. I now heard his painful history from his own lips—his happiness, his misery, and the sad story which was the end. He was miserable. At home the sternness of his father had never relaxed, and he was unfitted for outside social companionship. He was lost now, for he had taken again to opium.

Very soon I went to Haworth again to see him, for the last time. From the little inn I sent for him to the great, square, cold-looking Rectory. I had ordered a dinner for two, and the room looked cozy and warm, the bright glass and silver pleasantly reflecting the sparkling fire-light, deeply toned by the red curtains. While I waited his appearance, his father was shown in. Much of the Rector's old stiffness of manner was gone. He spoke of Branwell with more affection than I had ever heretofore heard him express, but he also spoke almost hopelessly. He said that when my message came Branwell was in bed, and had been almost too weak for the last few days to leave it ; nevertheless, he had insisted upon coming, and would be there immediately. We parted, and I never saw him again.

Presently the door opened cautiously, and a head appeared. It was a mass of red, unkempt,

uncut hair, wildly floating round a great, gaunt forehead ; the cheeks yellow and hollow, the mouth fallen, the thin white lips not trembling but shaking, the sunken eyes, once small, now glaring with the light of madness—all told the sad tale but too surely. I hastened to my friend, greeted him in my gayest manner, as I knew he best liked, drew him quickly into the room, and forced upon him a stiff glass of hot brandy. Under its influence, and that of the bright, cheerful surroundings, he looked frightened—frightened of himself. He glanced at me a moment, and muttered something of leaving a warm bed to come out into the cold night. Another glass of brandy, and returning warmth gradually brought him back to something like the Brontë of old. He even ate some dinner, a thing which he said he had not done for long ; so our last interview was pleasant, though grave. I never knew his intellect clearer. He described himself as waiting anxiously for death—indeed, longing for it, and happy, in these his sane moments, to think that it was so near. He once again declared that that death would be due to the story I knew, and to nothing else.

When at last I was compelled to leave, he quietly drew from his coat-sleeve a carving-knife, placed it on the table, and, holding me by both hands, said that, having given up all thoughts of ever seeing me again, he imagined when my message came that it was a call from Satan. Dressing himself, he took the knife, which he had long had secreted, and came to the inn, with a full determination to rush into the room and stab the occupant. In the excited state of his mind he did not recognize me when he opened the door, but my voice and manner conquered him, and "brought him home to himself," as he expressed it. I left him standing bareheaded in the road, with bowed form and dropping tears. A few days afterward he died.

Poor fellow ! this short story by a weak hand is all the biography his memory will know. His age was twenty-eight. I have always been of opinion that it remained for me to clear his name from the weight of accusation heaped upon it. I knew him, and indeed, I believe, all the family, better than Mrs. Gaskell did. He was a dear old friend, who from the rich storehouse of his knowledge taught me much. I make my humble effort to do my duty to his memory. His letters to me revealed more of his soul's struggles than probably was known to any other. Patrick Branwell Brontë was no domestic demon—he was just a man moving in a mist, who lost his way. More sinned against, mayhap, than sinning, at least he proved the reality of his sorrows. They killed him, and it needed not that his memory should have been tarnished, much, as I think, to

the detriment of the "Biography" of his sister. I am desirous to be anything rather than a hostile critic of the memoir. Mrs. Gaskell was an intimate friend of my family, and her husband at one time my father's colleague in the ministry. I admire "Mary Barton" and her other novels greatly. Toward her memory I have the kindest feeling; but *Fiat justitia!* and I must say what I can in favor of my old friend.

LEIGH HUNT AND HIS FAMILY.

I MADE many valuable, or *invaluable*, acquaintances in the world of art and letters. Leigh Hunt, most of his family, and many of his friends and relatives, were among these: a remarkable family they were indeed. Leigh Hunt, the gentle poet and stern reformer, he who passed imprisoned a year of triumph—nominally on account of his political writings, really because he had dubbed the "first gentleman in Europe" a "fat Adonis of fifty"—was now sixty-six years old. It was at the time of his portrait being taken—that one with the long white hair and tall white collars, the frontispiece which adorns his later works, "Kensington" and "Beaumont and Fletcher." Slim, and perfectly upright; his handsome, pale, oval face almost without a wrinkle; his long white locks falling to his shoulders, over those immense shirt-collars, which, had they been but starched, would have ended his days long before by cutting his throat. He was a perfect picture of sensitive refinement. I see him striding backward and forward up and down his "old Court suburb" study, his dressing-gown, although 'tis evening, flying out behind him, dictating his flowing periods (it was "Beaumont and Fletcher" then) to his too willing factotum, amanuensis, friend, son, and servant, Vincent.

Poor Vincent! you doated upon your father, and surely you gave your life for him. But Leigh Hunt saw not the weary air, the haggard look, heard not the deadly cough, so absorbed was he in his occupation. And Vincent met his look brightly always, showing more eagerness to go on than his father. Yes! Leigh Hunt did sometimes say, "But you'll be getting tired, my boy," only to be met by a ready, "Oh no, pa! let's go on." And on they went. How do I know so much? I have seen and heard it often, for I had access at all times to the house where lived Leigh Hunt, his wife, and the two youngest children, all four dead long ago.

At other times, on other evenings, Leigh Hunt would be more sociable, although he always accepted and gave familiar companionship in a semi-royal sort of way. He liked, on these occasions, to sit in a large and very easy chair he

had, wrapped in his dressing-gown, surrounded by attentive young ladies who adored him; one or more of them—I have seen two—gently smoothing his long locks in most irritating fashion to others sometimes, while all hung upon his flowing periods, sparkling with that graceful wit and airiness for which he was so famous. Often would he relate his memories of Williams, Shelley—never but once did I hear him mention Lord Byron, and that was to me only—Charles Lamb, and others, with pleasant voice and impressive manner.

But he was curiously eccentric even when in his best moods. He would take his exact number of constitutional strides backward and forward at exactly the same hour daily: so many made a mile, and not one more or less would he take or give; another turn would have been destruction. Yet in the throes of composition he forgot all about this, and paced back and forward sometimes unceasingly.

People who lead sedentary lives are no doubt often eccentric, especially at the age of sixty-six, but few are so remarkable in better things as to attract so much attention to their weaknesses. His most remarkable piece of oddity was in his eating, especially his suppers. He would "take a fancy," and indulged freely night after night in a thoroughly indigestible supper of anything which accident or circumstance might have suggested, from corned beef to Welsh rarebit or Scotch porridge, recommending it eagerly as the most wholesome of eatable things; then after a week or so of indulgence, he would have brought on a fit of indigestion, upon which he would abuse the innocent, if indigestible, cause of his illness, "up hill and down dale." When better he would adopt something else, with similar "praise, blame, and result."

The following interviews are given as nearly verbatim as I can remember them after this lapse of time. Call the time Wednesday evening at nine P. M. Scene, the drawing-room at Kensington: Leigh Hunt seated by himself at table; on table, white cloth and tray; on the tray, three eggs boiled hard, salt butter, pepper, and bread. To him enter myself. Leigh Hunt *log.*: "Ha, how are you? I am eating my supper, you see. Do you eat supper? If you do, take my advice, and have regularly every night, at nine o'clock precisely, three eggs boiled hard, with bread and butter. I have had them now every evening for five nights, and there is not, I assure you, anything more wholesome for supper. One sleeps so soundly, too," etc.

Next scene, Friday, time and circumstances as before, save that the condiment under present consideration is a Welsh rarebit, with mustard, etc. I enter. Hunt to me: "Ha, how are you?

Have you seen Vincent? I am just getting supper, you see. Do you ever eat supper? If you do, I pray you, *never* take boiled eggs; they are, without any exception, the most indigestible, nightmare-producing, etc. They have nearly killed me. No; the lightest and most palatable supper I have ever taken is a Welsh rarebit with some Scotch ale. This is the second day I have taken it, and I do assure you," etc. On Monday next it would be liver and bacon, or what you will. His longest love in my time was his old love, dried fruit, bread, and water—his Italian memory.)

Leigh Hunt's inability to appreciate the comparative value of moneys was well known. It was real, not affected. I have seen it myself more than once. For that, his conversation, and his brilliant touch on the piano, was he best known socially.

I am a staunch admirer of Dickens, but I can not waver in my belief that Leigh Hunt was the model of "Horace Skimpole," at least until that lightsome individual began to exhibit his darker shades. The similarity is too marked in more things than can be mentioned here. I know that Dickens denied this, and that there is nothing more to be said; but the very first time I read the very first number of "Bleak House," which describes Skimpole, I said, "There is Leigh Hunt!" Who does not know of the money uselessness, the splendid touch on the piano, especially in little sparkling things, as, "Come unto these yellow sands," a great favorite of his—the hot-house peaches on the table, and the bailiffs outside?

As to the money, I think it is Mr. G. H. Lewes who told the story of Leigh Hunt being unable to pay a debt of three shillings and sixpence because he had but half-crowns and shillings in his possession. But I have a better story than that, at least as good a one, happening partly in my own hearing, and I can therefore vouch for its truth. During the greater part of Vincent's last illness he was staying with me, a little way out of town down the river, and his father came from time to time to see him.

One afternoon Leigh Hunt drove up to the door in a hansom. I met him at the door, where he was beaming benevolently at the cabman, who was beaming too. Says Leigh Hunt after the usual salutations, "Fine fellow that!" I ask how, for neither man, cab, horse, nor harness seemed particularly "fine." "Well," says Leigh Hunt, "I found him returning from Hammersmith, and he said as an empty he would take me for half fare" (the whole fare was about three shillings), "so I told him to drive on. He drove nicely and steadily, and now when I asked him his fare, he left it to my honor. You know

nothing could be fairer than that, so I said I was sorry to say that I had only two half-sovereigns in my pocket, would one of them do? I could give him that, and if not enough he could call at so-and-so, or I could borrow it from you. Oh, that would do, he said; he would not trouble you. He took it, thanked me, and was getting on to his cab when I stopped him to say that I was pleased with him, and that I should be returning about nine to-night, when, if he liked, he might come for me and receive the same fare back. He said he would, but now he has driven away so suddenly as you opened the door that I hardly know what to think."

Mrs. Leigh Hunt kept her room almost entirely in those her latter days. She had become very stout, and disliked any exertion. Banting would have helped her had she known of the system. Thornton Leigh Hunt, the eldest son, to whom, when four years old, Leigh Hunt wrote a sonnet, was, when I knew him, editing or sub-editing the "Spectator," and agitating for the establishment of the "Leader." He then lived at Hammersmith, at the large house in the Square. It had till lately been a ladies' boarding-school, and had in the basement a very large room, the dining- or school-room of old days. Here Thornton kept open house every Sunday evening, with unlimited bread-and-cheese and beer. Here he weekly collected much and varied talent. How time has altered it all! Thornton was small, thin, blackavised, wild-looking, with *retroussé* nose, decidedly ugly—decidedly insinuating, too, receiving more attention from the fair than was at all good for him. He had a wife and family of pretty children. Thornton was an advanced politician, a Chartist and an Owenite in opinion, a safe anchor for banished refugees, a very hard worker, and much beloved by his children. But the main peculiarity of this man, descended from such a father, with such brothers, and surrounded by an atmosphere of brilliancy, was that he had no touch of wit or humor in his composition. The only two jokes I ever heard him attempt were the two dreariest that I ever have heard. Here they are—choose the worst: "Eh? you want to succeed? Go and buy some and suck it, then." "Why am I like that cab? Because we are both on the earth."

Leigh Hunt's eldest daughter had just died of consumption when I knew them first. She had the reputation of having been a beauty, and was the wife of Mr. John Gliddon, whose sister was Thornton's wife.

I was much grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Thornton Hunt recently. Mild, kind, gentle, good, let me say so much to her memory. My especial remembrance, among many of the dear lady, is of the ludicrous, however. I had

been hastily summoned from my chambers to take Mrs. Thornton Hunt and another to the theatre, where G. H. Lewes had placed a box at their disposal to see a new piece of his. When we came out, the night was wild, though fine; half a gale was blowing. The Hammersmith omnibus was full. I was not allowed to take a cab—the ladies would walk! We walked and walked. The wind was very hard upon us, and our progress, at the close of an hour, but little; and now we could not get a cab. From fun of fighting with the gale, our mirth had long changed into a silent struggle. Wearied at last, Mrs. Thornton Hunt suddenly exclaimed, "Oh dear, let us turn round and walk backward," by which she meant beating a retreat to some of her friends' hospitalities; but the absurdity of the idea, coupled with exhaustion and growing despair, so excited our risible sensibilities, that we stood there laughing long ere we could turn and walk anywhere. A return cab relieved us then.

Then there was a son twice married, who appeared rarely at his father's or brother's homes. I saw him but seldom. Henry Leigh Hunt came next—handsome, careless, witty, good-natured Henry! Henry had a splendid tenor voice, the qualities of which he exhibited but seldom. Not so reserved was his fascinating little sister Julia, of whom presently; and the best of them all, poor Vincent!

I wonder if Vincent ever said no? His heart for his father's work never failed him; but he grew sick and ill, and when his cold attacked his chest obstinately, he came to stay with me at Peckham. Then inflammation set in, and he went patiently through the weary round of hot applications, poultices, etc. He got better and returned home. I saw him into an omnibus. The night was chilly, but he had no overcoat and would not take mine. There was a drizzling rain, and he rushed headlong to his fate to oblige an omnibus cad. He traveled those three or four miles outside, giving up his place to a washer-woman, stronger than the horses that drew them very likely. He arrived at home coughing and shivering. It was long before he had an opportunity of obliging any one again out of doors; and when, months later, he ventured out again, his doom had gone forth. Yet through all that last summer-time he worked with his father at "Beaumont and Fletcher," without a word of complaint. Nor was that all, for he resigned himself when work was over to the wayward moods of his pretty sister Julia, and allowed himself to be carried off to this party or that theatre when bed only was his fitting place. This was while the summer lasted; toward autumn he came to stay with me again, and then he went home to die.

Poor fellow! if ever there was a simple, pure-hearted soul, he was one!

Julia, with her sparkling black eyes and glorious soprano, must be mentioned now. She knew how to modulate that voice into such passion, tenderness, grief, or anger, as it is rarely in the power of even a consummate actress to do. Little in stature, her every action was easy and graceful. What a prima donna she would have made! She and Henry would sometimes, out of very wildness, dress like street singers, and, going to the fashionable quarters of London, sing favorite opera-songs. Seldom had they long commenced before windows would be opened and loungers would listen to them. They would often be asked to come in, and were sometimes recognized. Julia had a good temper and an easy, rapid flow of wit. Altogether, she was one of the most dangerous coquettes of her day. But her day is done, and night come. The extraordinary variety of character in the Leigh Hunt family was a common subject of wonder to their friends. In mind and appearance they were singularly dissimilar.

Among the distinguished visitors who frequented Thornton Hunt's house on his Sunday evenings was George H. Lewes, actor, editor, and author. A sort of untamed lion he was in my day, sturdy, well set up, with a mop of curly, brown-colored hair, worn long. He had a lion-like trick of shaking his mane—head, I mean—when the hair would fall round his face, over his collar and shoulders. Then he would throw his head well back with a vigorous jerk, and show a row o' strong white teeth in a well-formed mouth, a broad forehead, and well-developed intellectual organs. I can see him now, standing just so at the piano, rolling out some jolly song, with powerful voice and good enunciation. Then would come a love-song, Julia accompanying him the while with easy grace, her eyes flashing from one to another of her brother's guests, especially transfixing the bewildered foreigners, whom she slaughtered wholesale. For myself, I liked George H. Lewes best as a *raconteur*. His stories were always amusing. He certainly accompanied them with boisterous laughter; but, if that be a fault, the laughter was deserved, and came at the right time and place. Among his choicest anecdotes were many of Charles Mathews, then in the heyday of fame and embarrassment. Lewes wrote several of Mathews's best pieces, among them the best, as I think, namely, "The Game of Speculation," and a startling novelty of eight acts, which, however, did not "go" well, being too long, although there was a real fountain, and a real man tossed into it during a grand stage quarrel. Lewes would tell how, having "cornered" Mathews, and insisted upon having at

least some of his money owing to him for this or that comedy, the actor would keep him so amused that, after half an hour of convulsion, he would leave him oblivious of money, and with promises of an early dinner to concert some new subject. Lewes undertook higher work than this, too, into which it is not my present intention to inquire. In his lighter writings he always cleaves, I think, to his old leaven, the stage.

And he is gone, too (February, 1879). My last night in a London theatre was passed with him and Albert Smith, the latter met accidentally. They both looked strong and healthy men, and both applauded heartily—as, indeed, I have often noticed, to their honor, all men or women connected with any branch of “the profession” do. But Albert Smith died early, and Lewes all too soon.

WORDSWORTH.

I REMEMBER hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone to do honor to Wordsworth than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him say that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognize him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him.

The death of Byron seemed, however, to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously. The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favor of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even among the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognized, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a

clergyman, asked him if he had ever written anything besides the “Guide to the Lakes.” Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One can not say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favor, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new generations. Even in 1852, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay which I quoted at starting.

The diminution has continued. The influence of Coleridge has waned; Wordsworth's poetry can no longer draw succor from this ally. The poetry has not, however, wanted eulogists; and it may be said to have brought its eulogists luck, for almost every one who has praised Wordsworth's poetry has praised it well. But the public has remained cold, or at least undetermined. The abundance of Mr. Palgrave's fine and skillfully chosen specimens of Wordsworth, in “The Golden Treasury,” surprised many readers, and even gave offense to some. To tenth-rate critics and compilers, for whom any violent shock to the public taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry, not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown.

I can not think, then, that Wordsworth has

up to this time at all obtained his deserts. "Glory," said M. Rénan the other day—"glory, after all, is the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." And when M. Rénan presents himself to the French Academy—the only authentic dispensers, he says, of glory, of "this grand light"—he presents himself supported by M. Victor Hugo, his "dear and illustrious master," a poet irradiated with it—a poet "whose genius has throughout our century struck the hour for us, has given body to every one of our dreams, wings to every one of our thoughts." Yet probably not twenty people in that magnificent assemblage, all coruscating with the beams of the "grand light," had ever even heard of Wordsworth's name.

Wordsworth was a homely man, and would certainly never have thought of talking of glory as that which, after all, has the best chance of not being altogether vanity. And it is quite impossible for us to esteem recognition by the French Academy, or by the French nation, or by any single institution or nation, as so decisive a title to glory as M. Rénan supposes it. Yet we may well allow to him, after these reserves, that few things are less vain than *real* glory. Let us conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working toward a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognized by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as seriously and eminently worthy, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory—a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honor and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our own private judgment only, successes, and which are not.

It is so easy to feel pride and satisfaction in one's own things, so hard to make sure that one is right in feeling it! We have a great empire. But so had Nebuchadnezzar. We extol the "unrivalled happiness" of our national civiliza-

tion. But then comes a candid friend, and remarks that our upper class is materialized, our middle class vulgarized, and our lower class brutalized. We are proud of our painting, our music. But we find that in the judgment of other people our painting is questionable, and our music nonexistent. We are proud of our men of science. And here it turns out that the world is with us; we find that in the judgment of other people, too, Newton among the dead, and Mr. Darwin among the living, hold as high a place as they hold in our national opinion.

Finally, we are proud of our poets and poetry. Now, poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. It is no small thing, therefore, to succeed eminently in poetry. And so much is required for duly estimating success here, that about poetry it is perhaps hardest to arrive at a sure general verdict, and takes longest. Meanwhile, our own conviction of the superiority of our national poets is not decisive, is almost certain to be mingled, as we see constantly in the English eulogy of Shakespeare, with much of provincial infatuation. And we know what was the opinion current among our neighbors the French, people of taste, acuteness, and quick literary tact, not a hundred years ago, about our great poets. The old "Biographie Universelle" notices the pretension of the English to a place for their poets among the chief poets of the world, and says that this is a pretension which to no one but an Englishman can ever seem admissible. And the scornful, disparaging things said by foreigners about Shakespeare and Milton, and about our national over-estimate of them, have been often quoted, and will be in every one's remembrance.

A great change has taken place, and Shakespeare is now generally recognized, even in France, as one of the greatest of poets. Yes, some anti-Gallican cynic will say, the French rank him with Corneille and Victor Hugo! But let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakespeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in the "Correspondant," a French review which not a dozen people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakespeare's prose. With Shakespeare, he says, "prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic." And he goes on: "Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought. Along with his dazzling prose, Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse, which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it; it would not be

easy to praise Shakespeare in one short sentence more felicitously. And when a foreigner and a Frenchman writes thus of Shakespeare, and when Goethe says of Milton, in whom there was so much to repel Goethe rather than to attract him, that "nothing has been ever done so entirely in the sense of the Greeks as 'Samson Agonistes,'" and that "Milton is in very truth a poet whom we must treat with all respect," then we understand what constitutes a European recognition of poets and poetry as contradistinguished from a merely national recognition, and that in favor both of Milton and of Shakespeare the judgment of the high court of appeal has finally gone.

Or, again, judgment may go the other way. Byron has had an immense reputation, not in England only, but on the Continent. M. Taine, in his history of English literature, takes Byron as seriously as he takes Shakespeare. Byron is the supreme and incomparable expression of the English genius after eight centuries of preparation; he is the one single contemporary author who has *atteint à la cime*, "reached the summit"; "Manfred" is the twin brother of "Faust." But then M. Scherer strikes in with his words of truth and soberness. Remarking that "Byron is one of our French superstitions," he points out how Byron's talent is oratorical rather than poetical; he points out how to high and serious art, art impersonal and disinterested, Byron never could rise; and how the man in Byron, finally, is even less sincere than the poet. And by this we may perceive that we have not in Byron what we have in Milton and Shakespeare—a poetical reputation which time and the authentic judgment of mankind will certainly accept and consecrate.

So excellent a writer and critic as M. Rénan sees in M. Victor Hugo a "beloved and illustrious master, whose voice has throughout our century struck the hour for us." Of these "striking of the hour" by the voice of M. Victor Hugo, none certainly was more resonant, none was hailed with more passionate applause by his friends than "Hernani." It is called for again, made to strike over again; we have the privilege of hearing it strike in London. And still there is no lack of applause to this work of a talent "combining," says Théophile Gautier, "the qualities of Corneille and of Shakespeare." But I open by chance a little volume, the conversations of Goethe with the Chancellor von Müller. There I come upon this short sentence: "Goethe said, 'Hernani' was an absurd composition," *Hernani* *ses une absurde Composition*. So speaks this great foreign witness; a German, certainly, but a German favorable to French literature, and to France, "to which," said he, "I owe so much of my culture"! So speaks Goethe, the critic who, above all others, may count as European, and whose

judgment on the value of a work of modern poetry is the judgment which will, we may be almost sure, at last prevail generally.

I come back to M. Rénan's praise of glory from which I started. Yes, real glory is a most serious thing, glory authenticated by the Amphictyonic Court of final appeal, definitive glory. And even for poets and poetry, long and difficult as may be the process of arriving at the right award, the right award comes at last, the definitive glory rests where it is deserved. Every establishment of such a real glory is good and wholesome for mankind at large, good and wholesome for the nation which produced the poet crowned with it. To the poet himself it can seldom do harm; for he, poor man, is in his grave, probably, long before his glory crowns him.

Wordsworth has been in his grave for some thirty years, and certainly his lovers and admirers can not flatter themselves that this great and steady light of glory as yet shines over him. He is not fully recognized at home; he is not recognized at all abroad. Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Chaucer is anterior; and on other grounds, too, he can not well be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakespeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downward, and going through it—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead)—I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand above them all. Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. But, taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.

But this is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and, omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine for Germany; Filicaia, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi for Italy; Voltaire, André Chenier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he has been so long celebrated that although he still lives I may be permitted to name him) for France. Several of these, again, have evidently gifts and

excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Wordsworth, here again, belongs the palm. It seems to me that Wordsworth has left behind him a body of poetical work which wears, and will wear, better on the whole than the performance of any one of these personages, so far more brilliant and celebrated, most of them, than the homely poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's performance in poetry is on the whole, in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs.

This is a high claim to make for Wordsworth; but if it is a just claim, if Wordsworth's place, among the poets who have appeared in the last two or three centuries, is after Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, indeed, but before all the rest, then in time Wordsworth will have his due. We shall recognize him in his place, as we recognize Shakespeare and Milton; and not only we ourselves shall recognize him, but he will be recognized by Europe also. Meanwhile, those who recognize him already may do well, perhaps, to ask themselves whether there are not in the case of Wordsworth certain special obstacles which hinder or delay his due recognition by others, and whether these obstacles are not in some measure removable.

"The Excursion" and "The Prelude," his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them—so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so—smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now, a drama or an epic fills the mind, and one does not look beyond it; but, in a collection of short pieces, the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth, the impression made by one of his fine pieces is constantly dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is not much of an

exaggeration to say that, within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains—work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognized far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only—a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment and reflection, and so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.

The tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs—whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect until they are freed from their present artificial arrangement and grouped more naturally.

Naturally grouped and disengaged, moreover, from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than half a dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes, in my opinion, Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains of him after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so

much which communicates his spirit and engages ours!

This is of very great importance. If it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine. It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority. His good work, his work which counts, is not all of it, of course, of equal value. Some kinds of poetry are in themselves lower kinds than others. The ballad kind is a lower kind; the didactic kind, still more, is a lower kind. Poetry of this latter sort counts, too, sometimes by its biographical interest partly, not by its poetical interest, pure and simple; but then this can only be when the poet producing it has the power and importance of Wordsworth—a power and importance which he assuredly did not establish by such didactic poetry alone. Altogether it is, I say, by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him, after every reduction and deduction has been made, that Wordsworth's superiority is proved.

To exhibit this body of Wordsworth's best work, to clear away obstructions from around it, and to let it speak for itself, is what every lover of Wordsworth should desire. Until this has been done, Wordsworth, whom we, to whom he is dear, all of us know and feel to be so great a poet, has not had a fair chance before the world. When once it has been done, he will make his way best not by our advocacy of him, but by his own worth and power. We may safely leave him to make his way thus, we who believe that superior worth and power in poetry find in mankind a sense responsive to it and disposed at last to recognize it. Yet at the outset, before he has been duly known and recognized, we may do Wordsworth a service, perhaps, by indicating in what his superior power and worth will be found to consist, and in what they will not.

Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas

"On man, on nature, and on human life,"

which he has acquired for himself. The line quoted is Wordsworth's own; and his superiority arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life."

Voltaire, with his signal acuteness, most truly

remarked that "no nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation." And he adds, "There, it seems to me, is the great merit of the English poets." Voltaire does not mean, by "treating in poetry moral ideas," the composing moral and didactic poems—that brings us but a very little way in poetry. He means just the same thing as was meant when I spoke above of "the noble and profound application of ideas to life"; and he means the application of these ideas under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth. If it is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation, I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied. A large sense is of course to be given to the term *moral*. Whatever bears upon the question, "how to live," comes under it.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven."

In those fine lines, Milton utters, as every one at once perceives, a moral idea. Yes, but so too, when Keats consoles the forward-bending lover on the Grecian Urn, the lover arrested and presented in immortal relief by the sculptor's hand before he can kiss, with the line—

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair"—

he utters a moral idea. When Shakspeare says that "we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," he utters a moral idea.

Voltaire was right in thinking that the energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas, in this large sense, is what distinguishes the English poetry. He sincerely meant praise, not dispraise or hint of limitation; and they err who suppose that poetic limitation is a necessary consequence of the fact, the fact being granted as Voltaire states it. If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the word ideas here the term *moral* makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral.

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, *How to live*. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion, they are bound up with

systems of thought and belief which have had their day, they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers, they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words, "Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them, in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference toward moral ideas is a poetry of indifference toward *life*.

Epictetus had a happy figure for things like the play of the senses, or literary form and finish, or argumentative ingenuity, in comparison with "the best and master thing" for us, as he called it, the concern how to live. Some people were afraid of them, he said, or they disliked and undervalued them. Such people were wrong; they were unthankful or cowardly. But the things might also be over-prized, and treated as final when they are not. They bear to life the relation which inns bear to home. "As if a man, journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay for ever at the inn! Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this. 'But this inn is taking.' And how many other inns, too, are taking, and how many fields and meadows! but as places of passage merely. You have an object, which is this: to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends, and fellow countrymen, to attain inward freedom, serenity, happiness, contentment. Style takes your fancy, arguing takes your fancy, and you forget your home and want to make your abode with them and to stay with them, on the plea that they are taking. Who denies that they are taking? but as places of passage, as inns. And when I say this, you suppose me to be attacking the care for style, the care for argument. I am not; I attack the resting in them, the not looking to the end which is beyond them."

Now, when we come across a poet like Théophile Gautier, we have a poet who has taken up his abode at an inn, and never got further. There may be inducements to this or that one of us, at this or that moment, to find delight in him, to cleave to him; but, after all, we do not change the truth about him—we only stay ourselves in his inn along with him. And when we come across a poet like Wordsworth, who sings—

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonality spread,"

then we have a poet intent on "the best and master thing," and who prosecutes his journey home. We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists. This is what Voltaire means to praise in the English poets—this dealing with what is really life. But always it is the mark of the greatest poets that they deal with it; and to say that the English poets are remarkable for dealing with it is only another way of saying, what is true, that in poetry the English genius has especially shown its power.

Wordsworth deals with it, and his greatness lies in his dealing with it so powerfully. I have named a number of celebrated poets above all of whom he, in my opinion, deserves to be placed. He is to be placed above poets like Voltaire, Dryden, Pope, Lessing, Schiller, because these famous personages, with a thousand gifts and merits, never, or scarcely ever, attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine poets—

"Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,"

at all. Burns, Keats, Heine, not to speak of others in our list, have this accent—who can doubt it? And at the same time they have treasures of humor, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain. Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here: he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals with *life*, as a whole, more powerfully.

No Wordsworthian will doubt this. Nay, the fervent Wordsworthian will add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen does, that Wordsworth's poetry is precious because his philosophy is sound; that his "ethical system is as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's"; that his poetry is informed by ideas which "fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought." But we must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress upon what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition more general, and to say, Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion. But in Wordsworth's case, at any rate, we can not do him justice until we dismiss his philosophy.

"The Excursion" abounds with philosophy,

and therefore "The Excursion" is to the Wordsworthian what it never can be to the disinterested lover of poetry—a satisfactory work. "Duty exists," says Wordsworth, in "The Excursion"; and then he proceeds thus:

" . . . immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not."

And the Wordsworthian is delighted, and thinks that here is a sweet union of philosophy and poetry. But the disinterested lover of poetry will feel that the lines carry us really not a step further than the proposition which they would interpret; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Or let us come direct to the center of the philosophy, as "an ethical system as distinctive and capable of systematical exposition as Bishop Butler's":

" . . . One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

That is doctrine such as we hear in church, too, religious and philosophic doctrine; and the Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward in proof of his poet's excellence. But, however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth, the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong.

Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth—the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds—this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterward, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the al-

leged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race: "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but, from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things."

Finally, the "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts:

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth!"

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairean lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and, in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it. The cause of its greatness is simple and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unfailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

"Of joy in widest commonality spread."

Here is an immense advantage for a poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of

it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw for it.

Nevertheless we are not to suppose that everything is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of "The Sailor's Mother," for example, as of "Lucy Gray." They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. "Lucy Gray" is a beautiful success; "The Sailor's Mother" is a failure. To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves." In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him. He has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines; but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In "The Excursion" we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and, although Jeffrey completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of "The Excursion," as a work of poetic style, "This will never do." And yet, magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

of Shakespeare; in the

" . . . though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues"—

of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such

VOL. VII.—10

worth to "Paradise Regained," and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's—

" . . . the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities"—

although even here, perhaps, the power of style, which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of "Laodameia." Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this:

"And never lifted up a single stone."

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

Every one will be conscious of a likeness here to Wordsworth; and, if Wordsworth did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always have been forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him.

Still Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatchable. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes: from the profound sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of

"Resolution and Independence"; but it is bald as the bare mountain-tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for "Laodameia" and for the great "Ode"; but, if I am to tell the very truth, I find "Laodameia" not wholly free from something artificial, and the great "Ode" not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out the kind of poems which most perfectly show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as "Michael," "The Fountain," "The Highland Reaper." And poems with the peculiar and unique beauty which distinguishes these he produced in considerable number; besides very many other poems of which the worth, although not so rare as the worth of these, is still exceedingly high.

On the whole, then, as I said at the beginning, not only is Wordsworth eminent because of the goodness of his best work, but he is eminent, also, because of the great body of good work which he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, even Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven

than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors.

I have spoken lightly of Wordsworthians; and, if we are to get Wordsworth recognized by the public and by the world, we must recommend him not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry. But I am a Wordsworthian myself. I can read with pleasure "Peter Bell," and the whole series of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the "Thanksgiving Ode"—everything of Wordsworth, I think, except "Vaudracour and Julia." It is not for nothing that one has been brought up in the veneration of a man so truly worthy of it; that one has seen him and heard him, lived in his neighborhood and been familiar with his country. No Wordsworthian has a tenderer affection for this pure and sage master than I, or is less really offended by his defects. But Wordsworth is something more than the pure and sage master of a small band of devoted followers, and we ought not to rest satisfied until he is seen to be what he is. He is one of the very chief glories of English poetry; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognized as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems: "They will coöperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

THE origins of the national theatre of France are remote and manifold. It was not made in a day, nor was it the work of a single man. To say nothing of the fact that a new literature had to be created to make its foundation desirable, its institution was the result of several distinct processes of combination and assimilation, extending over a long period of years and dealing with a vast quantity of wide-scattered and heterogeneous material; and the privileges of monopoly and state protection were necessary to its well-being from the time of its establishment in its present likeness. The project has been often mooted of endowing England with a national stage; it is not impossible but the idea may take shape of some sort after all. And, with

thus much in view, it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to trace the story of what would be our pattern institution, from its beginnings downward to those later and not less honorable developments that are near and familiar to ourselves.

I.

The Théâtre-Français, as we know it, is the foundation of Louis XIV. Into his work he put whatever was worth preserving of the three chief theatres that kept Paris in amusement during the first eighty years of the seventeenth century. These three theatres were that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, that of the Marais, and that one established by Molière, at the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon first of all and afterward within the Palais

Royal, and transferred at his death, by his friend and comrade La Grange, to the Hôtel Guénégaud.

Of these three, the oldest and in some ways the most important, was the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, situate in the Rue Mauconseil, and owing its existence to the histrionic initiative of the Brotherhood of the Passion. At what moment this initiative began is not precisely determined, documentary evidence in the matter going back no further than 1398, when the Provost of Paris forbade the Brotherhood's performances within his limits. In 1402, however, the Brothers got a charter from Charles VI., authorizing their association and establishment as actors in Paris. Their first stage was erected in the great hall of the Hospital of the Trinity, where they began by playing mysteries, and went on presently to play farces as well. They filled it for one hundred and thirty-seven years, and had its privileges confirmed by letters patent from Francis I. in 1513. In 1538 they shifted their scene to the Hôtel de Flandre; and in 1548, in the dismantlement by royal order of that refuge, they purchased a large slice of the site of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, unoccupied since the death of Charles the Bold, and gone entirely to ruin. In the same year they got a confirmation of their privilege from the Parliament, and were granted a monopoly of Parisian theatricals. The only condition imposed was to the effect that the subjects of their plays should be no longer taken from the Scriptures; so that, though this condition seems to have been interpreted with great freedom, 1548 may be regarded as the birth-year, not only of the French stage, but also of the French secular drama. Letters patent from Henri II. (1554 and 1559) and from Charles IX. (1569) established the Brothers yet more firmly in their place; and from him of the Saint Bartholomew, like all the Valois an artist to his finger-ends, they received material encouragement of some value. Their influence about this time was none the less upon the wane. The spirit of change was abroad. The Renaissance had made men literary and intolerant of ignorance; the good Brothers were unlettered and conservative, and their simple art, disdained of the studious and serious enthusiasts into opposition with whom it had survived, had outlived its means and its function, and was found no more acceptable. Their farces and moralities were treated as mere horse-play and foolery—*badineries et folies*; and at the various colleges about them Ronsard and his following were putting before the very public which had applauded them pieces antique in interest and novel and ambitious in form, and were doing their utmost to shatter into nothingness the respectable tradition they had worked so hard and so long to establish.

Naturally the Brothers took to standing on their rights and defending their position. Backed by the Parliament, they shut up a theatre of farce, opened in 1571; they drove over the Alps in 1576 the famous Italian company called the Gelosi, though it had letters patent from Henri III., and had been summoned by him to amuse into inaction the States-General of Blois, and was composed of artists of the stamp of Flaminio Scala and of Gabriel of Bologna, creator of the type of Francatrippa; they expelled the capital in 1584 a provincial company that had ventured to quarter itself at the Hôtel de Cluny. But these moves availed them nothing. The Italian actors came back on their hands again and yet again; they could get no encouragement from the poets, and the public had grown tired of them; the students and the strollers were better liked than they. They ended by being wise and provident; in 1585 they let their stage to a company of actors better qualified to adorn it than themselves, and these, after arguments and petitions and devices innumerable, succeeded (1676) in disposing of them of their theatre.

At the date of this cession the play-house appears to have been in no sort of good repute. It was thoroughly out of repair; it had earned the qualification of a "cloaque et maison de Satan"; its audiences, 'tis said, were wont to assemble some two hours or so before the curtain rose, and to spend the interval in dicing, immodest talk, gluttony, drunkenness, and other pleasing pastimes. The new tenants do not seem to have sweetened its fame, and they soon got into trouble of another sort. After caricaturing Mayenne and the League, they were on the point of seeing their occupation gone and their room filled with a Jesuits' college. Henri IV., however, got the upper hand of the League, and, as he loved to laugh and amuse himself, the actors went on playing in safety. In safety, if not in peace. Impudent strollers insisted on opening playhouses at the fairs; a whole cloud of theatres, including that of the Marais, came into being and action about them; and though, by persecuting these relentlessly, and by rigidly enforcing the terms of their monopoly, they succeeded in keeping themselves at the head of things, and in making their rivals a source of income, they did not succeed in keeping the ground to themselves. For the moment this was of little consequence to them. They were successful, and that was enough. Enriched with a royal grant of twelve thousand livres a year, in 1629 they called themselves the "Comédiens de l'élite royale," and they were presently known as the Troupe Royale—the Royal Company: a title to which they had every right, and out of their pride in which they proceeded not a little of the suspicion and contempt

they were afterward to bestow on the pretensions of Molière.

They began by playing farce. On their stage at one time or another figured the accomplished buffoons known to fame as Turlupin, Bruscamille, Gros-Guillaume, Galinette la Galine, Gaultier-Garguille, Dame Gigogne, and Guillot-Gorju: singers to a man of questionable songs, and artists of questionable modesty. But gradually they rose to higher things; their specialty got to be the arts of tragedy and tragi-comedy. Herein they were unrivaled. Bellerose, the player whom Richelieu, a passionate lover of the theatre, did not disdain to provide with apparel, was their manager from 1629 to 1643. Montfleury, of the mountain-belly, an ancestor of the illustrious Dangeville; Bellemore, the Miles Gloriosus of his epoch; Beauchâteau, a butt of Molière; Hauteroche and De Villiers, the author-actors; Raymond Poisson, poet and player, the original Crispin, whose naturalness was envied and admired by the maker and creator of Sganarelle himself; Alizon, the Hubert of the company, famous in old women, and in nurses and servants; Brécourt, the Dutchman, desperado and ruffian, dicer and drinker, adventurer and artist; the illustrious Josias de Soulas, Sieur de Primefosse, called Floridor, the most accomplished tragedian of his decade; Marie Desmares, better known as Mademoiselle de Champmeslé; Mademoiselle Beaupré, one of the first women to appear upon the boards, and aunt of the Marotte Beaupré who fought a duel with Catherine des Urliis—all these artists figured, early or late, on the stage of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. That stage, moreover, was actually the stage of "Cinna," of "Horace," of "Polyeucte," and was presently to be that of "Mithridate," and of "Phèdre," and as the nursery, if not actually the birth-place, of French tragedy, it was a stage with a tradition and a reputation. It is, indeed, the parent stem of the Théâtre-Français. Its company was an association formed for the acting of plays, sharing its profits and expenses day by day and year by year, selling its vacancies at high prices for the common weal, presenting the heirs of such of its associates as died in harness with a sufficiency of pistoles to indemnify them for their loss, playing but thrice a week, setting the example in theatrical procedure, and exercising indisputable authority in stage questions and in all matters connected with the art of tragedy. Racine, befriended liberally and sincerely by Molière, took over to the Hôtel de Bourgogne his second play, although it was already cast, mounted, and rehearsed by the company of the Palais-Royal. The best poets were proud to write for it. The elocutionary system of Mademoiselle de Champmeslé, who became one of the original as-

sociates of the Théâtre-Français, was a tradition of histrionic art till Adrienne Lecouvreur replaced it with her own; and the name of Michel Baron, who left La Grange in 1673 to join the Royal Company, is greatest in the early history of the French stage.

The Marais Theatre was of infinitely less authority, though 'twas actually from its boards that the classic comedy, the classic tragedy, and what is now called the spectacular drama, were introduced to France and such of the world as has been exemplified by her. Opened somewhere in the latter years of the sixteenth century, and affected from time to time by actors in revolt against the tyranny of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it acquired no real importance until 1629. The quarter, abominably paved and lighted and situate afar from the modish parts of Paris, was a quarter in ill repute; it was infested with cut-purses and cloak-snatchers, with blackguard swordsmen and disreputable women; and only in its unused tennis-courts—the refuge in those days of strollers seeking a local habitation—could room be found for such actors as stooped to its use. In 1629, however, "Mélite," the first play of the illustrious Corneille, was produced in the Rue Mauconseil, apparently through the influence of the celebrated Montdory. This notable man, a great actor and an able manager, was chief of a company of strollers, knew Corneille at Rouen, and was the means of introducing him to fame. He took "Mélite" from the Royal Company and played it for himself in the Marais. In 1632 he and his followers were established in the Fountain Tennis Court; and in 1633, protected by Richelieu, who esteemed him greatly, he was able to snap his fingers at a Parliamentary mandate ordering him to discontinue his performances, which had disgusted the inhabitants of the street by reason of the noise and crowding attendant on them. In the same year Louis XIII.—possibly to annoy Richelieu—drafted six of his best actors into the Royal Company. But Montdory, who was a troop in himself, and who had still the services of Floridor, Bellemore, and De Villiers, established himself in a tennis-court in the Rue Vieille-du-Temple. The public loved and admired him greatly; he was very notably protected; he produced good pieces, and mounted his productions with exceptional tact and skill; and he succeeded splendidly. Scarron, Mairat, Tristan l'Hermite, and Scudéry were among his authors. Corneille, after giving him "La Galerie du Palais," and "L'illusion Comique," a play revived in our own time, for M. Got to create anew and with extraordinary humor and art the original part of Bellemore, gave him "The Cid" (1636), and the year afterward the success of this famous play was almost eclipsed

by that of Tristan's "Mariamne." The effect produced by Montdory's "Herod" seems to have been akin to that produced on contemporary audiences by Salvini's "Conrad." Unhappily the part was so tremendous in its quality as to cost Paris her greatest actor. Montdory was struck down with apoplexy after a performance of it, and rose a paralytic. As he was a favorite with Richelieu, the courtiers were liberal to him in the matter of pensions; he retired worth ten thousand livres a year. With him the theatre lost its vogue. Tragedy and comedy ceased to be proper to its artists; and though Corneille returned to it (1646) with "Le Menteur," it gradually declined to the uses of spectacle and farce. Of the former of these, in Molière's day, it had come to make a specialty. On its stage was produced, in 1661, the "Toison d'Or" of Pierre Corneille, with elaborate engines and contrivances, the invention of the crack-brained, the litigious, the mechanical Marquis de Sourdeac, who was afterward to be a thorn in the flesh of La Grange and the young Théâtre-Français. And in 1669, Rozimont the author-actor, believing that a so famous subject could hardly fail of success if taken in connection with "*ces superbes ornemens de théâtre qu'on voit d'ordinaire chez nous*," wrote for it a version of the legend of Don Juan that may be read with interest even after those of Molière and Tirso de Molina.

II.

When the manager of the Illustre Théâtre, itself, through Madeleine Béjart, an offshoot of the Marais, returned to Paris in 1658, he found these two chief play-houses in full working order. There was, besides, a company of Spanish actors, playing chiefly for the amusement of their countrywoman, the Queen. There was a company of Italians in receipt of a royal grant of fifteen thousand livres a year, and ruled by Tiberio Fiorelli, known for the greatest of all the Scaramouches. At the fairs of Saint Laurent and Saint Germain there were booths of strollers always. The Jesuits were fast acquiring an indomitable habit of college theatricals. The beginnings of the opera were a fact. At the court, which was even more choregraphically bent than that of our own Elizabeth, they danced in interminable ballets, contrived by M. de Benserade and others, with a gravity and a determination unparalleled in history. It was a time, indeed, when play-acting and play-making were popular professions, and, for a man who had ideas on the subject of both, there was room in it and to spare. Rotrou, the valiant artist, had been eight years in his grave, and the world had got from Corneille the best he was ever to give; Racine was a lad of nineteen, studying the Greek poets with Claude Lance-

lot, and learning "Theagenes and Chariclea" by heart. The comedy of the epoch was either caricature or extravagance. The "Visionnaires" of Desmarets, the "Don Japhet" of Scarron, the "Pédant Joué" of Cyrano, were stock pieces; and audiences had not much to content them but the rodomontades and stramazons of the captain, the pedantic brutalities of the doctor, the knavish nastiness of the valet. Among these well-worn types the men and women of Molière had not much to do to make a place for themselves; besides the stale, exaggerated fun of the hack authors, his humor—fresh, spontaneous, abundant, human—had but to be heard to be recognized and acclaimed. The hour had come, and the man was there to keep tryst with it.

As for the way in which his works and those of his great associates were produced, it differed strangely from the ways of to-day. The French have lost, it may be, the knack of masterpieces, but their knowledge and practice of the art of scenic decoration have mightily increased. In the beginning the theatres opened their doors but thrice a week—on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays: all Mondays being days of departure, all Wednesdays and Saturdays market-days, and all Thursdays walking and visiting days: and the play-goer, studying the red bill of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, whether it was couched in plain prose or in trivial verse—read on it but the names of piece and author, and saw no mention whatever of actors. Under Louis XIII. the curtain rose at two of the afternoon; under Louis XIV., who loved to dine and kept his courtiers waiting while he dined, it got to rise as late as five. Usually the house was lighted with tallow; but when the King was of the audience, he sat superbly among wax-candles supplied by his officers. You could get into the pit—where cooling drinks and sweetmeats were sold in summer, and comforting and strengthening cordials and cough-mixtures could be got in winter—for fifteen sous on ordinary occasions; but, on extraordinary, you had to pay thirty sous for your standing-room. After the crush there was to see "The Cid" at Montdory's theatre, the sides of the stage, once the refuge of the poor author, became the fashionable part of the auditorium; there you could see and be seen, you could get in the actor's way, you could bring in a performing dog with you, and show off his tricks between the alexandrines of Polyeucte and Pauline; you could interrupt the play with all possible ease and security; and the cost of it all was but a single half-louis, or five livres ten sous. Money was, in those days, about four times as dear as now it is, and it was the habit of a certain class of spectators to try and see the play for nothing, and so put themselves on the footing of the officers and soldiers of the household brigade.

Naturally this was one of the burning questions of the period, and a subject for royal ordinances. Of pages, lackeys, and broken soldiers there was always a sufficiency; a playhouse porter's best qualification was his swordsmanship; and La Grange notes more than once the payment of surgical expenses for doorkeepers wounded in the discharge of their duty. For riots were frequent: Molière and Du Croisy took part in one that was fatal to some of the rioters; and in M. Campardon's last publication* are documents relating to a disturbance that took place as late as 1691. As a rule, the scenery and decorations were simple almost to absurdity. For "The Cid" they had but "a room with four doors—an arm-chair for the King"; for "Hérculius," "une salle de palais à volonté" and "three papers"; for "Bajazet," a "saloon à la Turquie" and "two daggers"; for "Pourceaugnac," which by comparison was richly equipped, the necessities were "two houses in front and a town behind; three chairs or stools; two musketoons," and seven or eight specimens, "en fer blanc," of an implement which those who have had the good luck to see M. Got as the excellent gentleman from the Limousin know for a fear-inspiring implement indeed. Disdaining the employment of supernumeraries, they seem, ere now, to have improvised a battle by letting down a painted cloth figured over with warring legions. The musical arrangements were of a kindred type: Molière began with three fiddles at the wings, or in a box in the front of the house, and, as Chappuzeau benevolently explains, if these fiddles did not know their cues, it was necessary to shout at them from the stage. Add to all this the fact that you could, while listening to the high-pitched, stately, rhythmic chant of the Champmeslé as Camille, or admiring Poisson in the typical boots of Crispin, provide yourself quite easily with occasion for a duel or two, and it is not difficult to conclude that a theatrical performance must, at that time, have had for one of its main attractions a lively tendency toward the unforeseen and unexpected.

It was after a stroll some twelve years long in the provinces of the west and south that Jean Baptiste Poquelin came back to Paris to settle and become world-famous as Molière. He had put forth the "Etourdi" at Lyons, in 1655, and the "Dépit Amoureux" at Béziers, in 1656, and in these and lesser works had approved himself an intelligent and able student of the Italian drama; he had played tragedy until he had come to believe himself a tragedian; he had made of the poor little *Illustre Théâtre*, of which, since 1645, he had been manager, a company that was

to found a comic tradition and to be a chief element in the composition of a national stage; above all, he had in him stuff that would presently take shape as "Tartufe," "The Misanthrope," "Scapin," "Pourceaugnac," the "Médecin," "George Dandin," the "Festin de Pierre." After winning the regard of Louis XIV. and his brother Philippe, called Monsieur, at a performance in the Louvre, he and his fellows were taken into Monsieur's service, and were settled in the theatre contrived in the great hall of the Hôtel de Petit-Bourbon. They shared it with Tiberio Fiorelli and his Italians, who had for some time the Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays for their own, and received from Molière the sum of fifteen hundred livres for the use of their theatre on the four off days of the week, when audiences could but be thin and receipts not very satisfying. The production at the Petit-Bourbon of the "Précieuses" and the "Cocu Imaginaire" (1659-'60) approved their author a competitor of no mean force; the Hôtel de Bourgogne took fire at the discovery; and in the latter of the two years, by an intrigue that reminds you strangely of the machinations in Balzac's novels, he and his following were turned neck and crop out of their holding and left without a stage. Fortunately, Monsieur was at their elbow to demonstrate the shameful injustice of the proceeding; fortunately, they had succeeded in pleasing the King; and three weeks after their expulsion they started afresh on the stage within the Palais-Royal. The theatre was a good one; it had been built and furnished by Richelieu for his own "Mirame," and for the five-handed plays he used to have of the staff of poets he kept at piece-work. It was out of repair; but it had a pit nine fathoms wide by eleven deep; there were two gilded galleries running round the three sides of it; it would hold on a pinch between two and three thousand people; it was a royal property, and as long as it liked his Majesty the actors were safe from any kind of interruption. In 1665, after the production of the two "Ecoles," the "Impromptu," and the "Mariage," the company was taken into the King's service, and received, with an annual grant of six thousand livres (increased to seven thousand in 1670), the official title of the King's Company. That there was a good deal of ill-feeling between the two troupes, the Royal and the King's, is sufficiently proved by the two "Impromptus"—of Versailles and of the Hôtel de Condé—the "Critique," the "Portrait de Peintre," and the "Vengeance des Marquis," with the journalism attached to them. But Molière was in good odor at court. Louis made less of him than his enthusiasts will confess; but he amused: he was ingenious as a maker of ballets and diversions; while he lived he was almost as important a person as Lulli and

* "Les Comédiens du Roi," Paris, 1879.

Benserade, and stood on what was, perhaps, a higher plane of royal favor than Scaramouch-Fiurelli himself; and, after expelling him the Petit-Bourbon, the Hôtel de Bourgogne could for the moment prevail against him no more. Things changed briskly enough in 1673. Molière dead, Baron, La Thorillière, and the two Beauvals were tempted over to the opposition at once; and so little account was made of the remainder of his company, that, though it yet included Mademoiselles Molière and de Brie, the epoch's most accomplished actresses of comedy, with Hubert, the original Pernelle, and Madame Jourdain, and La Grange, the creator of all Molière's "young firsts" from Don Juan downward, an attempt at association was contemptuously stayed, and the artists of Molière were left to their own devices without a chance of appeal.

Fortunately for the French stage, La Grange, Molière's orator and acting-manager, was at the head of affairs, and La Grange was an able and an indefatigable man. His business capacity was at least equal to his powers as an actor, and his devices were eminently wise and eminently profitable. Thrust out from the Palais-Royal at the instances of Lulli, who wanted the theatre for his own enterprise, and got the occupants evicted at a moment's notice, the King's Company, deprived of its pension and its stage, remained homeless for several months. Then the Marquis de Sourdéac—of "Toison d'Or" and stage-engineering renown—sold La Grange a playhouse built by him for the performance of opera, but thrown on his hands by the action of Lulli, the all-powerful. It was situate at the Bottle Tennis Court, in the Rue Mazarine, and is known historically as the Théâtre-Guénégaud. Here in 1673 did La Grange and his following set up their rest. A royal order had abolished the playhouse in the Marais and drafted certain of its artists into the broken ranks of the King's Company; the best of them all, poor Claude Roze, called Rozimont, had been engaged by La Grange before the break-up to replace Molière in Molière's own parts. In the society, thus enlarged, there were nineteen members; it had Joseph Béjart, one of the original associates of the Illustre Théâtre, for a pensioner; its estate was one of seventeen and a half shares, two of which were the property of Sourdéac and his partner, while the rest were divided, in various proportions, among the nineteen associates. La Grange, not uninfluenced in all probability by the companionship of the sometime actors of the Marais, turned for profit to the spectacular drama. As the greater part of the Moliéresque repertory was as much the property of the Hôtel de Bourgogne as of the Hôtel Guénégaud, he purchased the services and interest of De Visé, the journalist and hack, and of Thomas Corneille, and started

on his career as a purveyor of spectacle, with great intelligence and varying fortune. Gaining largely by the production of "Circé," a piece whose mounting cost the sum, unprecedented thitherto, of ten thousand eight hundred and forty-two livres seventeen sous, he appears in 1676 to have been so pinched for means as to have been unable to pay his bill-sticker. He none the less went on with his enterprise, manipulating into verse and inoffensiveness the audacious prose of the "Festin de Pierre," and achieving in 1679 a quite extraordinary success with the "Devineress" of Corneille and De Visé, a scandalous melodrama pieced together out of the story of the notorious Madame Voisin. The popularity of the "Devineress" was certainly gall and wormwood to those of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; but its bitterness could have been as nothing to that of the cup that was brewing for them. La Grange's next stroke of policy was, indeed, a masterstroke. The Sieur de Champmeslé, an actor-author of some parts, and Mademoiselle, his wife, long the *amie intime* of Jean Racine, and the original exponent of all the heroines of his second period, from the plaintive Andromaque to the passionate and terrible Phèdre, were persuaded to abandon the Hôtel de Bourgogne for the Hôtel Guénégaud. As this move of the Sieur de La Grange put him in possession of the whole repertory of both the great French tragi-comics, and made his company as well qualified to excel in tragedy as it had always excelled in comedy, and as about the same time there occurred the death of the deserter La Thorillière, an actor trained in Molière's school and actually an exponent of Molière's tradition, it is to be assumed that the Hôtel de Bourgogne was in poorer case at this moment than at any other of its history, and that there was no way for it out of its difficulties but the way it was forced to take.

That way was the work of Louis XIV. He lived to centralize, as he had lived to dance and to dine, and had determined on the centralization of the dramatic art with the others. On August 18, 1680, an order for the fusion of the two companies, the Royal and the King's, was sent from him at Charleville by the Duc de Créqui. It was accompanied by a list of the artists to be retained in the royal service, and was instantly obeyed, the united company playing eight days afterward at the Hôtel de Guénégaud for the first time. The pieces, I should add, that were chosen for this solemn occasion were "Phèdre" and "Les Carrosses d'Orléans"; of the latter I confess to knowing absolutely nothing. On October 21st a *lettre de cachet*, dated from Versailles, and signed "Louis" and "Colbert," and a final list of artists appended to it, gave the new society a monopoly of the French theatre in Paris, and ordered the

Lieutenant-General of Police forthwith to see to the enforcement of its provisions. The institution thus established was the Théâtre-Français.

III.

The artists chosen to represent the histrionic ability of France were twenty-seven, fifteen of them men and twelve women. Among them were the two La Granges, the two Raisins, the two Barons, the two Beauvals, the two Guérins (Guérin, it should be remembered, married Molière's widow), and the two Champmeslés; with Mademoiselles de Brie, Dupin, and Dennebault, and Raymond Poisson, Hauteroche, Hubert, Villiers, and Rozimont. The estate affected to them was divided into twenty-one and three-quarters shares, a half-share of which was retained by the King. The twenty-one and a quarter shares remaining were distributed among the associates. A contract between the members of the society (1681) provided for the payment of future pensions and the due recognition, in case of necessity, of heirship in an associate's next of kin. In the same year the King bestowed his half-share on Le Comte, a diligent and useful actor, and a coadjutor of La Grange's till that father of the Français died; in 1682 he ordered the reception of Brécourt, also a half-share holder, and so changed the composition of the estate to one of twenty-two and a quarter shares; and some months afterward he assured to the associates a yearly grant of twelve thousand livres. For a couple of years more the company appear to have been as much their own masters as in the free and easy times of old; but in 1684 they were placed under the control of the First Gentleman of the Chamber. And in 1685 the number of shares was fixed definitely at twenty-three, and at twenty-three their number remained until the Revolution.

A time was at hand, however, when the very being of the institution was in peril. The Louis of Maintenon was not the Louis of Montespan. The devotee in him had mastered the man of pleasure; the devil had turned hermit. Since seventeen years his dancing days were done; his fondness for the theatre had declined; his dietary itself had become (comparatively speaking) austere. In the formal practice of piety, he forgot alike to live and to let live. Thus, when in 1687 the dignitaries of the Sorbonne had scruples about opening their new College of the Four Nations within a furlong of such a villainous haunt as was the Théâtre-Français, they found in the reformed monarch an intelligent, a repentant, and a sympathetic listener. The actors were ordered out of the Hôtel Guénégaud at three months' notice. Argument and expostulation availed them nothing; Maintenon and the Sorbonne had or-

dained, and there was naught for it but to obey. La Grange and Le Comte had need of all their courage and their conduct. The associates agreed to buy land and build a theatre of their own, but clerical influences were paramount at Versailles, and the actors were hunted from parish to parish as though their trade were unmentionable, and they themselves fit inmates for For-l'Evêque and the Salpêtrière. Half a dozen sites in succession were chosen and bargained for by La Grange, and were declared improper and impossible by the Court. At last, however, he was permitted to conclude a purchase; and in the Rue Neuve-des-Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés, on the site of the Star Tennis Court, a theatre designed by François d'Aubry was run up, and opened, with "Phèdre" and the "Médée," to a house of eighteen hundred and seventy livres, in the April of 1689. The price of the ground alone was sixty thousand livres; and in the end the actors found that, in good hard cash, the prudery of the Sorbonne had cost them close on two hundred thousand livres, and was to keep them in debt for many years. The theatre served its turn, of course, and was not abandoned till 1770, when decay had made it unsafe, and it could be used no more.

In 1699 the "Droit des Pauvres" was instituted, and the theatre was ordered to pay a seventh of its gross receipts to the General Hospital. In 1716 a further percentage was demanded of it, ostensibly for the Hôtel-Dieu, but really to provide an official person with cash, which brought the impost up to one of a fourth of its earnings. In evading the payment of this charge, and in doing battle with the lawless petty theatres about them, the associates appear to have shown a great deal of ingenuity, and not less of determination. They cooked their accounts quite faithfully, and they showed no mercy; these were their chief aims of life. The theatre was ordered by the First Gentlemen of the Chamber, with the Duc de Richelieu at their head; and, bad as was the rule of these noble creatures, whose interference, at once vexatious and stupid and immoral, was felt in all its concerns, it was, æsthetically speaking, quite admirably efficient. Among its actors were Grandval, Lekain, Préville, and Molé; among its actresses were Lecouvreur, Dangeville, Gaussin, Dumesnil, Clairon, Dugazon, and Vêstris; and its staff of poets included Voltaire, Regnard, Lesage, Marivaux, Piron, Gresset, Marmontel, Diderot, Vadé, Beaumarchais, and Ducis (with an adaptation of "Hamlet"). Financially, however, its position was abominable; Louis XV. had, in the end, to double the royal grant, and to pay the theatre's debts, which amounted to upward of two hundred and forty thousand livres. At Vigarani's playhouse in the Louvre, whither

the associates removed in 1770, they added to their number Dazincourt and Mademoiselles Raucourt and Contat, and produced (1775) the "Barbier" of Beaumarchais, determining by their niggardly treatment of that restless and indomitable adventurer the foundation (1777) of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques. And in 1782 they shifted their scene to the Odéon, and there, in the "Mariage de Figaro," they put forth, amid squabbles of all sorts (1784), the last of the classic comedies. They played it intelligently enough as artists, for Molé was the Almaviva, and Dazincourt, a very king of Crispins, was the Figaro. But, as politicians, they learned its lesson not at all; they neither heard nor did they understand. Almaviva, befooled and jested and shamed, with his *droit de seigneur*, a mere conventionality to be mocked at and despised, was, if they could but have known it, a type of themselves. Like him, they had outlived their day; like him, they had forgotten nothing and learned nothing. All about them the Figaros of art were brawling and watching and scheming; their privilege, though never so sound in theory, was in practice dead and decayed; their lordship of things theatrical was on its last legs, they were part of an opposition that was beaten ere it came to a division. The Opéra Comique had been founded in spite of them; Nicolet and Audinot, the famous showmen, had fought and won the battle of theatrical liberty; playhouses suppressed by them were reopened elsewhere and under other names almost ere the ink had dried on their papers; and five years after the production of the "Mariage" the Revolution had split their society itself into two camps, and the old order of circumstances was at an end for them. Headed by Talma, the democrats among them went to play patriotic tragedy—a poor and dull thing it seems from this distance of time—in the Palais-Royal, at what was then the Variétés-Amusantes, and at what is now the Comédie-Française. The Loyalists, under the captaincy of Dazincourt, staid on at the Odéon, and got presently into hot water; they were denounced by Robespierre in civic terms of considerable force, they were arrested in a body, and they were sent to durance. Collot d'Herbois, with all the bad actor's ferocious jealousy of his chief, wanted very much to cut off Dazincourt's head; but Dazincourt succeeded in keeping it on his shoulders, and lived to use it as a professor at the Conservatoire, and as Napoleon's Directeur des Spectacles. Talma received the rebels when the term of their prison-life was past; and at what was called in turn the Theatre of Liberty and Equality, the Theatre of the Nation, and the Theatre of the Republic, the association was for a brief space held together. Then came quarrels, partings, new attempts at a common under-

standing; and, in 1799, the company, with its debts paid and a state pension in hand, started once more at the Odéon. It was burned out of that theatre in the same year, and for some time there was no Comédie-Française.

Bonaparte, however, was fond of plays and acting—almost as fond of them as Richelieu himself; and, though he did suppress the chair in the Institute set apart by a liberal Convention for the better honoring of histrionic art, he took the fortunes of the broken Comédie into that strong, resolute hand of his, and in 1803 the old Variétés-Amusantes received the associates once more, strong this time in the master's protection, and rich in an annual grant of one hundred thousand francs. Nine years after, he found time, in the stress of his Russian campaign, to think out and dispatch the famous Moscow decree, which is supposed to be the Theatre's Great Charter, and the authority for its present constitution. It divided the estate into twenty-four shares, and allotted twenty-two of them to the society; established a complete system of pensions, retirements, and *débuts*; settled finally the vexed question of the possession of parts; determined a connection between the theatre and the Conservatoire; and, providing, in fine, for every contingency of every kind, set the association on a broader, firmer, and less disputable basis than till then it had occupied. It contains one hundred and one clauses, and, if I do not analyze its provisions at greater length, it is that I am informed that the house is ruled in great measure according to tradition, use, custom, and that the associates consider themselves and their conventionalities to be, in a manner, of superior mold, and so beyond the influence of ordonnance and law.

The Restoration replaced the Comédie, it need hardly be said, under the rule of the Gentlemen of the Chamber; but, after the flight of Charles X., the Moscow decree came into force again, and the associates, nominally under official control, became their own masters. They made but a poor use of their liberty. The literary revolution of 1830 was as unintelligible to them as the political of 1789. They continued faithfully to represent the classic principle in art, and they paid dearly for their fidelity. The multitude flocked to hear Hugo and Dumas, and to see Frédéric Lemaitre and Dorval at the Odéon and the Porte-Saint-Martin; and on one occasion in 1831 the Comédie-Française had the honor of playing "Tartufe" and "Le Legs"—Molière at his strongest, and Marivaux at his brightest—to a house of sixty-seven francs. The associates owed a matter of six hundred thousand francs, and though Louis Philippe increased their pension from two hundred thousand francs to two

hundred and forty thousand francs, and lent them some three hundred thousand francs besides, they could not make ends meet for some time. In 1850, after various attempts at self-government under tutelage, the association was given into the charge of the Minister of the Interior and of an Administrator-General in his nomination; and six years afterward its grant was fixed at two hundred and forty thousand francs. There, for the moment, ends its story. Among its administrators have been MM. Arsène Houssaye and Edouard Thierry; and it is on record that the higher officials of the Second Empire were used to abuse its function as that function had been abused under Louis XV., to the profit of ladies not distinguished for the possession of either talent or reputation. Of late, however, under the guidance of M. Emile Perrin, the theatre has succeeded both artistically and financially. The receipts of the last few years have been largely in excess of the million (of francs, of course), and are steadily increasing. And putting tragic art aside—in which, such accidents as the “temperament” called Sarah Bernhardt notwithstanding, the Comédie-Française is not now eminently distinguished—and taking as representative artistic figures so complete and finished as MM. Got, Delaunay, and Coquelin, and Mademoiselles Brohan and Favart, it is lawful to conclude that the theatre's present is such as may challenge comparison with the most brilliant epochs of its past.

As we see it, indeed, the Comédie-Française is almost the ideal theatre. Not only has it a library, a museum, a vast collection of archives, a

peculiar literature; not only is its connection with the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques quite special and extraordinary; it has also a style, a tradition, a standard, a position, an authority of its own. Fed yearly from the Conservatoire—which is better able to deal with its scholars than it was when Alexandre Dumas, who knew well enough what he was talking about, could cry out (1849) that he could more easily make an actor of a National Guard or a retired shopkeeper than of a pupil of the Conservatoire—it takes to itself the best of the youngsters sent forth to be tested on its stage, schools and trains them into intelligence and capacity, assigns to each of them his proper walk in art, and by precept, example, practice, encouragement, constraint, makes artists of them at last, and fits them to do for their juniors what it has done for them. A part of its function is the discovery and encouragement of young authors; a play has only to be sent in to its committee to be publicly read and discussed, and accepted or rejected, as the case may be, officially. It has authority to call into its pale any artist of promise or of parts without it, and is thus enabled incessantly to renew its strength and fill up the breaches in its ranks. As its associateship is the Garter or the Golden Fleece of the stage, and entitles its possessor not only to a fitting salary and a share in the profits of the year, but to a pension and consideration in after-times, its staff is always as complete as the quality of the epoch will permit, and it is able of its every performance to make a lesson, authoritative and practical, in histrionic art.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE MIRABEAUS.*

ANOTHER book out of the apparently inexhaustible stores of French memoirs and materials for history lies before us, and one of the best that has appeared for a good while. The anonymous preface which precedes the work—the author himself having been recently snatched away by an untimely death—informs us that it was the result of twenty years' research and study on the part of the lamented M. de Loménie. It is not always that such protracted effort is rewarded by corresponding excellence in the result. Not only has a writer oftentimes to spoil good work in such long elaboration, but such tardi-

ness is apt to imply a certain want of grasp and vigor of mind, a disposition to dwell on trifles, an industry wasted in small things which are by nature incompatible with the higher achievements of authorship. Such an inference would be most erroneous in the present case. M. de Loménie's work is not more distinguished by painstaking industry and accuracy than by the attractive gifts and graces which go to form a really able writer. In the biographical portion of his work M. de Loménie shows himself a master of narrative, telling his story not only with spirit and effect, but with much insight into character and fine moral discrimination. In the speculative portion, he discusses economical and political questions with insight and real weight; while all through the book are diffused an impression of candor, a

* *Les Mirabeau. Nouvelles Etudes sur la Société Française au 18me Siècle.* Par Louis de Loménie. Paris: Dentu.

warm zeal for truth, a conscientious and sober spirit which shrink from one-sided statements and hasty conclusions. It is impossible in reading the book not to feel a confidence in and regard for the writer. When he delivers a judgment, we may feel satisfied that he has good reasons to support it, and the calm and measured tone in which his opinions are expressed renders them all the more acceptable to thoughtful readers. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this wise moderation is purchased at any cost of animation and directness of remark. M. de Loménie is far removed from *viewiness*. His chaste and well-bred style is such as one might expect (though one does not always get it) from a member of the French Academy. The book is a credit to the author and his country; and its exceptional merit increases the regret that its assured fame will never gladden the heart of the sincere student who toiled over it so long.

The two volumes now published are only a portion of the work planned by M. de Loménie. We are promised two more volumes, which will be devoted exclusively to the life of Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau, the famous orator and leader of the popular party at the commencement of the Revolution. The volumes now before us deal with his ancestors and family generally—with the "Riquetti kindred," about whom Mr. Carlyle discoursed with such humoristic force and gusto more than forty years ago. Mr. Carlyle's striking article was avowedly founded on the "Memoirs" published by M. Lucas de Montigny, the well-known "*fils adoptif*." One of the objects of M. de Loménie's book is to supplement and correct the numerous deficiencies and even inaccuracies of those "Memoirs," into which the filial zeal of their author had perhaps excusably led him. For instance, the high antiquity and nobility of the Mirabeau family, on which so much stress has been laid, turn out to be an illusion assisted by no little fabrication. The great demagogue of the Revolution was not only proud of his pedigree, but careless of truth when he spoke of its purity and distinction: "There has never been but one *mésalliance* in our family, and that was with the Medicis." This stalwart piece of boasting the orator ascribes to his father; but there is reason to suppose it is all his own. The fact really is, that the Mirabeaus emerge visibly in history for the first time with any clearness only toward the end of the sixteenth century, and then not as ancient nobles but as merchants of Marseilles. The pretended Italian extraction also of the Riquettis, originally Arrighetti of Florence, "cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel such as were common then and there in the year 1267" (Carlyle), is now as good as proved to be a not very creditable myth, con-

structed by the Mirabeaus and their pedigree-makers in the seventeenth century. The very name of Riquetti is comparatively modern. As late as the year 1570, when they bought the castle and estate of Mirabeau, they figure in official documents as *Riquet*, a name of vulgar prevalence in Provence, and a familiar diminutive of Henry. The question is unimportant enough. Such a remarkable family as the Mirabeaus can easily dispense with the adventitious ornament of exalted lineage, even if it were genuine, as in this case it is not. But M. de Loménie was quite justified in devoting so much time and trouble to the destruction of a baseless legend, which has given occasion to much weak moralizing on the ancestry of great men.

In these volumes we have portraits more or less complete of six persons, either Mirabeaus or connected with the Mirabeaus by marriage, four men and two women: (1) Jean Antoine, the famous *col d'argent*, his three sons; (2) the Marquis of Mirabeau, the Friend of Man; (3) the Bailli; (4) Louis Alexandre; (5) Françoise de Castellane, the mother of the Marquis; (6) Marie-Geneviève de Vassan, mother of the Orator, all in their way noteworthy people, and two at least of striking originality. In the ample materials at his command (he had the whole of the rich collection of Mirabeau papers in the possession of the late M. Lucas de Montigny confided to him), M. de Loménie has found abundant means to give us a gallery of full-length portraits evidently lifelike and veracious. In such degree and form as our space allows, we shall attempt to reproduce an outline of some of these family pictures.

It seems to be generally assumed that the interest attaching to the Mirabeau family is derived from the famous tribune, who terminated his short and rather scandalous career in a dazzling blaze of glory and public lamentation in 1791. In him the "wild blood" of the Riquettis is supposed to have culminated in a final explosion of originality and genius. He is emphatically *the* Mirabeau. His ancestors collateral and direct are only interesting as they lead up to him. Unless I am much mistaken, this current opinion will be considerably reversed by these volumes. The world is doubtless already prepared to concede a high place to the old Marquis, the "crabbed Friend of Man," whose "nodosity" and "unwedgedableness" have been sung by Mr. Carlyle in characteristic fashion. But his brother the Bailli, and his father Jean Antoine, are even more striking and fascinating figures, with a fund of modified force and self-contained nobility of nature, to which the more popular and famous members of the family can lay no pretension. M. de Loménie is clearly right in claiming for the

Bailli the preëminence over all his kindred, as "the finest moral product that ever came out of that impetuous race." A finer nature than that of the Bailli, lofty, disinterested, strong, and simple, yet full of native flavor, would not easily be found in biography; a really good man who only lacked opportunity to be a great one, as we shall show presently. But his and the Marquis's father, Jean Antoine, is hardly inferior, though in a somewhat different order of gifts. Mr. Carlyle with his quick eye for character has already marked him: "Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for." He has hitherto been known by a life of him, supposed to be written by his famous grandson, the orator, which M. de Loménie now discovers to be a diluted and emasculated transcript of a much fuller and richer original by his son the Marquis. Those who prefer the picturesque and nervous prose of the elder Mirabeau to the smooth and clear but comparatively tame style of his son will regret that M. de Loménie has not seen fit to publish this interesting piece *in extenso*.

As regards the subject of the memoir, the famous *Silverstock* himself, it is difficult to feel that he is quite an historical character. There is a suspicious flavor of legend in the accounts we have of him. He is killed, or as good as killed, at the battle of Cassano; he receives twenty-seven wounds in one hour; he has his jugular vein cut in two, and yet he gets quite well again. He treats everybody, from the King downward, with a rough independence of speech which, under Louis XIV., is a moral phenomenon nearly as marvelous as his surviving mortal wounds is a physical one. It now appears that his biographer, the Marquis, knew little of his father personally, that he left home as a child, and only returned to it twice on short visits; and that his narrative was chiefly founded on the reports and anecdotes current in the army and the provincial society in which his father had moved. Still there is such dramatic propriety about the character, though odd and eccentric it is so conceivable and lifelike, that we can not doubt that there was a large basis of fact on which the narrative rested. It is a pity that we have not more authentic records of such a fearless, upright, noble-hearted man, who in many ways presents a finer type of character than any of the Mirabeaus, his son the Bailli alone excepted. All his high-handed ways and choleric speeches, for instance, appear of little moment compared to his magnanimous conduct on the collapse of Law's Mississippi Scheme. An *ordonnance* of monstrous iniquity had been issued, making the worthless paper of the bankrupt scheme legal tender for the payment of debts. The brave Silverstock sternly refused to avail himself of such a means

of saving the large sum of a hundred thousand crowns which his brother-in-law had invested for him without his authority in Mississippi stock. He would not part with his now valueless coupons. "Somebody at last," he said, "will have to pay in hard cash, and I should be the original cause of his loss." He was getting old, he had a rising family, and it was all his savings which thus disappeared. M. de Loménie is disposed to doubt, as it seems to us with good reason, the rude and ungracious speech he is said to have made to Louis XIV., when introduced by the Duc de Vendôme with words of strong eulogy on his services. "Yes, Sire," replied Mirabeau, according to the story, "and, if, leaving active service, I had come up to court and bribed some *catin*, I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day." "I ought to have known you better," said Vendôme afterward. "For the future I will present you to the enemy, and never to the King." M. de Loménie questions this anecdote on the ground that the Marquis says that his father always had a great veneration for Louis XIV., and that such a speech does not seem compatible even with common respect, which is very true. But we think that a stronger argument against its authenticity may be found in the fact that the reign of *catins* at Versailles had long been over when Silverstock Mirabeau was presented there covered with wounds. It was over even before he entered the army in 1684. Under the semi-monastic rule of the austere Maintenon and the converted Louis, such expressions would not only have been insolent, but absurdly out of place. There is less reason to doubt the characteristic story of his behavior to one of Louvois's army-inspectors, who insisted on reporting him *absent* from a review, when he was only a little late on the ground. The major of the regiment urged extenuating circumstances for his junior, but the inspector was inflexible. "Monsieur," said Mirabeau, "I am then truly absent in your opinion?" "Yes, monsieur." "In that case, this no doubt passes in my absence"; and immediately rains a shower of cuts with his riding-whip on the inspector, leaving him in some difficulty of reconciling fact and theory.

M. de Loménie quotes several details from the Marquis's account of his father, which are omitted in the weaker version made by his son the orator. This rather touching narrative of the last days of the old soldier is omitted by his grandson:

My furlough [says the Marquis] was on the point of expiring, and, though I could have obtained further leave, he insisted on my departure, and I was thus prevented from doing my duty by him up to the last. But I did not think he was nearly so ill as he was. He soon began to refuse nourishment, and re-

plied always to all entreaties to that effect: "All my life long, when I have said No, it has meant no." In other respects his latter end was passed in great calm and serenity, chatting and even laughing with his confessor, a devout and gentle priest, whom he loved much.

Referring to an early stage of his decline, the Marquis says:

A certain select company assembled pretty regularly in his house to pass the evenings with him, and these parties were really a high school of honor, eloquence, dignity, and historical reminiscences. He was not gifted with the happy genius that excels in calling forth the qualities of others, which is as precious as it is rare. His taste would have inclined to a noble and well-seasoned humor, but, as that sort of wit easily becomes bitter, an excess to which his family was prone, his principles kept him from it. For the rest, his health was latterly so precarious that he could not trust himself in a facetious vein, and he preferred discourse which was grave and noble, in which no grace of diction or warmth of eloquence was wanting. Moreover, excepting his sight, which was so diminished that he could scarce find his way about, although no defect appeared in his eyes; he lived up to the end complete in all his faculties; his visage was not changed; his apparel, which on another would have seemed common, was sumptuous on him. No man ever had a finer presence, or affected it less. He was so nice in the matter of cleanliness that, even in the country and alone on coming in from a walk, he always changed his wig before entering the apartment. Why attempt to paint a man, except with the object of giving a life-like picture? The smallest traits are important in a fine subject.

It is like passing from the twilight of legend to the broad daylight of historical fact, to turn from Mirabeau of the silver collar to the Bailli, his second son. From the abundant letters of his which are still preserved (something like two thousand in number, out of which M. de Loménie makes copious extracts) it is possible to obtain a direct glimpse of a truly human face, as comely and tender as it is strong and honest. The Bailli had talents and knowledge, especially the great talent of ruling men and winning their love at the same time, and extraordinary knowledge, considering the hard and roving sea-life he led during his best years. But his distinction lies in the union of these masculine qualities with a more than womanly sweetness and gentleness of nature, a lofty probity which seems never to give a thought to self-interest, and a delicacy of moral sense quite admirable. M. de Loménie compares him to Molière's *Misanthrope*, and says he was an *Alceste* of real life, which seems to us to be hardly doing him justice. He was a chivalrous, heroic, modest man, of sterling worth

and warmest affections, free from greedy appetite of every kind, free of vanity, of ambition (a little too free of the last), and regardless of everything but his duty and his own austere sense of rectitude. He was besides a most voluminous writer, though he published nothing. M. de Loménie fills more than half a page with the mere titles of the memoirs and observations which he addressed to official persons on all kinds of subjects relating to public affairs, especially those which concerned his own branch of them, the naval service. More characteristic still is his private correspondence with his brother, the Marquis, who shares with him the honor that it reflects on both.

Among the four thousand letters they exchanged [says M. de Loménie] there are hardly ten in which, in spite very often of the most urgent personal matters, we do not meet with long discussions of general questions fitted to interest superior minds. Every moment the two correspondents drop their private affairs, to enlarge on religion, politics, the government, the finances, history, the problem of good and evil, progress, liberty, aristocracy, democracy, the state of society, the dangers which threaten it, the reforms which might save it, the question whether it can be saved, the future in store. Then dissertations, often warm and eloquent, frequently fill ten or twelve folio pages.—(Vol. i., p. 188.)

M. de Loménie remarks, and his quotations abundantly prove the assertion, that the Bailli had, equally with his brother, the odd, picturesque, yet powerful style which excited Mr. Carlyle's admiration; but he thinks that the Bailli, who never wrote with a view to publication, has the advantage—he is less stilted and pedantic. In any case it must be confessed that we have here a very interesting and rare type of man, a man whose width of culture even a Goethe might envy. First, the hard training of a sea-life, then the governorship of Guadeloupe, later the command of the Coast Guard during the Seven Years' war; and through all this active career, a literary taste which had familiarized him with the best French and Latin authors, and a speculative turn which leads him to discuss and shows him to have had settled and well-grounded opinions on all sorts of topics—political, financial, historical—often not at all connected with his profession. Here was a man leading a life similar to that of our Hawkes and Boscauwens, and possibly as a professional sea-king he was not their equal, though even this is by no means certain, as he was never intrusted with the command of a great fleet in which he might have shown his capacity as an admiral; but, for culture and humanity, they can not suffer a comparison with him. A man of highest courtesy and noblest presence, a scholar and a gentleman in the full-

est sense of the words, and a brave mariner of the true sea-breed withal, the Bailli Mirabeau is a fine specimen of the rich endowment of that old French race which had done so much to mar, but far more to make, our modern civilization.

The Bailli's career as a sea-captain was laborious, but not distinguished. The fault was none of his. We know what interest was capable of in the old times in the way of bringing a man forward, and of giving him a chance of showing his quality, even in the English navy. And the English navy was justice itself compared to the French, in all matters of promotion and readiness to give "the tools to him who could handle them." The brave Bailli never was intrusted with more than with the command of sorry little frigates; poor peddling work, such as made Nelson stamp and rage in the early days of his career. Very interesting is it to see him out of health and without a ship, promptly volunteering to take part in the expedition against Minorca, or to post off to Toulon, eager for service in any form, but only to be refused after all. By dint of importunity, however, he succeeded at the last moment in getting a post, as second in command, on board the *Orpheus*, a ship of sixty-four guns. It was one of the vessels most hotly engaged in the battle of Port Mahon, and a letter of the Bailli to his brother, the Marquis, is of especial interest to us, not only as giving a good picture of a zealous officer, but as showing that, in the candid opinion of a perfectly impartial and competent witness, the unfortunate Admiral Byng was not quite up to the mark of sea-valor, and that the indignation against him in England was not wholly unjustified:

ON BOARD THE *ORPHEUS*, May 21, 1756.

We had yesterday, dear brother, an engagement of two hours and a half duration, which would have lasted longer if it had pleased the English. Thanks to the Lord, I have come out of it safe and sound. I am the more thankful, inasmuch as during half an hour there was a prodigious storm of grape and canister. All the officers have escaped like myself, but the men have suffered a good deal. The enemy has suffered even more. They had the advantage of the wind, and it only lay with the English to make it much hotter for us, as our admiral gave them every encouragement. Our vanguard, to which this ship belongs, was the most engaged. But it may with truth be said that the English have very feebly supported before our men-of-war the pride and insolence they have shown before our merchantmen. On the whole it was an even game, and as they had the wind they could have made the affair more serious. I say even, as they had only one line-of-battle ship more than ourselves.—(Vol. I., p. 225.)

The old salt comes out in full flavor in this letter. The good Bailli, for all his culture, takes

his profession in all seriousness, and is no wise inclined to mince matters with the English. He detests them most cordially, and although he does not reciprocate the crudity of Nelson's maxim, that one "should hate a Frenchman as one does the devil," he quietly says, "I have accustomed myself to regard the English as the enemies of the human race, and especially of France." Yet he has a sort of grudging admiration for us in some respects, and especially approves the constitution of our Admiralty, in which old sailors who knew their business directed naval matters. He was for a short time prisoner in England, in 1747, but was not so much impressed as, with his aristocratic tastes, might have been expected. The nobles, he thinks, are too much dependent on the common people. Military virtue is not sufficiently esteemed, and money too much so, and he shrewdly opines, as early as 1754, that the American colonies will be lost to the mother-country in a few years, which was seeing a good twenty years ahead.

But it is during his government of Guadeloupe that the higher nature of the man comes out in its full luster, his firmness, justice, and mercy, his tenderness for others, his severity to himself, his almost Quixotic scorn for gain and even legitimate self-interest. The vice and corruption of colonial society, poisoned as it was by the deadly sin of negro slavery, offered an ample but not a pleasant field for the display of the Bailli's austere virtue. Like all worthy to command, he receives the responsibility of ruling men with inward anxiety and humble heart-searching. When he made his official entry into the island, and a great crowd assembled to see and scrutinize the Governor, and escort him to the church, where the Apostolic Prefect harangued him on his duties, he was dismayed. "My prayer to God was to preserve me from injustice, and to give me the firmness to repress it. I prayed fervently, and hope I was heard." In another letter he says: "I am becoming devout, which must seem to you an odd notion. But do not understand the word in its ordinary sense. I have no taste nor talent for mysticism more than usual, but I feel I never prayed to God with fervor before. I do so out of fear of doing harm, and that fear is so strong that I hope sincerely to be preserved from it."

The first thing that strikes and shocks him is the frightful moral degradation of the white population, arising from the influence of slavery. Labor being held in contempt as a badge of servitude, the vilest white man thinks more of himself than a peer of France. Idleness and debauchery fill up the time of the colonists. "To make sugar, to flog niggers, to beget bas-

tards, and to get drunk—these are the occupations of the creoles." Their depravity was such that it blinded them to their own interest, and even French ships refused to come to the island on account of the roguery and bad faith of the inhabitants. Murder was of daily occurrence, and a black man's life was valued no higher than a dog's. Here was an opportunity for a supreme ruler to show his mettle. And the Bailli seems to have laid about him with a zeal and sternness which would rejoice Mr. Carlyle. "The rogues, and there are plenty here," he says, "tremble, and honest folks rejoice; the poor know that justice will be done them without distinction of persons. The door of their Governor, they say, is open to them at all hours, and all the colony is aware that not one of my servants would dare to prevent the least and poorest negro from coming to me and telling his story."

It was an addition to the Governor's difficulties that he was known to be poor, and that his salary was small. He consequently could keep little or no state, and could not contribute to the festivities of the place. But he would receive no presents, and refused not only all illicit gain, but such perquisites as were considered quite honorable. "No monk of La Trappe ever led a harder life than I do. Dispensing justice from morning to night, writing, signing, working—such is my existence." He says he knows he will be considered a fool for his pains, and owns that *that* hurts his vanity a little, but reflection will help him to bear it.

Slavery he emphatically condemns, not only on the ground of humanity, about which of course there is no question, but as economically injurious. Thirty-five thousand whites do not produce in fertile Guadeloupe what two thousand would do without slavery. He adds, with prophetic regret, that he deplores the introduction of negroes into Louisiana, and anticipates no good result from the measure. In fact, though the question of emancipation of the slaves never seems to have occurred to him, he has all the sentiments of a thoroughgoing abolitionist, including the customary over-estimate of the qualities of the negro. "I look upon those people as in every respect like ourselves, excepting in color. And I even doubt whether slavery does not make us worse than they are." The justice of the last remark can not be denied. Legree is many degrees inferior to Uncle Tom, but the brain of the white man is superior to that of the negro nevertheless.

It might be supposed that the Bailli had enough on his hands in restraining his white subjects from robbery and murder, and protecting the black population from too gross ill-treatment. But he manages to find time for reading

all kinds of books, which he is always beseeching his brother to supply him with, and also to plan a complete code of colonial law, illustrated with notes of his own. He reckons that in six years' time, if health and sight endure, he will know more about the naval policy of France than any one who has yet directed it. This was, however, looking a little too far ahead. For the good Bailli had crotchets which made a man ill-fitted for official life in those days. One of his crotchets was not to suffer dishonesty in any one if he could help it, not even in a superior. As might be supposed, the rogues whom he had made to tremble were not without friends in the world, and before long he began to receive hints from his brother that in influential circles at Versailles it was considered that he had "too much zeal." Too much zeal here being interpreted meant too great antipathy to rogues. It was taken especially ill at headquarters that he showed no disposition to be on civil terms with a nameless official of high rank, to whom he was partly subordinate, and who wished much to enjoy his (the Bailli's) friendship. The latter replies that he strongly suspects the nameless official of being a rogue; he has yet no proof positive of misconduct, but, if he ever meets with any, he declares he will unmask it. The Marquis, for all his "nodosity," feels that one must not quarrel with one's bread-and-butter at this rate, and sends off an appealing letter to implore his brother to be a little more reasonable, a little more politic. "I beseech you, dear brother, grease your axles a little, or we shall certainly be upset. In God's name don't be so fierce; you will always have *morgue* enough not to be a time-server." This is quite enough, as M. de Loménie says, to kindle Alceste into a white heat of scornful indignation. "Do I want to be told that ministers can ruin a man whatever his merit? I do not think so much of my abilities as they do, perhaps, and regard the loss of my fortune and promotion as the easiest thing in the world, and indifferent to the state; but luckily it is indifferent to me also, and I shall return to the position of younger son in Provence without the slightest repining, rather than submit to anything which would cause me inward humiliation." And he was as good as his word; he made a determined enemy of the speculator, as he afterward proved, and found advancement in the service barred by his influence.

"The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaudom," says Mr. Carlyle, and he had very imperfect materials on which to found this correct judgment, compared with what we have now. Through fifty years of most varied fortunes, through acute differences of opinion, and family quarrels of the most vio-

lent nature, these two brothers with their hot tempers and sharp tongues remained linked to each other by a passionate affection which knows no break, coldness, or distrust. They may disagree, they may disapprove each other's conduct, and then each stands to his guns with a valor becoming the sons of old *col d'argent*. But never a trace of bitterness, alienation, or offense, can be spied. Soft, hushed, loving words conclude every remonstrance, every altercation. With a sob of affection, they fall on each other's breast with peaceful confidence that their love can never fail. Truly, a love passing the love of woman, and, between two such stalwart, self-reliant men, very beautiful and touching. They had found indeed the true secret of lasting affection, in complete and utter unselfishness in all their mutual dealings, or rather in the settled practice of each, to think of the other always in preference to himself. The affectionate *tutoiement* can not be rendered, but even in the cold second person plural some of their warmth will no doubt appear. "If I had not been your brother," says the Bailli, "and had only known you by chance, I should have been your friend. I have more confidence in you than in myself, which is not to say that I am always of your opinion." "I declare to you," says the Marquis, "as solemnly as if on the point of death, that since a certain day, somewhat distant now, for then I was stronger than you" (the Bailli was much the larger and more powerful man), "when I gave you a good thrashing, not without some good cuffs in return, from that day and all others ever since, I have never had a matter of which I have concealed from you the smallest particle." And to such words the deeds correspond. Questions of money, the most vulgar and common source of quarrel between relatives, between this singular pair give constant occasion for mutual self-sacrifice and endearment. The Bailli never would allow his elder brother to pay him his *légitime*, or portion of fifty thousand francs, to which he was entitled under his father's will; it would be a wrong to the family, he says. The younger brother, who certainly has the advantage in this contest of generosity and self-abnegation, pushes his deference to his senior to a degree which would be affected and suspicious in a man of less transparent candor and sincerity. He leaves it entirely to the Marquis to decide whether he shall get married or not. "If you judge that it is for the good of the family that I should leave offspring, you will know what to do in reference to a certain young lady." But the good Bailli, it must be confessed, had one fault with all his virtues; he was a confirmed misogynist. So perhaps, if his elder forbade marriage, he was in no great danger of sacrificing a tender passion

on the altar of fraternal devotion. But then it seems he would readily have got married if his brother had wished it. It is no use, in fact, trying to find spots in the purity of his disinterestedness. After he had commanded ships, and had been governor of a West Indian island, on his return to France he writes to his brother like a lad in his teens: "If you consider that I ought to come to Paris, let me know, and supply me with enough to live upon. If you think it best, I am ready to stay here at Brest, and to live very quietly as regards expense." The Marquis can not bear this, and replies: "As regards what you say about staying down there, tears came to my eyes in thinking of the greatness, simplicity, and goodness of your heart. When you seriously propose to go and hide yourself in a hole in Brittany, I should be sorry not to put on record that I owe you fifteen thousand livres. You must come here as soon as you can, and I only wait for you to clear myself out, and you will find all you need."

Among other things, the younger Mirabeau was a Knight of Malta, where he rose to the grade of bailli, the title by which he is generally known. The Order of the Knights of Malta, degenerate successors of the Knights of Rhodes, and of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, had become in the eighteenth century a ridiculous and somewhat scandalous anachronism. Recruited among the younger sons of nobles' families in all Europe, it had decayed into a collection of extravagant and licentious revelers, who joined it partly from vanity, but more still in expectation of obtaining one or more of the rich benefices, priories, commanderies, etc., which the Order had to give. It was not a company to suit the grave and thoughtful Bailli, and for twenty-four years he never went near the place, having seen enough of it and its ways in his youth. He liked hard useful work, and was never anxious about the pay it might bring him. But his brother, who has him in charge with his own consent, as we have seen, has resolved that this Knighthood of Malta shall produce something of tangible value to the family; that the Bailli by taking the proper steps shall obtain a rich commandery worth many thousand livres a year, that will be a great help to the common finances, which are far from prosperous, and threatening to become worse. The proper steps are serious and involve an enormous outlay in ready money, and the return is uncertain in date if not altogether. They consist in this, that the Bailli shall go to Malta and accept the post of General of the Galleys, to which his age and rank entitle him, hold the office the usual time of two years, and then put in his claim, which can hardly be refused to an ex-general, for one of the superior commanderies. The Marquis's plan

is cut and dried; for him the whole scheme lies in a nutshell. He will find the money, the Bailli must go and make his fortune, and there is an end of it. "This is all very fine," the Bailli answers; "but supposing I die before getting the commandery, you will lose your money, and the family will be half ruined through me." He implores his brother to think twice before embarking in so venturesome a scheme. He is quite content to live quietly, without regret or impatience, waiting for a commandery which will come in time to him by mere seniority; he does not care much what happens. As a consummate master of *Entsagen*, detachment, indifference to outward goods of every description, the Bailli has not his equal. For he differs from the religious quietist, who cares for no sublunary thing, by his zeal as an officer, his ardor for reform, his patriotism, his ceaseless energy. However, the Marquis will listen to no objections, and the Bailli goes to Malta, where for two years he will have to spend money like water. As Malta produces nothing, all commodities have to be sent from France. The Marquis looks after everything, and dispatches the means and materials of a two years' feasting before his brother gets there. "Linen, furniture, clothes, liveries covered with gold, glass, porcelain, wine, liqueurs, not forgetting the cuffs of Valenciennes lace indispensable to a General of Galleys, and six silver buckets to cool the bottles, all accompanied with enormous provisions for the table," costing in round number something like one hundred and fifty thousand francs, all to disappear in idle pomp and riotous living, very harmful to everybody concerned.

To such a character as the Bailli's, simple, frugal, and detesting show, these two years of reveling at Malta must have been as unpleasant and distasteful as any he ever experienced. To the man of naturally sober and moderate tastes, wasteful extravagance and profusion are perhaps more offensive than parsimony and stinting are to the self-indulgent and luxurious. To be compelled to live with, and constantly entertain, frivolous gormandizers and toppers, must have been, one would think, a trial too heavy to be borne. The Bailli bears it with the quiet stoicism he brings to all things. He does not seem to have been wearied to death, as unconsciously he must have been. He expresses no nausea and disgust at the company he has to keep, at the time he has to waste. At his brother's persuasion he has made a venture, and he waits for the result. He is indeed at times terribly anxious lest the money should be spent in vain. But in the mean while he spends his money for a given object, just as a naval officer would spend ammunition to carry a fort. He gives the roisterers more and

better wine than they ever had before, and says to them, "As it was only got for you, you shall have it while it lasts." "We do not deserve to have such a general," one of them appreciatingly said. In a word, by his sumptuosities and punctual payments, the Bailli acquitted himself in his odd position with his usual exactness to universal satisfaction. Only on one point did he risk nearly complete failure, but it was a point on which he would brook no expostulation. His hatred of rogues nearly wrecked him in Malta as it had done in Guadaloupe. The Grand Master Pinto, who was his friend, was also in extreme old age, and his probable, almost certain, successor was the Bailli de Tencin (a near relative of D'Alembert's mother), a man without probity or courage, and altogether offensive to the moral sense. His relations with such a man as the Bailli de Mirabeau might safely be predicted, and they soon became openly hostile. But here was a threatening prospect. If old Pinto died, as in the course of nature he soon must, and Tencin succeeded him, what hope was there for the rich commandery in view of which all this lavish expense had been incurred? None whatever. Still nothing shall make the brave Bailli bend the knee to Baal. "If Providence," he says, "puts me like Job on a dunghill, and ruins my family, nothing shall induce me to give my vote to a man whom I consider unworthy."

Though we may be certain that he would have stood the test, he happily was never put to it. Instead of Pinto, Tencin died, and at once liberated several of the richest commanderies of the Order. After a little delay one of them was given to the good Bailli, who thus secured an income for life of some fifty thousand francs a year.

It was just in time. The Marquis de Mirabeau, with his abortive speculations and ruinous lawsuits, from easy circumstances had fallen into a condition akin to poverty. Whether the Bailli, with his now well-filled purse, was ready to help him need not be said. But it presently strikes him that he (the Bailli) may die first, and then what will become of his brother? He soon hits upon an expedient, viz., to make an arrangement with the authorities at Malta, by which, on consideration that he during his life drew only a moiety of his emoluments, the other moiety should devolve on his brother after his own death. An offer so advantageous to the Order would certainly have been accepted, but the Marquis promptly interposes his *veto*. "As regards mutilating yourself for me, my answer is that I want you to be rich; and, by my faith, if I ever lose you, I shall not need anything fifteen days after!"

Space fails to say more of this interesting work at present. I have dwelt chiefly on one

individual, because he is at once very interesting and little known. But several other characters, whose fortunes are recounted in these pages, are well fitted to attract attention. A third brother, Louis Alexandre, whose career was short and not always creditable, was evidently no commonplace man, and full of the Mirabeau fire and originality. The three women who appear in the book, the two Marquises de Mirabeau, and Madame de Pailly, are interesting figures in very op-

posite ways, especially the last. Most interesting and original of all, the old Marquis, "the crabbed Friend of Man," is well worthy of the elaborate study which M. de Loménie has devoted to him. Not only is his life, but his works and their connection with some of the most important lines of speculation in the eighteenth century are discussed with a quiet fullness and mastery which render this book a very valuable addition to the higher literature on that period.

JAS. COTTER MORISON, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

SCHOPENHAUER ON MEN, BOOKS, AND MUSIC.

MANY readers who have neither leisure nor inclination to master Schopenhauer's scheme of metaphysics, nor German enough to read his non-philosophical works with ease, may yet like to know what the great pessimist thought on men considered as social and intellectual beings, on books and authors, lastly on music and art generally; topics on which he mused perpetually, and had much to say. The metaphysician was ever the keen observer to whom nothing human was alien. He could not be said to live in the world, but he knew it as few practical men have done, and not only its outer but its inner life, its æsthetic as well as its material side.

Insight led him further than experience leads the majority, and, theoretic pessimist *par excellence* though he was, as a moral teacher he has nevertheless some valuable lessons to give us, and cheerful lessons, too. What, indeed, will many readers ask with pardonable incredulity, can this cynic of cynics, this uncompromising misanthrope and unparalleled misogynist, teach the rest of mankind? A little patience, good reader, and the question shall be satisfactorily answered. It must first be borne in mind that Schopenhauer does not profess to instruct the great, unthinking, unlettered multitude, the "common herd," for whom he can not conceal his contempt. He says, somewhere, "Nature is intensely aristocratic with regard to the distribution of intellect. The demarkations she has laid down are far greater than those of birth, rank, wealth, or caste in any country, and in Nature's aristocracy, as in any other, we find a thousand plebeians to one noble, many millions to one prince, the far greater proportion consisting of mere *Pöbel, canaille, mob*." For the latter class—from his point of view the preponderating bulk

of mankind—it may be excellent citizens and heads of families, but without pretense either to originality, thought, or learning, and dominated by the commonplace, he entertains a positive aversion. It was less the incapacity of ordinary mortals that irritated him than their love of talking about what they do not understand, and that worst of all conceits, the conceit of knowledge without the reality. Stupidity was Schopenhauer's bugbear; mental obtuseness, in his eyes, the cardinal sin, the curse of Adam, the plague-spot in the intellectual world; and whenever opportunity arose he fell to the attack with Quixotic fury and impatience. "Conversation between a man of genius and a nonentity," he says somewhere, "is like the casual meeting of two travelers going the same way, the first mounted on a spirited steed, the other on foot. Both will soon get heartily tired of each other, and be glad to part company."

Equally good is the following psychological reflection:

The seal of commonness, the stamp of vulgarity written upon the greater number of physiognomies we meet with, is chiefly accounted for in the fact of the entire subjection of the intellect to the will; consequently, the impossibility of grasping things except in their relation to the individual self. It is quite the contrary with the expression of men of genius or richly endowed natures, and herein consists the family likeness of the latter throughout the world. We see written on their faces the emancipation of the intellect from the will, the supremacy of mind over volition; hence the lofty brow, the clear, contemplative glance, the occasional look of supernatural joyousness we find there in perfect keeping with the pensiveness of the other features, notably the mouth. This relation is finely indicated in the saying of Giordano Bruno: "In tristitia, hilaris; in hilaritate, tristis."

Here he brings his sledge-hammer upon the dunderheads without mercy:

Brainless pates are the rule, fairly furnished ones the exception, the brilliantly endowed very rare, genius a *portentum*. How otherwise could we account for the fact that out of upward of eight hundred millions of existing human beings, and after the chronicled experiences of six thousand years, so much should still remain to discover, to think out and to be said?

True enough, it required a Pascal to invent a wheelbarrow, and doubtless we must wait for another before discovering the cure for a smoking chimney and other every-day nuisances. But Schopenhauer does not content himself with scourging stupidity; he goes to the bottom of the matter, and, at the risk of touching metaphysical ground, we extract the following elucidation of an every-day mystery. Who has not gazed with puzzlement on the initial letters, names, and even mottoes cut upon ancient public monuments in all countries, from the pyramids of Egypt to the monoliths of Carnac, from the crumbling walls of the Dionysiac theatre at Athens to the tombs in the Campagna? Nothing is too solemn or too sacred for these incorrigible scratchers or scribblers, who seem, indeed, to have made the journey to the uttermost ends of the world for the sake of carving John Smith or Tom Brown on some conspicuous relic of former ages. As far as we know, Schopenhauer is the first to explain this mischievous and absurd habit of the tourists whose name is Legion:

By far the greater part of humanity [he says] are wholly inaccessible to purely intellectual enjoyments. They are quite incapable of the delight that exists in ideas as such; everything standing in a certain relation to their own individual will—in other words, to themselves and their own affairs—in order to interest them, it is necessary that their wills should be acted upon, no matter in how remote a degree. A *naïve* illustration of this can be seen in every-day trifles; witness the habit of carving names in celebrated places. This is done in order that the individual may in the faintest possible manner influence or act upon the place, since he is by it not influenced or acted upon at all.

To understand Schopenhauer's classification of mankind we should master his metaphysical scheme; but, for our present purpose, the following explanation will suffice: The world of dunderheads—the stupid, the ignorant, and the self-sufficient—are, according to his theory, to be distinguished from the intellectual, the gifted, the high-souled, and the noble-minded, in the *subjectivity* of their intellect—in other words, the subjection of intellect to will; while with the choice spirits, the flower and *élite* of mankind,

the reverse is the case; and this *objectivity*, or emancipation from the will, enables them to live outside the restricted little world of self; and, instead of being interested in things only as they immediately affect their own wills—i. e., interests, feelings, and passions—they are interested in the larger, wider life of thought and humanity. "Every man of genius," he says somewhere, "regards the world with purely objective interest—indeed, as a foreign country"; and in another passage, following out the same line of thought, he gives an apt simile by way of illustrating his theories:

The average individual (*Normal Mensch*) is engrossed in the vortex and turmoil of existence, to which he is bound hand and foot by his will. The objects and circumstances of daily life are ever present to him, but of such taken objectively he has not the faintest conception. He is like the merchants on the Bourse at Amsterdam, who take in every word of what their interlocutor says, but are wholly insensible to the surging noise of the multitude around them.

Cynical although this may sound, no one can write more genially than Schopenhauer when on his favorite theme of genius. If he castigates his arch-enemy—the *Normal Mensch*, nonentity, dunderhead, fool, as the case may be—he glows with poetic ardor and descants with appropriate warmth on the *Genialer*: which word we may take to mean the man of genius as well as the gifted, the intellectually genial, the uncommon as compared with the commonplace in humanity. It was not only that Schopenhauer realized the worth and value of genius and rare mental endowments to the world at large, but he comprehended what those precious gifts are to the individual himself. He understood that inscrutable felicity, that happiness past finding out, neither to be bestowed nor acquired, which is based on intellectual supremacy, a high spirit, a noble, unworldly nature. Characters of the loftiest type had inexhaustible fascinations for him; it was the wine with which he loved to intoxicate himself; the ambrosia on which he fed like an epicure. He never wearies of descanting upon the nature of that true joy which, to use the words of Seneca, is a serious thing, "The joy born of thought and intellectual beauty." Would that space permitted a translation of his entire chapter entitled "Von Dem, was Einer ist," "*Parerga*," vol. i.; for this, if nothing else, would put Schopenhauer before us in the light of a moral teacher, inculcating the superiority of spiritual, moral, and intellectual truth over material good and worldly well-being. "Happiness depends on what we are—on our individuality. For only that which a man has in himself, which he carries with him into solitude,

which none can give or take away, is intrinsically his"; and elsewhere he says:

As an animal remains perforce shut up in the narrow circle to which nature has condemned it, our endeavors to make our domestic pets happy being limited by their capacities, so is it with human beings. The character or individuality of each is the measure of his possible happiness, meted out to him beforehand, natural capacities having for once and for all set bounds to his intellectual enjoyments: are these capacities narrow, then no endeavors or influences from without, nothing that men or joys can do for him, suffice to lead an individual beyond the measure of the commonplace, and he is thrown back upon mere material enjoyments, domestic life, sad or cheerful as the case may be, mean companionship and vulgar pastime, culture being able to do little in widening the circle. For the highest, the most varied, the most lasting enjoyments are those of the intellect, no matter how greatly in youth we may deceive ourselves as to the fact. Hence it becomes clear how much our happiness depends on what we are, while for the most part fate or chance bring into computation only what we have, or what we appear to be.

Not in this passage only, but in a dozen others, Schopenhauer has contrasted the existence of the worldling, the devotee of business or pleasure, the materialist, or the empty-pated, living, intellectually speaking, from hand to mouth, with that of the thinker, the student, the man of wide culture and many-sided knowledge and aspiration. "There is no felicity on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind finds at its happiest moments in itself," he writes; and this consideration leads him to some rather uncharitable remarks upon society, so called, and its unsatisfactoriness in so far as the *Genialer*, intellectual or genial-minded, are concerned:

The more a man has in himself, the less he needs of others, and the less they can teach him. This supremacy of intelligence leads to unsociableness. Ay; could the quality of society be compensated by quantity, it might be worth while to live in the world! Unfortunately, we find, on the contrary, a hundred fools in the crowd to one man of understanding! The brainless, on the other hand, will seek companionship and pastime at any price. For in solitude, when all of us are thrown upon our own resources, what he has in himself will be made manifest. Then sighs the empty-pated, in his purple and fine linen, under the burden of his wretched Ego, while the man rich in mental endowments fills and animates the dreariest solitude with his own thoughts. Accordingly we find that every one is sociable and craves society in proportion as he is intellectually poor and ordinary. For we have hardly a choice in the social world between solitude and commonplaceness.

So much for Schopenhauer's classification of

mankind, since in substance it amounts to this: Wise men and fools, thinkers and empty-pates, illuminating spirits and bores—he is never tired of drawing the distinction between them, and ringing the changes on their respective merits and demerits. Bitter, cynical, sarcastic as he is, his strictures are for the most part true, and if boredom or stupidity, like other human infirmities, admit of alleviation, Schopenhauer shows the way. All that he has to say on education, the cultivation of good habits in youth, the proper subjection of the passions to reason, is admirable. He, as usual, goes to the root of the matter, and begins with trying to hammer into the understandings of his countrypeople those elementary notions of hygiene and physical training we find so wanting among them:

As we ought above all things to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness, and as nothing less affects it than wealth, and nothing more so than bodily health, we should strive after the highest possible degree of health, by means of temperance and moderation, physical as well as mental; two hours' brisk movement in the open air daily [Heavens! what do German professors say to *that*? and the next prescription also must alarm them still more], and the free use of cold water, also dietary rules.

All who are familiar with German domestic life know how, even in the best educated classes, such things are still neglected, to the great detriment of health, sedentary habits especially being carried to a pitch which appears to ourselves incredible. When Schopenhauer reprimands his countrymen severely upon their want of common sense in these matters, we feel the strictures to be deserved, and must remember that he wrote thirty years ago; his voice being among the first, if not the very first, raised in Germany on behalf of soap-and-water, and exercise. In a sentence he happily enunciates the primary principles of education, not considered as merely a system of instruction, but in the comprehensive sense of the word:

Above all things, children should learn to know life in its various relations, from the original, not a copy. Instead of making haste to put books in their hands, we should teach them by degrees the nature of things and the relation in which human beings stand to each other.

From education we pass to the subject of culture, so called; in other words, that self-education which men and women pursue for themselves throughout the various stages of their existence. We find such a process going on in all classes. Some people have one way of instructing themselves, some another; but we may fairly take it for granted that books are or profess to be the principal instructors of adult humanity.

Seeing the enormous numbers of worthless books published, and the vast amount of time squandered upon their perusal, we can not honestly deny the following assertions:

It is the case with literature as with life: wherever we turn, we come upon the incorrigible mob of mankind, whose name is Legion, swarming everywhere, damaging everything, as flies in summer. Hence the multiplicity of bad books, those exuberant weeds of literature which choke the true corn. Such books rob the public of time, money, and attention, which ought properly to belong to good literature and noble aims, and they are written with the view merely to make money or occupation. They are therefore not merely useless, but injurious. Nine tenths of our current literature has no other end but to inveigle a thaler or two out of the public pocket, for which purpose author, publisher, and printer are leagued together. A more pernicious, subtler, and bolder piece of trickery is that by which penny-a-liners (*Brod-schreiber*) and scribblers succeed in destroying good taste and real culture. . . . Hence the paramount importance of acquiring the art *not* to read; in other words, of not reading such books as occupy the public mind, or even those which make a noise in the world, and reach several editions in their first and last years of existence. We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an enormous audience, and we should devote the ever-scant leisure of our circumscribed existence to the master spirits of all ages and nations, those who tower over humanity, and whom the voice of Fame proclaims: only such writers cultivate and instruct us. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good, never too much. The bad are intellectual poison, and undermine the understanding. Because people insist on reading not the best books written for all time, but the newest contemporary literature, writers of the day remain in the narrow circle of the same perpetually revolving ideas, and the age continues to wallow in its own mire.

This is severe, but who, in these days of book-making and inordinate reading of the emptiest kind, will affirm that the philosopher's strictures are unmerited? Schopenhauer knew what literature is, and had nurtured his intellect on the choicest, not only of his own country but of others; and he could not brook the craving for bad books and the indifference to works of genius that he saw around him. It was not, however, the smatterer, but the book-worm and the pedant he had in his mind when penning the sentence:

Mere acquired knowledge belongs to us only like a wooden leg and a wax nose. Knowledge attained by means of thinking resembles our natural limbs, and is the only kind that really belongs to us. Hence the difference between the thinker and the pedant. The intellectual possession of the independent thinker is like a beautiful picture, which stands before us, a living thing, with fitting light and shadow, sustained tones, perfect harmony of color. That of the merely

learned man may be compared to a palette covered with bright colors, perhaps even arranged with some system, but wanting in harmony, coherence, and meaning.

Feelingly and beautifully he writes elsewhere about books:

We find in the greater number of works, leaving out the very bad, that their authors have thought, not seen—written from reflection, not intuition. And this is why books are so uniformly mediocre and wearisome. For, what an author has thought, the reader can think for himself; but, when his thought is based on intuition, it is as if he takes us into a land we have not ourselves visited. All is fresh and new. . . . We discover the quality of a writer's thinking powers after reading a few pages. Before learning what he thinks, we see how he thinks—namely, the texture of his thoughts; and this remains the same, no matter the subject in hand. The style is the stamp of individual intellect, as language is the stamp of race. We throw away a book when we find ourselves in a darker mental region than the one we have just quitted. Only those writers profit us whose understanding is quicker, more lucid than our own, by whose brain we indeed think for a time, who quicken our thoughts, and lead us whither alone we could not find our way.

In the same strain is the following extract from his great work, "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung":

It is dangerous to read of a subject before first thinking about it. Thereby arises the want of originality in so many reading people; for they only dwell on a topic so long as the book treating of it remains in their hands—in other words, they think by means of other people's brains instead of their own. The book laid aside, they take up any other matters with just the same lively interest, such as personal affairs, cards, gossip, the play, etc. To those who read for the attainment of knowledge, books and study are mere steps of a ladder leading to the summit of knowledge—as soon as they have lifted their feet from one step, they quit it, mounting higher. The masses, on the contrary, who read or study in order to occupy their time and thoughts, do not use the ladder to get up by, but burden themselves with it, rejoicing over the weight of the load. They carry what should carry them.

Upon books in the abstract, Schopenhauer has much that is suggestive to tell us, and here also we must perforce content ourselves with a few golden grains from the garnered stores before us.

He was a stupendous reader; and he read not only the masterpieces of his own age and country, but of most others. Oriental literature, the classics of Greece and Rome, the great English, Spanish, Italian, and French authors, were equally familiar to him. We can not recall a

literary masterpiece he had not studied; and, the more he read, the more eclectic he became. As a critic, he is as original as he is suggestive, whether one can always agree or not. Take the following:

To my thinking, there is not a single noble character to be found throughout Homer, though many worthy and estimable. In Shakespeare is to be found one pair of noble characters—yet not so in a supreme degree—Cordelia and Coriolanus, hardly any more; the rest are made of the same stuff as Homer's folk. Put all Goethe's works together, and you can not find a single instance of the magnanimity portrayed in Schiller's "Marquis Posa."

And these remarks on history:

He who has read Herodotus will have read quite enough history for all practical purposes. Everything is here of which the world's after-history is composed—the striving, doing, suffering, and fate of humanity, as brought about by the attributes and physical conditions Herodotus describes.

But he would not discourage the student of history:

What understanding is to the individual, history is to the human race. Every gap in history is like a gap in the memory of a human being. In this sense, it is to be regarded as the understanding and conscious reason of mankind, and represents the direct self-consciousness of the whole human race. Only thus can humanity be taken as a whole, and herein consists the true work of this study and its general overpowering interest. It is a personal matter of all mankind.

His running commentaries on some of the literary *chefs-d'œuvre* of various epochs are acute and ardently sympathetic pieces of criticism. He was, as is well known, a great, if somewhat theoretical, admirer of England and anything English, and had a positive passion for some of our writers—Byron, for one. The reader may find abundant criticism, with frequent citations from many authors, in "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," and these may be enjoyed without plunging ourselves into the gulf of metaphysics.

We must add that he writes always in a lucid manner. Schopenhauer was indeed a German who knew what style meant, and this might have formed his epitaph had he permitted any: "I will have nothing written on my tomb," he said, "except the name of Arthur Schopenhauer. The world will soon find out who *he* was"—a prediction which indeed came true. Doubtless the limpid, clear-flowing style of his prose has no little contributed to the popularization of his works. However weighed down with metaphysics, his writings are generally so transparent in expression, and so clear in conception, as to

form delightful reading—the maliciousness adding piquancy here and there.

But it is on the subject of nature and art generally, above all, his darling theme of music, that we find him at his best and happiest.

The sneer has now vanished from his lips, and instead of gall and wormwood we have honeyed utterances only. While none could more pungently satirize the things he hated, none could more poetically extol the things he loved—witness his chapters on music, art, and nature. Of course, only scientific musicians, and perhaps also musicians wedded to the music of the future, can fully appreciate his theories; but all who care for music at all, and understand what it means in the faintest degree, will read with delight such passages as these:

How significant and full of meaning is the language of music! Take the *Da Capo*, for instance, which would be intolerable in literary and other compositions, yet here is judicious and welcome, since in order to grasp the melody we must hear it twice.

The unspeakable fervor or inwardness (*innige*) of all music, by virtue of which it brings before us so near and yet so remote a paradise, arises from the quickening of our innermost nature that it produces, always without its reality or tumult.

Music, indeed, is bound up with Schopenhauer's metaphysical theories; and, rather than miss one of the most exquisite passages on this subject in his *opus magnum*, we for once graze lightly on metaphysical ground. The following requires to be carefully thought over:

The nature of man is so constituted that his will is perpetually striving and perpetually being satisfied—striving anew, and so on, *ad infinitum*, his only happiness consisting in the transition from wish to fulfillment and from fulfillment to wish; all else is mere *ennui*.

Corresponding to this is the nature of melody, which is a constant swerving and wandering from the key-note, not only by means of perfect harmonies, such as the third and dominant, but in a thousand ways and by every possible combination, always perforce returning to the key-note at last. Herein, melody expresses the multiform striving of the will, its fulfillment by various harmonies, and, finally, its perfect satisfaction in the key-note. The invention of melody—in other words, the unveiling thereby of the deepest secrets of human will and emotion—is the achievement of genius farthest removed from all reflective and conscious design. I will carry my analogy farther. As the rapid transition of wish to fulfillment and from fulfillment to wish is happiness and contentment, so quick melodies without great deviations from the key-note are joyous, while slow melodies, only reaching the key-note after painful dissonances and frequent changes of time, are sad.

The rapid, lightly grasped phrases of dance-music seem to speak of easily reached, every-day happiness: the *allegro maestoso*, on the contrary, with its slow periods, long movements and wide deviations, bespeaks a noble, magnanimous striving after a far-off goal, the fulfillment of which is eternal. The *adagio* proclaims the suffering of lofty endeavors, holding petty or common joys in contempt. How wonderful is the effect of minor and major! how astounding that the alteration of a semitone and the exchange from a major to a minor third should immediately and invariably awaken a pensive, wistful mood from which the major at once releases us! The *adagio* in a minor key expresses the deepest sadness, losing itself in a pathetic lament.

Such brief citations suffice to show us in what light Schopenhauer regarded music, but all who wish to master his theories on the subject must turn to his works themselves, wherein they will find, as our French neighbors say, *à quoi boire et à quoi manger*: in other words, intellectual sustenance, equally light, palatable, and nourishing, to be returned to again and again with unflagging appetite. The world of art, like the world of thought and philosophy, was more real and vital to him than that of daily life and common circumstances; and how he regarded a musical composition, a picture, a book, or any true work of art, the following happy similes will testify:

The creations of poets, sculptors, and artists generally contain treasures of deepest recognizable wisdom, since in these is proclaimed the innermost nature of things, whose interpreters and illustrators they are. Every one who reads a poem or looks at a work of art must seek for such wisdom, and each naturally grasps it in proportion to his intelligence and culture, as a skipper drops his plummet-line just as far as the length of his rope allows. We should stand before a picture as before a sovereign, waiting to see if it has something to tell us and what it may be, and no more speak to the one than to the other, else we only express ourselves.

This last sentence shows Schopenhauer's intensity of artistic feeling, nor must it be for a moment supposed that he was insensible to nature. In his last lonely years at Frankfort, and indeed throughout his life, long country rambles were his daily recreations, the wholesome rule of "two hours' brisk movement in the open air," which he laid down for his countrypeople, not being neglected by himself. Many of us know Frankfort pretty well, and can picture to ourselves exactly the kind of suburban spot which might have suggested this thought to the great pessimist:

How æsthetic is Nature! Every corner of the world, no matter how insignificant, adorns itself in the tastefullest manner when left alone, proclaiming

by natural grace and harmonious grouping of leaves, flowers, and garlands that Nature, and not the great egotist man, has here had her way. Neglected spots straightway become beautiful.

And then he goes on to compare the English and French garden, with a compliment to the former, which unfortunately it has ceased to deserve. The straggling, old-fashioned English garden Schopenhauer admired so much is now a rarity—the formal parterres, geometrical flowerbeds, and close-cropped alleys he equally detested, having superseded the easy, natural graces of former days. He adored animals no less than nature, and amid the intricate problems of his great work and the weighty questions therein evolved concerning the nature and destiny of human will and intellect, he makes occasion to put in a plea for the dumb things so dear to him. His pet dog, Atma, meaning in Sanskrit the Soul of the Universe, was the constant companion of his walks, and when he died his master was inconsolable. The cynic, the misanthrope, the woman-hater, was all tenderness here.

Was Schopenhauer happy or not? Who can answer that question for another? He was alone in the world, having never made for himself a home or domestic ties; he hated society—except, as we have seen, that infinitesimal portion of it suited to his intellectual aspirations, his favorite recreations being long country walks and the drama. It also amused him to dine at a *table d'hôte*, which he did constantly in the latter part of his lifetime. But that he understood what inner happiness was we have seen, and the secret of it he had discovered also. If joy of the intenser kind is born of thought and spiritual or intellectual beauty, no less true it is that every-day enjoyment depends on cheerfulness, and with the following golden maxims, suited alike for the "Normal Mensch" and the "Genialer," commonplace humanity and the choicer intellects among whom Schopenhauer found his kindred, may aptly close this little paper:

What most directly and above everything else makes us happy, is cheerfulness of mind, for this excellent gift is its own reward. He who is naturally joyous has every reason to be so, for the simple reason that he is as he is. Nothing can compensate like cheerfulness for the lack of other possessions, while in itself it makes up for all others. A man may be young, well-favored, rich, honored, happy, but, if we would ascertain whether or no he be happy, we must first put the question, Is he cheerful? If he is cheerful, then it matters not whether he be young or old, straight or crooked, rich or poor; he is happy. Let us throw open wide the doors to Cheerfulness whenever she makes her appearance, for it can never be unpropitious; instead of which, we too-often bar her way, asking ourselves, Have we

indeed, or have we not, good reasons for being content? Cheerfulness is the current coin of happiness, and not like other possession, merely its letter of credit.

We will close this paper with a few quotations culled here and there from the four volumes before us. It is alternately the sage, the artist, the satirist who is speaking to us:

Poverty is the scourge of the people, *ennui* of the better ranks. The boredom of Sabbatarianism is to the middle classes what week-day penury is to the needy.

Thinkers, and especially men of true genius, without any exception, find noise insupportable. This is no question of habit. The truly stoical indifference of ordinary minds to noise is extraordinary; it creates no disturbance in their thoughts, either when occupied in reading or writing, whereas, on the contrary, the intellectually endowed are thereby rendered incapable of doing anything. I have ever been of opinion that the amount of noise a man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers, and may be taken therefore as a measure of intellect generally. If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house, I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants. He who habitually slams the door instead of closing it is not only an ill-bred, but a coarse-grained, feebly-endowed creature.

It is truly incredible how negative and insignificant, seen from without, and how dull and meaningless, regarded from within, is the life of by far the greater bulk of human beings!

The life of every individual, when regarded in detail, wears a comic, when regarded as a whole, a tragic aspect. For the misadventures of the hour, the toiling and moiling of the day, the fretting of the week, are turned by freak of destiny into comedy. But the never-fulfilled desires, the vain strivings, the hopes so pitilessly shattered, the unspeakable blun-

ders of life as a whole, with its final suffering and death, ever make up a tragedy.

Mere clever men always appear exactly at the right time: they are called forth by the spirit of their age, to fulfill its needs, being capable of nothing else. They influence the progressive culture of their fellows and demands of special enlightenment; thereby their praise and its reward. Genius flashes like a comet amid the orbits of the age, its erratic course being a mystery to the steadfastly moving planets around.

Genius produces no works of practical value. Music is composed, poetry conceived, pictures painted; but a work of genius is never a thing to use. Uselessness indeed is its title of honor. All other human achievements contribute toward the support or alleviation of our existence; works of genius alone exist for their own sake, or may be considered as the very flower and bloom of destiny. This is why the enjoyment of art so uplifts our hearts. In the natural world also we rarely see beauty allied to usefulness. Lofty trees of magnificent aspect bear no fruit, productive trees for the most part being ugly little cripples. So, also, the most beautiful buildings are not useful. A temple is never a dwelling-place. A man of rare mental endowments, compelled by circumstances to follow a humdrum career fitted for the most commonplace, is like a costly vase, covered with exquisite designs, used as a cooking utensil. To compare useful people with geniuses is to compare building stones with diamonds.

Could we prevent all villains from becoming fathers of families, shut up the dunderheads in monasteries, permit a harem to the nobly gifted, and provide every girl of spirit and intellect with a husband worthy of her, we might look for an age surpassing that of Pericles.

Virtue, no more than genius, is to be taught. We might just as well expect our systems of morals and ethics generally to produce virtuous, noble-minded, and saintly individuals, as aesthetics to create poets, sculptors, and musicians.

Fraser's Magazine.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

MOOSE-HUNTING, if it has no other advantages, at least leads a man to solitude and the woods, and life in the woods tends to develop many excellent qualities which are not invariably produced by what we are pleased to call our civilization. It makes a man patient and able to bear constant disappointments; it enables him to endure hardship with indifference, and it produces a feeling of self-reliance which is both pleasant and serviceable. True luxury, to my mind, is only to be found in such a life. No man who has not experienced it knows what an

exhilarating feeling it is to be entirely independent of weather, comparatively indifferent to hunger, thirst, cold, and heat, and to feel himself capable not only of supporting but of enjoying life thoroughly, and that by the mere exercise of his own faculties. Happiness consists in having few wants and being able to satisfy them, and there is more real comfort to be found in a birch-bark camp than in the most luxuriously furnished and carefully appointed dwelling.

Such a home I have often helped to make. It does not belong to any recognized order of

architecture, although it may fairly claim an ancient origin. To erect it requires no great exercise of skill, and calls for no training in art schools. I will briefly describe it.

A birch-bark camp is made in many ways. The best plan is to build it in the form of a square, varying in size according to the number of inhabitants that you propose to accommodate. Having selected a suitable level spot and cleared away the shrubs and rubbish, you proceed to make four low walls composed of two or three small suitable-sized pine logs laid one on the other, and on these little low walls so constructed you raise the framework of the camp. This consists of light thin poles, the lower ends being stuck into the upper surface of the pine-trees which form the walls, and the upper ends leaning against and supporting each other. The next operation is to strip large sheets of bark off the birch-trees, and thatch these poles with them to within a foot or two of the top, leaving a sufficient aperture for the smoke to escape. Other poles are then laid upon the sheets of birch-bark to keep them in their places. A small doorway is left in one side, and a door is constructed out of slabs of wood or out of the skin of some animal. The uppermost log is hewed through with an axe, so that the wall shall not be inconveniently high to step over, and the hut is finished. Such a camp is perfectly impervious to wind or weather, or rather can be made so by filling up the joints and cracks between the sheets of birch-bark and the interstices between the pine logs with moss and dry leaves. You next level off the ground inside, and on three sides of the square strew it thickly with the small tops of the *sapin* or Canada balsam-fir for a breadth of about four feet; then take some long, pliant ash saplings or withy rods, and peg them down along the edge of the pine tops to keep your bed or carpet in its place, leaving a bare space in the center of the hut, where you make your fire. Two or three rough slabs of pine to act as shelves must then be fixed into the wall, a couple of portage-straps or tump-lines stretched across, on which to hang your clothes, and the habitation is complete.

I ought perhaps to explain what a "portage-strap" and a "portage" are. Many French and Spanish words have become incorporated with the English language in America. The Western cattle-man or farmer speaks of his farm or house as his "ranche," calls the inclosure into which he drives his stock a "corral," fastens his horse with a "lariat," digs an "acequia" to irrigate his land, gets lost in the "chaparral" instead of the bush, and uses commonly many other Spanish words and expressions. No hunter or trapper talks of hiding anything; he "caches" it, and he calls the place where he has stowed away a little store

of powder, flour, or some of the other necessities of life, a "cache." The French word "prairie," as everybody knows, has become part and parcel of the English language. Indians and half-breeds, who never heard French spoken in their lives, greet each other at meeting and parting with the salutation "bo jour" and "adieu." And so the word "portage" has come to be generally used to denote the piece of dry land separating two rivers or lakes over which it is necessary to carry canoes and baggage when traveling through the country in summer. Sometimes it is literally translated and called a "carry." Another French word, "traverse," is frequently used in canoeing, to signify a large, unsheltered piece of water which it is necessary to cross. A deeply-laden birch-bark canoe will not stand a great deal of sea, and quite a heavy sea gets up very rapidly on large, fresh-water lakes, so that a long "traverse" is a somewhat formidable matter. You may want to cross a lake say five or six miles in width, but of such a size that it would take you a couple of days to coast all round. That open stretch of five or six miles would be called a "traverse."

The number and length of the portages on any canoe route, and the kind of trail that leads over them, are important matters to consider in canoe-traveling. A man in giving information about any journey will enter into most minute particulars about them. He will say, "You go up such and such a river," and he will tell you all about it—where there are strong rapids; where it is very shallow; where there are deep, still reaches in which the paddle can be used, and where you must pole, and so forth. Then he will tell you how you come to some violent rapid or fall that necessitates a "portage," and explain exactly how to strike into the eddy, and shove your canoe into the bank at a certain place, and take her out there, and how long the "portage" is; whether there is a good trail, or a bad trail, or no trail at all; and so on with every "portage" on the route. Carrying canoes and baggage across the "portage" is arduous work. A birch-bark canoe must be treated delicately, for it is a very fragile creature. You allow it to ground very carefully; step out into the water, take out all the bales, boxes, pots, pans, bedding, rifles, etc.; lift up the canoe bodily, and turn her upside down for a few minutes to drain the water out. The Indian then turns her over, grasps the middle thwart with both hands, and with a sudden twist of the wrists heaves her up in the air, and deposits her upside down on his shoulders, and walks off with his burden. An ordinary-sized Mic-Mac or Melicite canoe, such as one man can easily carry, weighs about seventy or eighty pounds, and will take two men and about six or seven hundred pounds.

The *impedimenta* are carried in this manner: A blanket, doubled to a suitable size, is laid upon the ground; you take your portage-strap, or tump-line as it is sometimes called, which is composed of strips of webbing or some such material, and is about twelve feet long, a length of about two feet in the center being made of a piece of broad, soft leather; you lay your line on the blanket so that the leather part projects, and fold the edges of the blanket over either portion of the strap. You then pile up the articles to be carried in the center, double the blanket over them, and by hauling upon the two parts of the strap bring the blanket together at either side, so that nothing can fall out. You then cut a skewer of wood, stick it through the blanket in the center, securely knot the strap at either end, and your pack is made. You have a compact bundle with the leather portion of the portage-strap projecting like a loop, which is passed over the head and shoulders, and the pack is carried on the back by means of the loop which passes across the chest. If the pack is very heavy, and the distance long, it is usual to make an additional band out of a handkerchief or something of that kind, to attach it to the bundle, and pass it across the forehead, so as to take some of the pressure off the chest. The regular weight of a Hudson's Bay Company's package is eighty pounds; but any Indian or half-breed will carry double this weight for a considerable distance without distress. A tump-line, therefore, forms an essential part of the *voyageur's* outfit when traveling, and it comes in handy also in camp as a clothes-line on which to hang one's socks and moccasins to dry.

A camp such as that I have attempted to describe is the best that can be built. An ordinary camp is constructed in the same way, but with this difference, that instead of being in the form of a square it is in the shape of a circle, and the poles on which the bark is laid are stuck into the ground instead of into low walls. There is not half so much room in such a camp as in the former, although the amount of material employed is in both cases the same. It may be objected that the sleeping arrangements can not be very luxurious in camp. A good bed is certainly an excellent thing, but it is very hard to find a better bed than Nature has provided in the wilderness. It would appear as if Providence had specially designed the Canada-balsam fir for the purpose of making a soft couch for tired hunters. It is the only one, so far as I am aware, of the coniferous trees of North America in which the leaves or *spicula* lie perfectly flat. The consequence of that excellent arrangement is, that a bed made of the short, tender tips of the Canada balsam, spread evenly to the depth of about a

foot, is one of the softest, most elastic, and most pleasant couches that can be imagined; and, as the scent of the sap of the Canada balsam is absolutely delicious, it is always sweet and refreshing—which is more than can be said for many beds of civilization.

Hunger is a good sauce. A man coming in tired and hungry will find more enjoyment in a piece of moose-meat and a cup of tea than in the most luxurious of banquets. Moreover, it must be remembered that some of the wild meats of North America can not be excelled in flavor and delicacy; nothing, for instance, can be better than moose or caribou, mountain sheep or antelope. The "moufle," or nose of the moose, and his marrow-bones, are dainties which would be highly appreciated by the most accomplished epicures. The meat is good, and no better method of cooking it has yet been discovered than the simple one of roasting it before a wood-fire on a pointed stick. Simplicity is a great source of comfort, and makes up for many luxuries; and nothing can be more simple, and at the same time more comfortable, than life in such a birch-bark camp as I have attempted to describe. In summer-time and in the fall, until the weather begins to get a little cold, a tent affords all the shelter that the sportsman or the tourist can require. But when the leaves are all fallen, when the lakes begin to freeze up, and snow covers the earth, or may be looked for at any moment, the nights become too cold to render dwelling in tents any longer desirable. A tent can be used in winter, and I have dwelt in one in extreme cold, when the thermometer went down as low as thirty-two degrees below zero. It was rendered habitable by a little stove, which made it at the same time exceedingly disagreeable. A stove sufficiently small to be portable only contained wood enough to burn for an hour and a half or so. Consequently some one had to sit up all night to replenish it. Now, nobody could keep awake, and the result was that we had to pass through the unpleasant ordeal of alternately freezing and roasting during the whole night. The stove was of necessity composed of very thin sheet-iron, as lightness was an important object, and consequently, when it was filled with good birch-wood and well under way, it became red-hot, and rendered the atmosphere in the tent insupportable. In about half an hour or so it would cool down a little, and one would drop off to sleep, only to wake in about an hour's time shivering, to find everything frozen solid in the tent, and the fire nearly out. Such a method of passing the night is little calculated to insure sound sleep. In the depth of winter it is quite impossible to warm a tent from the outside, however large the fire may be. It must be built at

such a distance that the canvas can not possibly catch fire, and hence all heat is dispersed long before it can reach and warm the interior of the tent. It is far better to make a "lean-to" of the canvas, build a large fire, and sleep out in the open. A "lean-to" is easily made and scarcely needs description. The name explains itself. You strike two poles, having a fork at the upper end, into the ground, slanting back slightly; lay another fir pole horizontally between the two, and resting in the crotch; then place numerous poles and branches leaning against the horizontal pole, and thus form a framework which you cover in as well as you can with birch-bark, pine-boughs, pieces of canvas, skins, or whatever material is most handy. You build an enormous fire in the front, and the camp is complete. A "lean-to" must always be constructed with reference to the direction of the wind; it serves to keep off the wind and a certain amount of snow and rain. In other respects it is, as the Irishman said of the sedan-chair with the bottom out, more for the honor and glory of the thing than anything else. For all practical purposes you are decidedly cut off of doors.

Although the scenery of the greater part of Canada can not justly be described as grand or magnificent, yet there are a weird, melancholy, desolate beauty about her barrens, a soft loveliness in her lakes and forest glades in summer, a gorgeouslyness of color in her autumn woods, and a stern, sad stateliness when winter has draped them all with snow, that can not be surpassed in any land. I remember, as distinctly as if I had left it but yesterday, the beauty of the camp from which I made my first successful expedition after moose last calling season. I had been out several times unsuccessfully, sometimes getting no answer at all; at others, calling a bull close up, but failing to induce him to show himself; sometimes failing on account of a breeze springing up, or of the night becoming too much overcast and cloudy to enable me to see him. My companions had been equally unfortunate. We had spent the best fortnight of the season in this way, and had shifted our ground and tried everything in vain. At last we decided on one more attempt, broke camp, loaded our canoes, and started. We made a journey of two days, traversing many lovely lakes, carrying over several portages, and arrived at our destination about three o'clock in the afternoon. We drew up our canoes at one of the prettiest spots for a camp I have ever seen. It lay beside a little sheltered, secluded bay at the head of a lovely lake some three or four miles in length. The shores near us were covered with "hard-wood" trees—birch, maple, and beech, in their glorious autumn colors; while the more distant coasts were clothed with a somber, dark mass

of firs and spruce. Above the ordinary level of the forest rose at intervals the ragged, gaunt form of some ancient and gigantic pine that had escaped the notice of the lumberman or had proved unworthy of his axe. In front of us and to the right, acting as a breakwater to our harbor, lay a small island covered with hemlock and tamarack trees, the latter leaning over in various and most graceful angles, overhanging the water to such an extent as sometimes to be almost horizontal with it. Slightly to the left was a shallow spot in the lake marked by a growth of rushes, vividly green at the top, while the lower halves were of a most brilliant scarlet, affording the precise amount of warmth and bright coloring that the picture required. It is extraordinary how everything seems to turn to brilliant colors in the autumn in these northern latitudes. The evening was perfectly still; the surface of the lake, unbroken by the smallest ripple, shone like a mirror and reflected the coast line and trees so accurately that it was impossible to tell where water ended and land began.

The love of money and the love of sport are the passions that lead men into such scenes as these. The lumberman, the salmon-fisher, and the hunter in pursuit of large game, monopolize the beauties of nature in these Canadian wilds. The moose (*Cervus Alces*) and caribou (*Cervus rangifer*) are the principal large game to be found in Canada. The moose is by far the biggest of all existing deer. He attains to a height of quite eighteen hands, and weighs about twelve hundred pounds or more. The moose of America is almost if not quite identical with the elk of Europe, but it attains a greater size. The horns especially are much finer than those to be found on the elk in Russia, Prussia, or the Scandinavian countries.

The moose has many advantages over other deer, but it suffers also from some terrible disadvantages, which make it an easy prey to its great and principal destroyer, man. Whereas among most, if not all, the members of the deer tribe the female has but one fawn at a birth, the cow moose generally drops two calves—which is much in favor of the race. The moose is blessed with an intensely acute sense of smell, with an almost equally acute sense of hearing, and it is exceedingly wary and difficult of approach. On the other hand, it is but little fitted to move in deep snow, owing to its great weight. Unlike the caribou, which has hoofs specially adapted for deep snow, the moose's feet are small compared with the great bulk of the animal. If, therefore, it is once found and started when the snow lies deep upon the ground, its destruction is a matter of certainty; it breaks through the snow to solid earth at every step, becomes speedily exhausted, and falls an easy prey to men and dogs. Again,

a large tract of land is necessary to supply food for even one moose. In summer it feeds a good deal upon the stems and roots of water-lilies, but its staple food consists of the tender shoots of the moose-wood, ground-maple, alder, birch, poplar, and other deciduous trees. It is fond of ground-hemlock, and will also occasionally browse upon the *sapin* or Canada balsam, and even upon spruce, though that is very rare, and I have known them when hard pressed to gnaw bark off the trees. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are nearly "settled up." More and more land is cleared and brought under cultivation every day; more and more forest cut down year by year; and the moose-supporting portion of the country is becoming very limited in extent. On the other hand, the moose is an animal which could easily be preserved if only reasonable laws could be enforced. It adapts itself wonderfully to civilization. A young moose will become as tame as a domestic cow in a short time. Moose become accustomed to the ordinary noises of a settled country with such facility that they may sometimes be found feeding within a few hundred yards of a road. A railway does not appear to disturb them at all. I have shot moose within sound of the barking of dogs and the cackling of geese of a farmhouse, in places where the animals must have been constantly hearing men shouting, dogs barking, and all the noises of a settlement. Their sense of hearing is developed in a wonderful degree, and they appear to be possessed of some marvelous power of discriminating between innocent sounds and noises which indicate danger. On a windy day, when the forest is full of noises—trees cracking, branches snapping, and twigs breaking—the moose will take no notice of all these natural sounds; but if a man breaks a twig, or, treading on a dry stick, snaps it on the ground, the moose will distinguish that sound from the hundred voices of the storm, and be off in a second.

Why it is that the moose has developed no peculiarity with regard to his feet, adapting him especially to the country in which he dwells, while the caribou that shares the woods and barrens with him has done so in a remarkable degree, I will leave philosophers to decide. In the caribou the hoofs are very broad and round, and split up very high, so that when the animal treads upon the soft surface of the snow the hoofs spreading out form a natural kind of snow-shoe, and prevent its sinking deep. The frog becomes absorbed toward winter, so that the whole weight of the animal rests upon the hoof, the edges of which are as sharp as a knife, and give the animals so secure a foothold that they can run without fear or danger on the slippery surface of smooth glare ice. Now, the moose, on the con-

trary, is about as awkward on the ice as a shod horse, and will not venture out on the frozen surface of a lake if he can help it. His feet are rather small and pointed, and allow him to sink and flounder helplessly in the deep snows of mid-winter and early spring.

There are several ways in which the moose is hunted; some legitimate and some decidedly illegitimate. First of all there is moose-calling, which to my mind is the most interesting of all woodland sports. It commences about the beginning of September, and lasts for about six weeks, and consists in imitating the cry of the female moose, and thereby calling up the male. This may sound easy enough to do, especially as the bull at this season of the year loses all his caution, or the greater part of it. But the pastime is surrounded by so many difficulties that it is really the most precarious of all the methods of pursuing or endeavoring to outwit the moose; and it is at the same time the most exciting. I will endeavor to describe the method by giving a slight sketch of the death of a moose in New Brunswick woods last year.

It was early in October. We had pitched our tents—for at that season of the year the hunter dwells in tents—upon a beautiful hard-wood ridge, bright with the painted foliage of birch and maple. The weather had been bad for calling, and no one had gone out, though we knew there were moose in the neighborhood. We had cut a great store of firewood, gathered bushels of cranberries, dug a well in the swamp close by, and attended to the thousand and one little comforts that experience teaches one to provide in the woods, and had absolutely nothing to do. The day was intensely hot and sultry, and if any one had approached the camp about noon he would have deemed it deserted. All hands had hung their blankets over the tents by way of protection from the sun, and had gone to sleep. About one o'clock I awoke, and sauntered out of the tent to stretch my limbs, and take a look at the sky. I was particularly anxious about the weather, for I was tired of idleness, and had determined to go out if the evening offered a tolerably fair promise of a fine night. To get a better view of the heavens I climbed to my accustomed lookout in a comfortable fork near the summit of a neighboring pine, and noted with disgust certain little black shreds of clouds rising slowly above the horizon. To aid my indecision I consulted my dear old friend John Williams, the Indian, who after the manner of his kind stoutly refused to give any definite opinion on the subject. All that I could get out of him was: "Well, dunno; mebbe fine, mebbe wind get up; guess pretty calm, perhaps, in morning. Suppose we go and try, or p'raps mebbe wait till

to-morrow." Finally I decided to go out; for, although if there is the slightest wind it is impossible to call, yet any wise and prudent man, unless there are unmistakable signs of a storm brewing, will take the chance; for the calling season is short and soon over.

I have said that an absolutely calm night is required for calling, and for this reason: the moose is so wary that in coming up to the call he will invariably make a circle down-wind in order to get scent of the animal which is calling him. Therefore, if there is a breath of wind astir, the moose will get scent of the man before the man has a chance of seeing the moose. A calm night is the first thing necessary. Secondly, you must have a moonlight night. No moose will come up in the daytime. You can begin to call about an hour before sunset, and moose will answer up to say two hours after sunrise. There is very little time, therefore, unless there is bright moonlight. In the third place I need scarcely observe that to call moose successfully you must find a place near camp where there are moose to call, and where there are not only moose, but bull-moose; not only bull-moose, but bulls that have not already provided themselves with consorts; for, if a real cow begins calling, the rough imitation in the shape of a man has a very poor chance of success, and may as well give it up as a bad job. Fourthly, you must find a spot that is convenient for calling—that is to say, a piece of dry ground, for no human being can lie out all night in the wet, particularly in the month of October, when it freezes hard toward morning. You must have dry ground well sheltered with trees or shrubs of some kind, and a tolerably open space around it for some distance—open enough for you to see the bull coming up when he is yet at a little distance, but not a large extent of open ground, for no moose will venture out far on an entirely bare, exposed plain. He is disinclined to leave the friendly shelter of the trees. A perfect spot, therefore, is not easily found. Such are some of the difficulties which attend moose-calling, and render it a most precarious pastime. Four conditions are necessary, and all four must be combined at one and the same time.

Having once determined to go out, preparations do not take long. You have only to roll up a blanket and overcoat, take some tea, sugar, salt, and biscuit, a kettle, two tin pannikins, and a small axe, with, I need scarcely say, rifle and ammunition. The outfit is simple; but the hunter should look to everything himself, for an Indian would leave his head behind if it were loose. A good thick blanket is very necessary, for moose-calling involves more hardship and more suffering from cold than any other branch of the noble sci-

ence of hunting with which I am acquainted. It is true that the weather is not especially cold at that time of year, but there are sharp frosts occasionally at night, and the moose-caller can not make a fire by which to warm himself, for the smell of smoke is carried a long way by the slightest current of air. Neither dare he run about to warm his feet, or flap his hands against his sides, or keep up the circulation by taking exercise of any kind, for fear of making a noise. He is sure to have got wet through with perspiration on his way to the calling-place, which of course makes him more sensitive to cold.

So I and the Indian shouldered our packs, and started for the barren, following an old logging road. Perhaps I ought to explain a little what is meant by a "logging road" and a "barren." A logging road is a path cut through the forest in winter, when the snow is on the ground and the lakes are frozen, along which the trunks of trees or logs are hauled by horses or oxen to the water. A logging road is a most pernicious thing. Never follow one if you are lost in the woods, for one end is sure to lead to a lake or a river, which is decidedly inconvenient until the ice has formed; and in the other direction it will seduce you deep into the inner recesses of the forest, and then come to a sudden termination at some moss-covered, decayed pine-stump, which is discouraging. A "barren," as the term indicates, is a piece of waste land; but, as all hunting-grounds are waste, that definition would scarcely be sufficient to describe what a "barren" is. It means in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick an open marshy space in the forest, sometimes so soft as to be almost impassable, at other times composed of good solid hard peat. The surface is occasionally rough and tussocky, like a great deal of country in Scotland.

In Newfoundland there are barrens of many miles in extent, high, and, comparatively speaking, dry plateaus; but the barrens in the provinces I am speaking of vary from a little open space of a few acres to a plain of five or six miles in length or breadth. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the origin of these "barrens." It appears to me that they must have been originally lakes which have become dry by the gradual elevation of the land, and through the natural processes by which shallow waters become choked up and filled with vegetable debris. They have all the appearance of dry lakes. They are about the size of the numerous sheets of water that are so frequent in the country. The forest surrounds them completely, precisely in the same way as it does a lake, following all the lines and curvatures of the bays and indentations of its shores; and every elevated spot of dry solid ground is covered with trees exactly

as are the little islands that so thickly stud the surfaces of the Nova Scotian lakes. Most of the lakes in the country are shallow, and in many of them the process by which they become filled up can be seen at work. The ground rises considerably in the center of these barrens, which is, I believe, the case with all bogs and peat-mosses. I have never measured any of their areas, neither have I attempted to estimate the extent of the curvature of the surface; but on a barren where I hunted last year, of about two miles across, the ground rose so much in the center that when standing at one edge we could see the upper half of the pine-trees which grew at the other. The rise appeared to be quite gradual, and the effect was as if one stood on an exceedingly small globe, the natural curvature of which hid the opposite trees.

To return to our calling. We got out upon the barren, or rather upon a deep bay or indentation of a large barren, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and made our way to a little wooded island which afforded us shelter and dry ground, and which was within easy shot of one side of the bay, and so situated with regard to the other that a moose coming from that direction would not hesitate to approach it. The first thing to be done is to make a lair for one's self—a little bed. You pick out a nice, sheltered, soft spot, chop down a few sapin-branches with your knife, gather a quantity of dry grass or bracken, and make as comfortable a bed as the circumstances of the case will permit.

Having made these little preparations, I sat down and smoked my pipe while the Indian climbed up a neighboring pine-tree to "call." The only object of ascending a tree is that the sound may be carried farther into the recesses of a forest. The instrument wherewith the caller endeavors to imitate the cry of a cow consists of a cone-shaped tube made out of a sheet of birch-bark rolled up. This horn is about eighteen inches in length and three or four in diameter at the broadest end, the narrow end being just large enough to fit the mouth. The "caller" uses it like a speaking-trumpet, groaning and roaring through it, imitating as well as he can the cry of the cow moose. Few white men can call really well, but some Indians by long practice can imitate the animal with wonderful success. Fortunately, however, no two moose appear to have precisely the same voice, but make all kinds of strange and diabolical noises, so that even a novice in the art may not despair of himself calling up a bull. The real difficulty—the time when you require a perfect mastery of the art—is when the bull is close by, suspicious and listening with every fiber of its intensely accurate ear to detect any sound that may reveal the true nature of the

animal he is approaching. The smallest hoarseness, the slightest wrong vibration, the least unnatural sound, will then prove fatal. The Indian will kneel on the ground, putting the broad end of the horn close to the earth so as to deaden the sound, and, with an agonized expression of countenance, will imitate with such marvelous fidelity the wailing, anxious, supplicating cry of the cow, that the bull, unable to resist, rushes out from the friendly cover of the trees, and exposes himself to death. Or it may be that the most accomplished caller fails to induce the suspicious animal to show himself; the more ignoble passion of jealousy must then be aroused. The Indian will grunt like an enraged bull, break dead branches from the trees, thrash his birch-bark horn against the bushes, thus making a noise exactly like a moose fighting the bushes with his antlers. The bull can not bear the idea of a rival, and, casting his prudence to the winds, not unfrequently falls a victim to jealousy and rage.

The hunter calls through his horn, first gently, in case there should be a bull very near. He then waits a quarter of an hour or so, and, if he gets no answer, calls again a little louder, waiting at least a quarter of an hour—or half an hour, some Indians say, is best—after each attempt.

The cry of the cow is a long-drawn-out melancholy sound, impossible to describe by words. The answer of the bull-moose, on the contrary, is a rather short, guttural grunt, and resembles at a great distance the sound made by an axe chopping wood, or that which a man makes when pulling hard at a refractory clay pipe. You continue calling at intervals until you hear an answer, when your tactics depend upon the way in which the animal acts. Great acuteness of the sense of hearing is necessary, because the bull will occasionally come up without answering at all; and the first indication of his presence consists of the slight noise he makes in advancing. Sometimes a bull will come up with the most extreme caution; at others he will come tearing up through the woods, as hard as he can go, making a noise like a steam-engine, and rushing through the forest apparently without the slightest fear.

On the particular occasion which I am recalling, it was a most lovely evening. It wanted but about half an hour to sundown, and all was perfectly still. There was not the slightest sound of anything moving in the forest except that of the unfrequent flight of a moose-bird close by. And so I sat watching that most glorious transformation scene—the change of day into night; saw the great sun sink slowly down behind the pine-trees; saw the few clouds that hovered motionless above me blaze into the color of bright, burnished gold; saw the whole atmosphere be-

come glorious with a soft, yellow light, gradually dying out as the night crept on, till only in the western sky there lingered a faint glow fading into a pale, cold apple-green, against which the pines stood out as black as midnight, and as sharply defined as though cut out of steel. As the darkness deepened, a young crescent moon shone out pale and clear, with a glittering star a little below the lower horn, and above her another star of lesser magnitude. It looked as though a supernatural jewel—a heavenly pendant, two great diamond solitaires, and a diamond crescent—were hanging in the western sky. After a while, the moon too sank behind the trees, and darkness fell upon the earth.

I know of nothing more enchanting than a perfectly calm and silent autumnal sunset in the woods, unless it be the sunrise, which to my mind is more lovely still. Sunset is beautiful, but sad; sunrise is equally beautiful, and full of life, happiness, and hope. I love to watch the stars begin to fade, to see the first faint white light clear up the darkness of the eastern sky, and gradually deepen into the glorious coloring that heralds the approaching sun. I love to see Nature awake shuddering, as she always does, and arouse herself into active, busy life; to note the insects, birds, and beasts shake off slumber and set about their daily tasks.

Still, the sunset is inexpressibly lovely, and I do not envy the condition and frame of mind of a man who can not be as nearly happy as man can be when he is lying comfortably on a luxurious and soft couch, gazing in perfect peace on the glorious scene around him, rejoicing all his senses, and saturating himself with the wonderful beauties of a northern sunset.

So I sat quietly below, while the Indian called from the tree-top. Not a sound answered to the three or four long-drawn-out notes with which he hoped to lure the bull; after a long interval he called again, but the same perfect, utter silence reigned in the woods—a silence broken only by the melancholy hooting of an owl, or the imaginary noises that filled my head. It is extraordinary how small noises become magnified when the ear is kept at a great tension for any length of time, and how the head becomes filled with all kinds of fictitious sounds; and it is very remarkable also how utterly impossible it is to distinguish between a loud noise uttered at a distance and a scarcely audible sound close by. After listening very intently amid the profound silence of a quiet night in the forest for an hour or so, the head becomes so surcharged with blood, owing, I presume, to all the faculties being concentrated on a single sense, that one seems to hear distant voices, the ringing of bells, and all kinds of strange and impossible noises.

A man becomes so nervously alive to the slightest disturbance of the almost awful silence of a still night in the woods, that the faintest sound—the cracking of a minute twig, or the fall of a leaf, even at a great distance—will make him almost jump out of his skin. He is also apt to make the most ludicrous mistakes. Toward morning, about daybreak, I have frequently mistaken the first faint buzz of some minute fly, within a foot or so of my ear, for the call of moose two or three miles off.

About ten o'clock the Indian gave it up in despair and came down the tree; we rolled ourselves up in our rugs, pulled the hoods of our blanket coats over our heads, and went to sleep. I awoke literally shaking with cold. It was still the dead of night; and the stars were shining with intense brilliancy, to my great disappointment, for I was in hopes of seeing the first streaks of dawn. It was freezing very hard, far too hard for me to think of going to sleep again. So I roused the Indian and suggested that he should try another call or two.

Accordingly we stole down to the edge of the little point of wood in which we had ensconced ourselves, and in a few minutes the forest was reëchoing the plaintive notes of the moose. Not an answer, not a sound—utter silence, as if all the world were dead! broken suddenly and horribly by a yell that made the blood curdle in one's veins. It was the long, quavering, human, but unearthly scream of a loon on the distant lake. After what seemed to me many hours, but what was in reality but a short time, the first indications of dawn revealed themselves in the rising of the morning star, and the slightest possible paling of the eastern sky. The cold grew almost unbearable. That curious shiver that runs through nature—the first icy current of air that precedes the day—chilled us to the bones. I rolled myself up in my blanket and lighted a pipe, trying to retain what little caloric remained in my body, while the Indian again ascended the tree. By the time he had called twice it was gray dawn. Birds were beginning to move about, and busy squirrels to look out for their breakfast of pine-buds. I sat listening intently, and watching the blank, emotionless face of the Indian as he gazed around him, when suddenly I saw his countenance blaze up with vivid excitement. His eyes seemed to start from his head, his muscles twitched, his face glowed, he seemed transformed in a moment into a different being. At the same time he began with the utmost celerity, but with extreme caution, to descend to the ground. He motioned to me not to make any noise, and whispered that a moose was coming across the barren and must be close by. Grasping my rifle, we crawled carefully through the

grass, crisp and noisy with frost, down to the edge of our island of woods, and there, after peering cautiously around some stunted juniper-bushes, I saw standing, about sixty yards off, a bull moose. He looked gigantic in the thin morning mist which was beginning to drift up from the surface of the barren. Great volumes of steam issued from his nostrils, and his whole aspect, looming in the fog, was vast and almost terrific. He stood there perfectly motionless, staring at the spot from which he had heard the cry of the supposed cow, irresolute whether to come on or not. The Indian was anxious to bring him a little closer, but I did not wish to run the risk of scaring him, and so, taking aim as fairly as I could, considering I was shaking all over with cold, I fired and struck him behind the shoulder. He plunged forward on his knees, jumped up, rushed forward for about two hundred yards, and then fell dead at the edge of the heavy timber on the far side of the barren.

We went to work then and there to skin and clean him, an operation which probably took us an hour or more, and, having rested ourselves a few minutes, we started off to take a little cruise round the edge of the barren and see if there were any caribou on it. I should explain that "cruising" is in the provinces performed on land as well as at sea. A man says he has spent all summer "cruising" the woods in search of pine timber, and, if your Indian wants you to go out for a walk, he will say, "Let us take a cruise around somewhere." Accordingly, we trudged off over the soft, yielding surface of the bog, and, taking advantage of some stunted bushes, crossed to the opposite side, so as to be well down wind in case any animals should be on it. The Indian then ascended to the top of the highest pine-tree he could find, taking my glasses with him, and had a good look all over the barren. There was not a thing to be seen. We then passed through a small strip of wood, and came out upon another plain, and there, on ascending a tree to look round, the Indian espied two caribou feeding toward the timber. We had to wait some little time till they got behind an island of trees, and then, running as fast as the soft nature of the ground would permit, we contrived to get close up to them just as they entered the thick woods, and, after an exciting stalk of about half an hour, I managed to kill both.

Having performed the obsequies of the chase upon the two caribou, we returned to our calling-place. By this time it was about noon: the sun was blazing down with almost tropical heat. We had been awake the greater part of the night, and had done a hard morning's work, and felt a decided need for refreshment. In a few minutes we had lighted a little fire, put the kettle on to

boil, and set the moose kidneys, impaled on sharp sticks, to roast by the fire; and with fresh kidneys, good strong tea, plenty of sugar and salt, and some hard biscuit, I made one of the most sumptuous breakfasts it has been my lot to assist at.

Breakfast over, I told the Indian to go down to camp and bring up the other men to assist in cutting up and smoking the meat. As soon as he had departed, I laid myself out for a rest. I shifted my bed—that is to say, my heap of dried bracken and pine-tops—under the shadow of a pine, spread my blanket out, and lay down to smoke the pipe of peace in the most contented frame of mind that a man can ever hope to enjoy in this uneasy and troublesome world. I had suffered from cold and from hunger—I was now warm and well fed. I was tired after a hard day's work and long night's vigil, and was thoroughly capable of enjoying that greatest of all luxuries—sweet repose after severe exercise. The day was so warm that the shade of the trees fell cool and grateful, and I lay flat on my back, smoking my pipe, and gazing up through the branches into a perfectly clear, blue sky, with occasionally a little white cloud like a bit of swan's-down floating across it, and felt, as I had often felt before, that no luxury of civilization can at all compare with the comfort a man can obtain in the wilderness. I lay smoking till I dropped off to sleep, and slept soundly until the men coming up from camp awoke me.

Such is a pretty fair sample of a good day's sport. It was not a very exciting day, and I have alluded to it chiefly because the incidents are fresh in my mind. The great interest of moose-calling comes in when a bull answers early in the evening, and will not come up boldly, and you and the bull spend the whole night trying to outwit each other. Sometimes, just when you think you have succeeded in deceiving him, a little air of wind will spring up; he will get scent of you, and be off in a second. Sometimes a bull will answer at intervals for several hours, will come up to the edge of the open ground, and there stop and cease speaking. You wait, anxiously watching for him all night, and in the morning, when you examine the ground, you find that something had scared him, and that he had silently made off, so silently that his departure was unnoticed. It is marvelous how so great and heavy a creature can move through the woods without making the smallest sound; but he can do so, and does, to the great confusion of the hunter.

Sometimes another bull appears upon the scene, and a frightful battle ensues; or a cow will commence calling and rob you of your prey; or you may get an answer or two in the evening, and then hear nothing for several hours, and go

to sleep and awake in the morning to find that the bull had walked calmly up within ten yards of you. Very frequently you may leave camp on a perfectly clear, fine afternoon, when suddenly a change will come on, and you may have to pass a long, dreary night on some bare and naked spot of ground, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm. One such night I well remember last fall. It rained, and thundered, and blew the whole time from about eight o'clock, until daylight at last gave us a chance of dragging our chilled and benumbed bodies back to camp. Fortunately such exposure, though unpleasant, never does one any harm in the wilderness.

Occasionally a moose will answer, but nothing will induce him to come up, and in the morning, if there is a little wind, you can resort to the only other legitimate way of hunting the moose, namely, "creeping," or "still hunting," as it would be termed in the States, which is as nearly as possible equivalent to ordinary deer-stalking.

After the rutting-season the moose begin to "yard," as it is termed. I have seen pictures of a moose-yard in which numbers of animals are represented inside and surrounded by a barrier of snow, on the outside of which baffled packs of wolves are clamorously howling; and I have seen a moose-yard so described in print as to make it appear that a number of moose herd together and keep tramping and tramping in the snow to such an extent, that by mid-winter they find themselves in what is literally a yard—a hollow bare place, surrounded by deep snow. Of course such a definition is utterly absurd. A moose does not travel straight on when he is in search of food, but selects a particular locality, and remains there as long as the supply of provisions holds out; and that place is called a yard.

Sometimes a solitary moose "yards" alone, sometimes two or three together, occasionally as many as half a dozen may be found congregated in one place. When a man says he has found a "moose-yard," he means that he has come across a place where it is evident from the tracks crossing and recrossing and intersecting each other in all directions, and from the signs of browsing on the trees, that one or more moose have settled down to feed for the winter. Having once selected a place or "yard," the moose will remain there till the following summer if the food holds out, and they are not disturbed by man. If forced to leave their "yard," they will travel a long distance—twenty or thirty miles—before choosing another feeding-ground. After the rutting-season moose wander about in an uneasy state of mind for three weeks or so, and are not all settled down till the beginning of November.

In "creeping," therefore, or stalking moose, the first thing to be done is to find a moose-yard.

You set out early in the morning, in any direction you may think advisable, according to the way the wind blows, examining carefully all the tracks that you come across. When you hit upon a track, you follow it a little way, examining it and the ground and trees, to see if the animal is traveling or not. If you find that the moose has "yarded," that is to say, fed, and you can come across evidences of his presence not more than a couple of days or so old, you make up your mind to hunt that particular moose.

The utmost caution and skill are necessary. The moose invariably travels down wind some little distance before beginning to feed, and then works his way up, browsing about at will in various directions. He also makes a circle down wind before lying down, so that, if you hit on a fresh track and then follow it, you are perfectly certain to start the animal without seeing him. You may follow a moose-track a whole day, as I have done before now, and finally come across the place where you started him, and then discover that you had passed within fifty yards of that spot early in the morning, the animal having made a large circuit and lain down close to his tracks. The principle, therefore, that the hunter has to go upon is, to keep making small semi-circles down wind so as to constantly cut the tracks and yet keep the animal always to windward of him. Having come across a track and made up your mind whether it is pretty fresh, whether the beast is a large one worth following, and whether it is settled down and feeding quietly, you will not follow the track, but go down wind and then gradually work up wind again till you cut the tracks a second time. Then you must make out whether the tracks are fresher or older than the former, whether they are tracks of the same moose or those of another, and leave them again and work up, and cut them a third time; and so you go on gradually, always trimming down wind and edging up wind again, until, finally, you have quartered the whole ground.

Perhaps the moose is feeding upon a hardwood ridge of beech and maples of, say, two or three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. Every square yard you must make good in the way I have endeavored to describe, before you proceed to go up to the moose. At length, by dint of great perseverance and caution, you will have so far covered the ground that you will know the animal must be in some particular spot. Then comes the difficult moment. I may say at once that it is mere waste of time trying to creep except on a windy day, even with moccasins on; and it is of no use at any time trying to creep a moose unless you are provided with soft leather moccasins. No human being can get within shot of a moose on a still day; the best time is

when windy weather succeeds a heavy fall of rain. Then the ground is soft, the little twigs strewed about bend instead of breaking, and the noise of the wind in the trees deadens the sound of your footsteps. If the ground is dry, and there is not much wind, it is impossible to get near the game. When you have determined that the moose is somewhere handy—when you come across perfectly fresh indications of his presence—you proceed inch by inch; you must not make the smallest noise; the least crack of a dead branch or of a stick underfoot will start the animal. Especially careful must you be that nothing taps against your gun-stock, or that you do not strike the barrel against a tree, for, naturally, any such unusual sound is far worse than the cracking of a stick. If, however, you succeed in imitating the noiseless movements and footsteps of your Indian, you will probably be rewarded by seeing him presently make a "point" like a pointer dog. Every quivering fiber in his body proves his excitement. He will point out something dark to you among the trees. That dark mass is a moose, and you must fire at it without being too careful what part of the animal you are going to hit, for probably the moose has heard you and is only waiting a second before making up his mind to be off.

Generally speaking, the second man sees the moose first. The leader is too much occupied in looking at the tracks—in seeing where he is going to put his foot down. The second man has only to tread carefully in the footsteps of the man preceding him, and is able to concentrate his attention more on looking about. The moment you spy or hear the animal you should imitate the call of a moose, first to attract the attention of the animal, which, if it has not smelt you, will probably stop a second to make sure what it is that has frightened him; secondly, to let the Indian in front know that the game is on foot. Moose-creeping is an exceedingly difficult and exciting pastime. It requires all a man's patience, for, of course, you may travel day after day in this way without finding any traces of deer. To the novice it is not interesting, for, apparently, the Indian wanders aimlessly about the woods without any particular object. When you come to understand the motive for every twist and turn he makes, and appreciate the science he is displaying, it becomes one of the most fascinating pursuits in which the sportsman can indulge.

Sometimes one may be in good luck and come across a moose in some glade or "interval," the result of the labors of former generations of beavers. An "interval" is the local term for natural meadows, which are frequently found along the margins of streams. Beavers have done great and useful work in all these countries. The evi-

dences of their labors have far outlived the work of aboriginal man. They dam up little streams and form shallow lakes and ponds. Trees fall in and decay; the ponds get choked with vegetation, fill up, and are turned into natural meadows of great value to the settler. Beavers have played an important part in rendering these savage countries fit for the habitation of civilized man.

The moose may also be run down in winter-time on snow-shoes. This may be called partly a legitimate, and partly an illegitimate, mode of killing the animal. If the snow is not very deep, the moose can travel, and to come up with him requires immense endurance on the part of a man, but no skill except that involved in the art of running on snow-shoes. You simply start the animal and follow after him for a day, or sometimes two or three days, when you come up with him and walk as close as you like and shoot him.

If the snow lies very deep in early spring, moose may be slaughtered with ease. The sun thaws the surface, which freezes up again at night and forms an icy crust strong enough to support a man on snow-shoes or a dog, but not nearly strong enough to support a moose. Then they can be run down without trouble. You find your moose and start a dog after him. The unfortunate moose flounders helplessly in the snow, cutting his legs to pieces, and in a very short time becomes exhausted, and you can walk up to him, knock him on the head with an axe or stick him with a knife, as you think best. Hundreds and hundreds of moose have been slaughtered in this scandalous manner for their hides alone. The settlers also dig pits for them and snare them, both of which practices, I need hardly say, are most nefarious. There is nothing sportsmanlike about them, and they involve waste of good meat, because, unless a man looks to the snare every day (which these men never do), he runs the chance of catching a moose and finding the carcass unfit for food when he revisits the place. I shall not describe the method of snaring a moose, for fear some reader who has followed me thus far might be tempted to practice it, or lest it might be supposed for a moment that I had ever done such a wicked thing myself.

Many men prefer caribou-hunting to moose-hunting, and I am not sure that they are not right. The American caribou is, I believe, identical with the reindeer of Europe, though the American animal grows to a much larger size, and the males carry far finer horns. The does have small horns also. I believe the caribou is the only species of deer marked by that peculiarity. Caribou are very fond of getting out on the lakes as soon as the ice will bear, and feeding round the shores. They feed entirely on moss and lichens, principally on the long gray

moss locally known as "old men's beards," which hangs in graceful festoons from the branches of the pines, and on the beautiful purple and cream-colored caribou-moss that covers the barrens. They are not very shy animals, and will venture close to lumber-camps to feed on the moss which grows most luxuriantly on the tops of the pines which the axe-men have felled. Caribou can not be run down, and the settlers rarely go after them. They must be stalked on the barrens and lakes, or crept up to in the woods, precisely in the same manner as the moose.

Such is a brief outline of some Canadian sports. Life in the woods need not be devoted entirely to hunting, but can be varied to a great extent by fishing and trapping. The streams and lakes teem with trout, and the finest salmon-fishing in the world is to be found in New Brunswick and on the north shore of the gulf. In Lower Canada there is still a good deal of fur to be found. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia beavers are almost extinct, and marten, mink, lynx, otter, and other valuable fur-bearing animals are comparatively scarce. It would be hard, I think, for a man to spend a holiday more pleasantly and beneficially than in the Canadian woods. Hunting leads him into beautiful scenery; his method of life induces a due contemplation of nature, and tends to wholesome thought. He has not much opportunity for improving his mind with literature, but he can read out of the great book of Nature, and find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." If he has his eyes and ears open, he can not fail to take notice of many interesting circumstances and phenomena; and, if he has any knowledge of natural history, every moment of the day must be suggesting something new and interesting to him. A strange scene, for example, which came within my observation last year, completely puzzled me at the time, and has done so ever since. I was in Nova Scotia in the fall, when one day my Indian told me that in a lake close by all the rocks were moving out of the water, a circumstance which I thought not a little strange. However, I went to look at the unheard-of spectacle, and sure enough there were the rocks apparently all moving out of the water on to dry land. The lake is of considerable extent, but shallow, and full of great masses of rock. Many of these masses appear to have traveled right out of the lake, and are now high and dry, some fifteen yards above the margin of the water. They have plowed deep and regularly defined channels for themselves. You may see them of all sizes, from blocks of, say, roughly speaking, six or eight feet in diameter, down to stones which a man could lift. Moreover, you find them in various stages of

progress, some a hundred yards or more from shore, and apparently just beginning to move; others half-way to their destination, and others again, as I have said, high and dry above the water. In all cases there is a distinct groove or furrow which the rock has clearly plowed for itself. I noticed one particularly good specimen, an enormous block which lay some yards above high-water mark. The earth and stones were heaped up in front of it to a height of three or four feet. There was a deep furrow, the exact breadth of the block, leading down directly from it into the lake, and extending till it was hidden from my sight by the depth of the water. Loose stones and pebbles were piled up on each side of this groove in a regular, clearly defined line. I thought at first that from some cause or other the smaller stones, pebbles, and sand had been dragged down from *above*, and consequently had piled themselves up in *front* of all the large rocks too heavy to be moved, and had left a vacant space or furrow behind the rocks. But, if that had been the case, the drift of moving material would of course have joined together again in the space of a few yards behind the fixed rocks. On the contrary, these grooves or furrows remained the same width throughout their entire length, and have, I think, undoubtedly been caused by the rock forcing its way up through the loose shingle and stones which compose the bed of the lake. What power has set these rocks in motion it is difficult to decide. The action of ice is the only thing that might explain it; but how ice could exert itself in that special manner, and why, if ice is the cause of it, it does not manifest that tendency in every lake in every part of the world, I do not pretend to comprehend.

My attention having been once directed to this, I noticed it in various other lakes. Unfortunately, my Indian only mentioned it to me a day or two before I left the woods. I had not time, therefore, to make any investigation into the subject. Possibly some of my readers may be able to account for this, to me, extraordinary phenomenon.

Even from the point of view of a traveler who cares not for field sports, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in fact all Canada, is a country full of interest. It is interesting for many reasons which I have not space to enter into now, but especially so as showing the development of what in future will be a great nation. For whether in connection with this country, or as independent, or as joined to the United States, or any portion of them, that vast region which is now called British North America will assuredly some day support the strongest, most powerful, and most masterful population on the continent of America.

DUNRAVEN, in *Nineteenth Century*.

POEMS BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

[To those who watch the ebb and flow of the currents of critical opinion it is evident that since the death of Théophile Gautier, now more than six years ago, his writings have steadily risen in the appreciation of all English and American students of French poetry. During his life, and even for a time after his death, many were prejudiced against him by the evil report of his novel, "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*"—an early indiscretion which arose up against him in later years, and effectually barred him from the chair in the French Academy, which was surely his by right of genius. This prejudice has ceased to operate, and Gautier is now receiving more of the study he deserves so abundantly.]

Gautier has a fourfold claim to posthumous survival. He was romancer, traveler, critic, and poet. In the first two capacities he has been again and again before the American public in adequate translations. His novel "*Spirite*" has appeared in Appletons' "*Collection of Foreign Authors*," and his travels in Russia and to Constantinople are both accessible to the American reader in accurate translations. As a critic, either of the acted drama or of art, plastic and pictorial, his work is so voluminous that it has not as yet, even in France, been wholly gathered into volumes from the newspapers in which he scattered it with the royal liberality of lavish genius. But as a poet his work was of necessity far less—indeed, the best of it, his poetic testament to posterity, is gathered into the one book by which he wished to be judged, "*Émaux et Camées*." It is fortunately possible to give good English renderings of some of the best and most characteristic of these poems, and in so far to reveal Gautier as a poet to those who can not read him in the original. In the admirable criticism which Mr. Henry James, Jr., in his "*French Poets and Novelists*," has given us of Gautier, he says of this volume of "*Enamels and Cameos*": "Every poem is a masterpiece; it has received the author's latest and fondest care; all, as the title indicates, is goldsmith's work. In Gautier's estimation, evidently these exquisite little pieces are the finest distillation of his talent; not one of them but ought to have outweighed a dozen academic blackballs. Gautier's best verse is neither sentimental, satirical, narrative, nor even lyrical. It is always pictorial and plastic—a matter of images, 'effects,' and color. Even when the motive is an idea—of course, a slender one—the image absorbs and swallows it, and the poem becomes a piece of rhythmic imitation." Nearly all his metrical work was clearly chiseled verse, carved in fine lines, with many a curious and recondite suggestion. A supreme master of style, and worshiping with an Athenian idolatry the severe beauty of form, he reveled in the richness of his unrivaled vocabulary—unrivaled except, it may be, by Victor Hugo's, which is

not as deftly and delicately handled as was his younger friend and follower's. Obviously a poet of this sort is most difficult of translation, and a happy rendering of his work in another language is almost as much a matter of inspiration as the writing of the original poem. No one man, however gifted, could sit down to the translation into English of the whole of "*Enamels and Cameos*" with any hope, however slight, of success. But it happens—and this is but another instance of the growth of the more general appreciation referred to above—that various English poets reading Gautier have felt an impulse to bring over into English verse, as best they might, or this or that poem which at the moment struck a responsive chord in them. There are a dozen or more representative poems of Gautier's translated into English by as many different writers, with varying success, of course, but still giving a fairly adequate presentation of the French poet's work. Among the English poets who have made this attempt are Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Frederick Locker, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, and Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. Mr. Dobson, whose chaste style and clear-cut workmanship make him akin to Gautier, has given rather a paraphrase than a close translation of the final effort of Gautier's metrical skill—the beautiful poem on "*Art*." Mr. Swinburne's lyric fervor echoes the graceful severity of Gautier's song with less aptness; he, too, has given us an imitation rather than an exact rendering. It is to be remembered, as giving an added interest to this lyric, that Mr. Swinburne contributed, to the volume of poetic requiems chanted by the French choir over the grave of Gautier, poems in Greek, Latin, French, and English—surely one of the most extraordinary tributes ever paid by one poet to the memory of another. We have made also one selection from Mr. Harry Curwen's collection of "*French Love-Songs*."]

LOVE AT SEA.

We are in Love's Land to-day;
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in Love's Land to-day—
Where shall we go?

Our land-wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were;
Our ballast is a rose,
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where—
We are in Love's Land to-day.

Our seamen are fledged loves,
 Our masts are bills of doves,
 Our decks fine gold;
 Our ropes are dead maid's hair,
 Our stores are love-shafts fair
 And manifold—

We are in Love's Land to-day.

Where shall we land you, sweet?
 On fields of strange men's feet,
 Or fields near home?
 Or where the fire-flowers blow,
 Or where the flowers of snow
 Or flowers of foam?—

We are in Love's Land to-day.

Land me, she says, where love
 Shows but one shaft, one dove,
 One heart, one hand.
 —A shore like that, my dear,
 Lies where no man will steer—
 No maiden land.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE SPECTER OF THE ROSE.

*"Soulève ta paupière close,
 Qu'effleure un songe virginal!"*

I.

Those slumbering lids unclose,
 Where pure dreams hover so light!
 A specter am I—the Rose
 That you wore at the ball last night.
 You took me, watered so late
 My leaves yet glistened with dew;
 And amid the starry fête
 You bore me the evening through.

II.

O lady, for whom I died,
 You can not drive me away!
 My specter at your bedside
 Shall dance till the dawning of day.
 Yet fear not, nor make lament,
 Nor breathe sad psalms for my rest!
 For my soul is this tender scent,
 And I come from the bowers of the Blest.

III.

How many for deaths so divine
 Would have given their lives away!
 Was never such fate as mine—
 For in death on your neck I lay!
 To my alabaster bier
 A poet came with a kiss:
 And he wrote, "A rose lies here,
 But kings might envy its bliss."

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE.

ARS, VICTRIX.

*"Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
 Qu'une forme au travail
 Rebelle,
 Vers, marbre, onyx, émail."*

Yes; where the ways oppose—
 When the hard means rebel,
 Fairer the work outgrows—
 More potent far the spell.

O Poet! then forbear
 The loosely sandaled verse,
 Choose rather thou to wear
 The buskin—strait and terse.

See that thy form demand
 The labor of the file;
 Leave to the tyro's hand
 The limp pedestrian style.

Sculptor, do thou discard
 The yielding clay—consign
 To Parian pure and hard
 The beauty of thy line—

Model thy Satyr's face
 In bronze of Syracuse;
 In the veined agate trace
 The profile of thy Muse.

Painter, that still must mix
 But transient tints anew,
 Thou in the furnace fix
 The firm enamel's hue.

Let the smooth tile receive
 Thy dove-drawn Erycine;
 Thy sirens blue as eve
 Coiled in a wash of wine.

All passes. Art alone
 Enduring stays to us;
 The Bust outlasts the throne—
 The coin Tiberius.

Even the gods must go,
 Only the lofty Rhyme,
 Not countless years o'erthrown—
 Not long array of time.

Paint, chisel then, or write,
 But that the work surpass,
 With the hard fashion fight
 With the resisting mass.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE HUT.

Under the thick trees, about it swaying,
 A hump-backed hovel crouches low;
 The roof-tree bends—the walls are fraying,
 And on the threshold mosses grow.

Each window-pane is masked by shutters,
Still, as around the mouth in frost
The warm breath rises up and flutters,
Life lingers here—not wholly lost.

One curl of silver smoke is twining
Its pale threads with the silent air,
To tell God that there yet is shining
A soul-spark in that ruined lair.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

A WINTER PHANTASY.

Your veil is thick, and none would know
The pretty face it quite obscures;
But if you foot it through the snow,
Distrust those little boots of yours.

The telltale snow, a sparkling mold,
Says where they go and whence they came,
Lightly they touch its carpet cold,
And where they touch they sign your name.

Who runs may read! On twinkling feet
You trip where all may soon detect you;
And where, still rosy-cold, you meet
The nested Loves—they quite expect you!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

SECRET AFFINITIES.*

A PANTHEISTIC PHANTASY.

Deep in the vanished time, two statues white,
On an old temple's front, against blue gleams
Of an Athenian sky, instinct with light,
Blended their marble dreams.

In the same shell imbedded (crystal tears
Of the sad sea mourning her Venus flown),
Two pearls of loneliest ocean, through long years,
Kept whispering words unknown.

In the fresh pleasaunce, by Granada's river,
Close to the low-voiced fountain's silver
showers,
Two roses, from Boabdil's garden, ever
Mingled their murmuring flowers.

Upon the domes of Venice, in a nest
Where Love from age to age has had his
day,
Two white doves, with their feet of pink, found
rest
Through the soft month of May.

* This translation appeared several years ago in the "Journal," but its singular beauty and fitness for our present purpose are our excuse for repeating it.

Dove, rose, pearl, marble, into ruin dim
Alike dissolve themselves, alike decay;
Pearls melt, flowers wither, marble shapes dis-
limn,
And bright birds float away.

Each element, once free, flies back to feed
The unfathomable Life-dust, yearning dumb,
Whence God's all-shaping hands in silence
knead
Each form that is to come.

By slow, slow change, to white and tender flesh
The marble softens down its flawless grain;
The rose in lips as sweet and red and fresh,
Refigured, blooms again.

The doves once more murmur and coo beneath
The hearts of two young lovers when they
meet;
The pearls renew themselves, and flash as teeth
Through smiles divinely sweet.

Hence sympathetic emanations flow,
And with soft tyranny the heart control;
Touched by them, kindred spirits learn to know
Their sisterhood of soul.

Obedient to the hint some fragrance sends,
Some color, or some ray with mystic power,
Atom to atom never swerving tends,
As the bee seeks her flower.

Of moonlight visions round the temple shed,
Of lives linked in the sea, a memory wakes,
Of flower-talk flushing through the petals red
Where the bright fountain breaks.

Kisses, and wings that shivered to the kiss,
On golden domes afar, come back to rain
Sweet influence; faithful to remembered bliss,
The old love stirs again.

Forgotten presences shine forth, the past
Is for the visionary eye unsealed;
The breathing flower, in crimson lips recast,
Lives, to herself revealed.

Where the laugh plays a glittering mouth within
The pearl reclaims her luster softly bright;
The marble throbs, fused in a maiden skin
As fresh, and pure, and white.

Under some low and gentle voice the dove
Has found an echo of her tender moan;
Resistance grows impossible, and love
Springs up from the unknown.

O thou whom burning, trembling, I adore!
What shrine, what sea, what dome, what
rose-tree bower,
Saw us, as mingling marble, joined of yore,
As pearl, or bird, or flower?

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

TO THE BUTTERFLIES.

O gay butterflies, color of snow !
 Flitting merrily over the hollow,
 If you lend me your wings I will go
 By the blue airy pathway you follow.

Sweet, where all joys and all beauties dwell,
 If the gay butterflies would but try me,
 Can not your wonderful deep eyes tell
 As to whither away I would hie me ?

Without taking one kiss from the rose,
 Over valleys and forests that lie there,
 I would go to your lips that half close,
 O flower of my soul, and would die there !

HARRY CURWEN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A FOUNTAIN bubbles forth, hard by the lake,
 Between two stones up-sparkling ever,
 And merrily their course the waters take,
 As if to launch some famous river.

Softly she murmurs : " What delight is mine,
 It was so cold and dark below ;
 But now my banks green in the sunlight shine,
 Bright skies upon my mirror glow ;

" The blue forget-me-nots through tender sighs,
 ' Remember us,' keep ever saying ;
 On a strong wing the gem-like dragon-flies
 Ruffle me, as they sweep round playing.

" The bird drinks at my cup ; and now, who
 knows,
 After this rush through grass and flowers,
 I may become a giant stream, that flows
 Past rocks and valleys, woods and towers !

" My foam may lie, a lace-like fringe, upon
 Bridges of stone, and granite quays,
 And bear the smoking steamship on, and on,
 To earth-embracing seas."

Thus the young rivulet prattled as it went,
 With countless hopes and fancies fraught ;
 Like boiling water in a vessel pent,
 Throbbled through its bed the imprisoned
 thought.

But close upon the cradle frowns the tomb ;
 A babe the future Titan dies,
 For in the near lake's gulf of azure gloom
 The scarce-born fountain buried lies.

F. H. DOYLE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PATRIOTS ABROAD.

AMERICAN gentlemen abroad sometimes give public utterance of their notions of our people and the Federal Government. There is no harm in this, of course, provided these gentlemen speak judiciously and with knowledge. Lecturers and after-dinner orators at home may misrepresent, without much danger of misleading ; but abroad the foreigner is apt to assume that an American speaking of Americans is one having authority, and hence accepts his *dicta* as the law and the fact. It is desirable, therefore, that Americans who in foreign lands elect themselves to the position of American representatives should have some knowledge of the subjects upon which they undertake to enlighten their listeners. It is not at all surprising that a sojourner abroad should know nothing about our national politics—for, if there is a person anywhere that substitutes a mass of erroneous notions for exact knowledge, it is your cultivated American when discoursing of the nature and conditions of our Government—but it is a little exasperating that he can not consent to hold his tongue until he is authorized to speak. Mr. Bronson How-

ard, for instance, is doubtless well acquainted with " international stage-rights," and hence his recent utterance on that topic before the International Literary Congress in London was entitled to consideration. Mr. Howard is a writer of plays, some of which have been successful ; and it is entirely probable that he has given the subject of stage-rights adequate attention. But Mr. Howard, when he talks about the peculiarities of the American Government, simply repeats the loose utterances he has heard in the clubs or read in the newspapers ; and, when he enters the domain of international copyright, he with equal ease makes gossip do service for knowledge. Of the National Government he speaks as follows :

Our Government is not intended to be a government by intellectual leaders. We have no confidence in the adequate wisdom of what are called " great men " for the government of a great people. We have tried to substitute for this wisdom what we consider a much better thing—the average common sense of the entire population. The effort to give expression to this common sense in our national Legislature compels us to have small fractions of the population represented there by men who actually reside among the people whose opinions they must reflect. For this purpose the entire country is di-

vided into small "Congressional districts." Each of these districts must send one of its own residents to Washington. Many districts have no men to send who can be counted among leading thinkers; but they all have men who can, and who do, express their own and their neighbors' opinions on affairs that affect the local or general interests of the country. That is all we expect from them. On the aggregate of the commonplace opinions thus gathered, and not on the concerted wisdom of a few brilliant leaders, is based the political prosperity, and, as we think, the political safety of the United States.

Now, it is quite true that the entire country is divided into Congressional districts, in which, however, there is nothing peculiar; and it is also true that each district must elect one of its own residents, which is different from the English custom. But the real peculiarity of the district system with us is that it selects leading men more effectually than European systems do, where in numerous cases the representative is simply the traditional Conservative, who is conservative because his family has been so before him; or the traditional Liberal who also is liberal because his family has been liberal. In social culture the members of the House of Commons are superior to our Representatives, but there are absolutely in proportion much fewer men of genuine parts at Westminster than at Washington. The real intellectual work in the House of Commons is done by a small group of strong men. The great body have no opinions except the party war-cries; they are not intellectual; exhibit little breadth or knowledge; and, having but few ideas and no skill in uttering those they do have, are unable to take part in the debates. They accord exactly with Mr. Howard's notion of the American representative—that is, they are men of sturdy common sense, and go to Parliament to reflect the sturdy common sense of their constituents.

The American representative, on the other hand, is usually some young lawyer with the gift of speech-making, one who has shown talent at the bar, and knows how to hold a popular assembly under a persuasive tongue. A very large proportion of our Congressmen are lawyers, all of whom first won their spurs in some local legal contest. It has often been deplored by critical observers that our rural communities, instead of selecting representatives of good solid standing, must fall victims to the showy eloquence or brilliant parts of lawyers or professional men. Intellectualism in some form or other—not always of the highest or soundest character, but nevertheless a form of intellectualism—is exactly the quality that captivates our rural and semi-rural communities. Certain men who are fluent of speech, abounding in ideas, ambitious and active-minded, constitute themselves leaders. They are the local speech-makers, the defenders and expounders of party theories and party principles; and it is commonly because they are supposed to be eloquent and wise that they finally reach Washington, where they have longed to display their powers. Some of these men are flighty and light-headed; but the selection in this way of men of parts has been the very thing that has given

to Congress its great men—its Clays, Douglasses, Bentons, Haynes, Hunters, not to speak of its Webster, or of those who now shine conspicuously in it, Conkling, Blaine, Edmunds, Stephens, Bayard, and others. No modern people are so fond of intellectualism as the American people, no representatives anywhere have been so generally drawn from the distinctly intellectual class as with us—ideas and requirements always having in our politics more weight than property or social standing.

How is it, then, that we hear so much about our better people withholding from politics? Because it is assumed that what is true of three or four leading cities is also true of the whole country. All that we have said, for instance, is not true of the city of New York, where politics are almost exclusively in the hands of inferior men; and as the self-confident young men who lounge at clubs, who go abroad to air their patriotism in *Pall Mall* and on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, imagine their own set to be the whole world, and naturally delight in showing contempt for qualities exhibited elsewhere, there has come to be prevalent in these would-be high circles a notion that America is in the hands of ignoramus—that popular suffrage must inevitably by the law of gravitation place in office incumbents no higher than the level of the voters. This is asserted again and again. Foreigners who come here and are introduced to our higher circles hear this uttered repeatedly as if it were the very corner-stone of democracy; and neither home critics nor foreign critics take the pains to carefully analyze the facts to see if the current indictment is true or not. Mr. Howard simply repeats this gospel of Fifth Avenue, but, like those from whom he quotes, has no knowledge nor perception of the facts as they are.

In regard to international copyright, Mr. Howard quotes current notions as glibly and as ignorantly as in the domain of politics. We append a few sentences:

American literary piracy—true patriotism does not prevent me from calling a spade a spade; I speak not to foreigners, but among my fellow citizens in the republic of letters; and I decline, furthermore, to treat our literary pirates as representative Americans by screening their crimes under a softer name—American literary piracy has developed enemies within its own lines. The Messrs. Harper Brothers have suddenly discovered that the competition of irresponsible, petty speculators, small piratical privateers so to speak, is more expensive to them than the honest payment of royalties to foreign authors would be. Other great publishers have made the same discovery. The promise now is that there will be no one in Washington hereafter to present the old arguments against international copyright. Our reformed and suddenly upright publishers will now prove to the practical American law-maker, who still knows and cares nothing about the matter, that the national profit is on the other side.

The italics are our own. Mr. Howard might easily have learned, had he so wished, that American publishers for years past have been accustomed to pay royalties to foreign authors, that every British author whose writings possess any certain mercantile

value in this country has received a share of the profits accruing from his books. Nearly the entire body of English scientific writers are here put on the same footing that American authors are, and every novelist of recognized place has received a price for early sheets of his books. Within the last year the prices paid to English novel-writers have been considerably reduced on account of cheap opposition editions; but so far the graver writers, the scientists and historians, have not suffered from this cause. Had Mr. Howard thought proper to acquaint himself with the facts before sneering about our "reformed and suddenly upright publishers," he would have discovered that the opposition to international copyright here has not arisen from any unwillingness to pay royalties to foreign authors—this being commonly done—but from the apprehension that such a law would largely transfer book-making from our own country to England. The most strenuous opposition to international copyright has come from paper-makers, printers, stereotypers, and bookbinders, and many publishers have united with these classes, not because they wished to defraud English authors, but for the reason that they did not desire to enrich English publishers. An international copyright law without qualification or conditions would soon show us all books by English writers designed for this market manufactured in England. The English author would not sell a duplicate of his manuscript here as now; it is the English publisher who would place editions of the author's writings in this market. That American publishers have not in all instances paid royalties to foreign authors is true; that, like other men, including authors, they are sometimes selfish and sometimes short-sighted, is also true; but foreign authors whose books can be reprinted with profit are tolerably sure in the competition that ensues to find publishers who will pay them. It was incumbent upon Mr. Howard as an American, if not as a man actuated by the spirit of fairness, to ascertain these facts before taking occasion to defame his countrymen. But Mr. Howard is not alone. The assumption always with his high-minded and patriotic class is, that in any given condition of things in America the wrong and not the right is inevitably chosen.

THE WISDOM OF LEADERS.

"THE concerted wisdom of a few brilliant leaders" is Mr. Howard's ideal of government. He is not alone in the notion that great men are necessary for the prosperity and safety of a community. And yet since the world began what has the concerted wisdom of brilliant leaders done for mankind? The prosperity, and even largely the safety, of nations has actually been wrested from those brilliant leaders whose wisdom, concerted or otherwise, is so radiant in many people's eyes. The simple right to enjoy in security the products of one's own labor has been acquired solely by the stubborn courage and persistent purpose of the people, in the face of monarchs, statesmen, priests, and other brilliant

leaders. The purpose of the men whom Mr. Howard admires has always from the first been to keep down the people and extend the power of the state. There are only two things that the concerted wisdom of rulers has ever been called upon to give the world, and these two things their united intellect has never been able to grasp—one being to let the people alone in their faiths and their industries, and the other to establish a police that will maintain order. The great men whose names shed so much luster on the past have disdained a simple task like this; they have preferred to restlessly intrigue for the extension of boundaries, and so have plunged the nations into disastrous wars; they have endeavored to establish or overthrow faiths, and in so doing have bestowed upon the world a heritage of wrong and oppression; they have schemed to augment their own resources by every possible device in taxation, and so impoverished the commonalty. They have done these things in the past, and are busy doing them to-day. The only countries that are peaceful and prosperous are those in which the people have bound down their brilliant leaders, and succeeded in controlling affairs by an "aggregate of commonplace opinions," while the supreme wisdom of Bismarck has filled Germany with discontent, and the administrative talents of the Czar have given to Russia a choice crop of conspiracies and assassinations. Ten thousand evils have sprung from the meddling wisdom of statesmen, but not one genuine good. The blessings that have come upon mankind have been the elevation of common life, the growth of the arts, and the spread of education, and these things the men in high places have resisted with all their power. "Of one thing we may be sure," says a writer in a recent English magazine, "that the world has been too much governed by persons whose talent has lain chiefly in taking care of themselves. There have always been too many people ready to regulate society in their own interests, whereas the welfare of the world lies in the direction of self-government. Humanity has been too much sat upon by rulers, heaven-born and devil-born—the latter class chiefly prevailing. What is wanted is increase in the general capacity of self-government. The far-seeing prayer of Robert Browning should be put up in all the churches—

' Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once !'

This writer's phrases are strong, if not elegant. "Humanity has been too much sat upon by rulers" is as terse and good as a proverb. But we suspect that it is not so much "an increase in the general capacity of self-government" that is wanted as an increase of opportunity to exhibit the capacity that exists. The main difficulty with the people is that they are still partially afflicted with the ruling notion in high places that government is indispensable in regulating industrial, commercial, educational, and social affairs; that the state must still exercise some degree of military mastery and paternal coddling. The supreme public concern is not to gain "bril-

liant leaders," but to suppress the class altogether; to subordinate government just so far as it can be done, to permit the great body of affairs to be self-acting, with just supervision enough to see that the full freedom of self-acting is maintained; and for this duty the steady, clear common sense of the community is wholly adequate.

THE POETRY OF DISTANCE.

MR. HAMERTON thinks that susceptibility to the poetry of distance in landscape is a faculty not possessed by minds of a common order. In his "Life of Turner" he devotes several pages to this theme, from which we quote the subjoined:

The fascination of the remote for minds which have any imaginative faculty at all is so universal and unfailing that it must be due to some cause in the depths of man's spiritual nature. It may be due to a religious instinct, which makes him forget the meanness and triviality of common life in this world to look as far beyond it as he can to a mysterious infinity of glory where earth itself seems to pass easily into heaven. It may be due to a progressive instinct, which draws men to the future and the unknown, leading them ever to fix their gaze on the far horizon, like mariners looking for some visionary Atlantis across the space of the wearisome sea. Be this as it may, the enchantments of landscape distance are certainly due far more to the imagination of the beholder than to any tangible or explicable beauty of their own. It is probable that minds of a common order, which see with the bodily eyes only, and have no imaginative perception, receive no impressions of the kind which affected Turner; but the conditions of modern life have developed a great sensitiveness to such impressions in minds of a higher class. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any important imaginative work in literature produced during the present century in which there is not some expression of the author's sensitiveness to the poetry of distance.

Now, the fascination of landscape distance seems to us more generally felt than any other form of natural beauty. Instead of being exclusively the possession of imaginative or cultivated minds, it is with the multitude almost the very beginning and end of their sense of poetry or beauty in landscape. Traveling once with an artist in search of the picturesque, we discovered that everywhere the prevalent idea of landscape beauty was that of an extended prospect. In every flat or merely undulating district we were directed to the top of some high building for the fine view afforded therefrom, and in hilly sections there was always a rock or hill-top that was famous for the beautiful prospect it commanded. Foreground scenes never seemed to enter the minds of the people we commonly met as legitimately within the meaning of landscape beauty. With this experience in view, Mr. Hamerton's assumption that the beauty of distance is not appreciated by minds of a common order surprises us. Whatever may be the cause, one encounters everywhere—in this country at least—a sensitiveness to the fascinations so admirably described in the extract from Mr. Hamer-

ton that we have copied. The delight in poetical distance may be rather an animal exaltation than a spiritual aspiration; it may be nothing more than a thrill of the nerves that comes from a sense of space and vastness, but it is as common as human nature itself. Wherever there are mountains the tops of which are accessible, or high places that command extended views, we find throngs of people making pilgrimages to them. There is no better-known scene in America than the view from the plateau in front of the Catskill Mountain House, a prospect described by Cooper's *Leatherstocking*, before hotels were known in that region, in a passage that every reader is familiar with, and which expresses the sentiments commonly awakened by the vast panorama unfolded there. To see the sun rise or set from a mountain-top is a pleasure that every one promises himself, and one which every summer induces many people to undergo great labor and fatigue to accomplish. We can hardly assume that American people are more sensitive to this kind of beauty than the communities with which Mr. Hamerton is acquainted, but, unless this is the case, the distinguished art critic in this matter assuredly has not evinced his usual accuracy of observation.

THE OBJECTIVE NOVEL.

"I AM told," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his recent essay on "The Choice of Books," "that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions." In keeping with this discovery is the notion with us in America that Cooper's tales of the sea and the woods are of an inferior order of composition; that stories depicting the throes of heated passion, or the perturbations of well-bred lovers in drawing-rooms, are of a higher intellectual character than narratives of adventure and exploit. Let us admit that analysis of character is a very high and subtle phase of the novelist's art, but then it has not absolute possession of the whole field. There are not only other worthy things than the study of emotions and motives, but psychological probing is very apt when pushed too far to become a great bore, and with many writers is simply stimulative of an unhealthy and morbid passion for introspection. It is not a good thing to be always looking into our own minds or into the minds of our neighbors. The subjective novel within due limits is proper enough to read and study, but when made too large a part of our intellectual food the result is morally and mentally hurtful. In this case the breezy, out-of-door, objective novel affords an excellent counter-current of sensation, and for this reason alone it ought to be sandwiched between the highly seasoned preparations of the modern school.

The objective novel, however, is something more than a mere antidote to sentimental poison. Its place in art is not an inferior one. The reasons that make us cherish the epic poets, that lead us to ad-

pire the temples and statues of the ancients, that give to form and color so much fascination, are the elementary foundations of the objective novel. If it is a fine thing to be sensitive to the beauties of nature, it must be a fine thing to be sensitive to pictures of life that are closely related to those open aspects of the world around us; and, if architecture stands high in the æsthetic world, if color in painting is entitled to our admiration, if the lines of sculpture are worthy of our study, then romances which deal prominently with color and form are candidates for an equal appreciation. The novel of action is an epic in prose; the novel of picturesque situation is like a stirring painting on canvas; and the novel that gives us heroes and heroines of ideal grace and beauty awakens in us some of the same sensations that higher sculpture does. The arts generally deal with the objective, appealing exclusively to the senses; and it is therefore certainly not a wrong or an improper thing for the novelist to appeal to the same sensibilities that painters and sculptors do.

It is only by realizing the really high place in art that novels of description and action may occupy when the performance is equal to the plan, that one is prepared to form a just estimate of romances like Cooper's. One must put himself in some such relation to them as he would if they were ancient classics. Let us imagine, for instance, the figure of young Uncas, in "The Last of the Mohicans," coming down to us from the remote past. As he incarnates the three special qualities of the hero—youth, grace, and daring—neither Hector, nor Paris, nor Perseus has greater fascinations than that strange and almost mystic figure would have possessed for us under such circumstances. As a product of Greek

imagination he would have embodied the melancholy, the beauty, and the spirit of the woods, just as the German sprite Undine does of the waters. He would have figured in endless statues and paintings, and have fired the fancy of innumerable poets. But born close to us, being our very own, we have lacked the faculty of seeing in him the exquisite poetical conditions that three thousand years ago would have made him immortal. We think we appreciate the heroes of Greek story because we have been industriously instructed how to admire them, but we have shown an utter lack of ability to seize for ourselves upon a singularly beautiful figure of our own land and time, which as a type of a splendid young savage is unique and artistically perfect. He is filled with the very breath of poetry, and yet neither our painters, our poets, nor our sculptors have discovered him. It may some day be thought that this Adonis of the woods is as worthy of attention as diseased studies in spiritual anatomy, and we may be sure that our tastes will not be healthful, robust, strong, or sweet until this time comes about. There are other striking poetic figures in Cooper's romances which remain largely unheeded to our dull imagination. How full of poetic associations the waters that girt New York ought to be with recollections of "the lady of the sea-green mantle," at the bowsprit of the Water-Witch gliding phantom-like through them! Cooper has, in truth, peopled our waters and our woods with figures that are as full of strange beauty as those that animate the shores of the Ægean Sea, but we cherish every detail of Greek tradition and neglect every phase of our own. Our romance is not so copious as the ancient, but it has a choice flavor of its own that ought to make it dear to us.

Books of the Day.

A BOOK on the life and works of one great novelist by another almost equally eminent in the same field could hardly fail to be deeply interesting; and Mr. Anthony Trollope's monograph on Thackeray* not only possesses all the interest which naturally pertains to such a work, but the additional attractiveness which comes from the fact that he has not confined himself to the mere study of Thackeray, but has made his work the vehicle for imparting his own ideas upon men and things, upon literature and morality, and in particular upon the objects and methods of his own art. In fact, there is nearly as distinct a flavor of Trollope in the book as of Thackeray, and the reader learns nearly as much about the character, ideas, and habits of the former as of the latter. This comes, however, not from any obtrusive

egotism on the part of Mr. Trollope, but from the fact that he has used his own knowledge of life and experience as a novelist in interpreting Thackeray, and has written throughout in the first person instead of with that objectiveness and formality which is apt to accompany the impersonal "we." The whole tone of the work is eminently sincere, candid, and unpretentious—impartial in judgment and keen in criticism, but with that sympathetic feeling and cordial appreciativeness which a biographer may properly extend to one who was both a friend and a co-worker in kindred pursuits. The reader will probably agree with us that Mr. Trollope has seldom given a more favorable impression than he gives in this book of his character as a man and his power as a writer; and we think it is owing, at least in part, to the strict limitations as to space under which it was written. Had the book been twice as long it would probably have been much less than half as good, and had it been spun out to the customary

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Thackeray. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 206.

length of Mr. Trollope's later novels it would doubtless have had the same tepid flavor of toast-and-tea. It is something to know that so voluble and voluminous an author can be concise and vigorous where these qualities are indispensable; and it is more satisfactory still to know that he can be concise and vigorous without losing that ease of manner and felicity of style which we have come to regard as his most striking characteristics as a writer.

Only the first chapter of the book is avowedly biographical, and even here the minute personal details of which biography usually consists are but scantily introduced. The truth is, as Mr. Trollope notifies to his readers at the outset, there is not sufficient material available for a formal biography of Thackeray: "Of Thackeray no life has been written; and though they who knew him—and possibly many who did not—are conversant with anecdotes of the man, who was one so well known in society as to have created many anecdotes, yet there has been no memoir of his life sufficient to supply the wants of even so small a work as this purports to be. For this the reason may simply be told. Thackeray, not long before his death, had had his taste offended by some fulsome biography. Paragraphs, of which the eulogy seemed to have been the produce rather of personal love than of inquiry or judgment, disgusted him, and he begged of his girls that when he should have gone there should nothing of the sort be done with his name. . . . Acting upon these instructions, his daughters—while there were two living, and since that the one surviving—have carried out the order which has appeared to them to be sacred." Such being the case, even if there were materials for it, one who like Mr. Trollope stood in the relation of a personal friend could not undertake to write what might properly be called a life of Thackeray; and all that the present work professes to do is to give such an outline or sketch of Thackeray's career and character as will enable the reader to catch the true significance of his writings. After all, however, the published works of a really great author furnish the very best materials for a biography of him, because these, when properly understood, reveal the inmost workings of his mind and heart; and in interpreting the writings of Thackeray, not by the cold light of analytical criticism but with the aid derived from personal association and the performance of similar labors, Mr. Trollope has rendered the highest possible service to both author and readers. The fuller narrative and ampler details which we may hope for in time to come will be received with their due meed of appreciation; but we think it very doubtful if any future biographer will succeed in conveying to the average reader a truer, juster, or more vivid conception of Thackeray as man and author.

Among the points to which Mr. Trollope devotes most attention—after telling briefly how Thackeray became an author, how he first worked and struggled, and then worked and prospered until he became a household word in English literature—is an explanation of the sense in which Thackeray can and can not be called a "cynic." This charge of cyni-

cism is the one most commonly brought against Thackeray's writings; and it is, of course, highly important to know clearly how far it is true and in what respect it is unjust or mistaken. Mr. Trollope recurs to the subject several times; and, in summing up what he has to say about it, points out that, in considering the charge, it is necessary to discriminate between the author and the man. A public man, he admits, should be judged from his public work. If he who is to be known as a writer writes as a cynic, it is fair that he should be so called. Upon the question whether the nature of Thackeray's writings entitle him to be called a cynic, he says:

The word is one which is always used in a bad sense. "Of a dog, currish," is the definition which we get from Johnson—quite correctly and in accordance with its etymology. . . . That Thackeray's nature was soft and kindly—gentle almost to a fault—has been shown elsewhere; but they who have called him a cynic have spoken of him merely as a writer, and as a writer he has certainly taken upon himself the special task of barking at the vices and follies of the world around him. Any satirist might in the same way be called a cynic in so far as his satire goes. Swift was a cynic, certainly. Pope was cynical when he was a satirist. Juvenal was all cynic, because he was all satirist. If that be what is meant, Thackeray was certainly a cynic. But that is not all that the word implies. It intends to go back beyond the work of the man, and to describe his heart. It says of any satirist so described that he has given himself up to satire, not because things have been evil, but because he himself has been evil. Hamlet is a satirist, whereas *Thersites* is a cynic. If Thackeray be judged after this fashion, the word is as inappropriate to the writer as to the man.

But it has to be confessed that Thackeray did allow his intellect to be too thoroughly saturated with the aspect of the ill side of things. We can trace the operation of his mind from his earliest days, when he commenced his parodies at school; when he brought out "The Snob" at Cambridge; when he sent "Yellowplush" out upon the world as a satirist on the doings of gentlemen generally; when he wrote his "Catherine," to show the vileness of the taste for what he would have called Newgate literature; and "The Hoggarty Diamond," to attack bubble companies; and "Barry Lyndon," to expose the pride which a rascal may take in his rascality. "Becky Sharp," "Major Pendennis," "Beatrice," both as a young and as an old woman, were written with the same purpose. There is a touch of satire in every drawing that he made. A jeer is needed for something that is ridiculous, scorn has to be thrown on something that is vile. The same feeling is to be found in every line of every ballad. . . . He was "crying his sermon," hoping, if it might be so, to do something toward lessening the evils he saw around him. We all preach our sermon, but not always with the same earnestness. He had become so urgent in the cause, so loud in his denunciations, that he did not stop often to speak of the good things around him. Now and again he paused and blessed amid the torrent of his anathemas. There are "Dobbin" and "Esmond" and "Colonel Newcome." But his anathemas are the loudest. It has been so, I think, nearly always with the eloquent preachers.—(Page 203.)

As to the accuracy with which the term "cynic" can be applied to Thackeray's personal character as a man, Mr. Trollope says:

I protest that it would be hard to find an individual further removed from the character. Over and outside his fancy, which was the gift which made him so remarkable, a certain feminine softness was the most remarkable trait about him. To give some immediate pleasure was the great delight of his life—a sovereign to a schoolboy, gloves to a girl, a dinner to a man, a compliment to a woman. His charity was overflowing, his generosity excessive. I heard once a story of woe from a man who was the dear friend of both of us. The gentleman wanted a large sum of money instantly—something under two thousand pounds—had no natural friends who could provide it, but must go utterly to the wall without it. Pondering over this sad condition of things just revealed to me, I met Thackeray between the two mounted heroes at the Horse Guards, and told him the story. "Do you mean to say that I am to find two thousand pounds?" he said angrily, with some expletives. I explained that I had not even suggested the doing of anything, only that we might discuss the matter. Then there came over his face a peculiar smile, and a wink in his eye, and he whispered his suggestion, as though half ashamed of his meanness. "I'll go half," he said, "if anybody will do the rest." And he did go half, at a day or two's notice, though the gentleman was no more than simply a friend. I am glad to be able to add that the money was quickly repaid. I could tell various stories of the same kind, only that I lack space, and that they, if simply added one to the other, would lack interest.

He was no cynic, but a satirist, and could now and then be a satirist in conversation, hitting very hard when he did hit. When he was in America, he met at dinner a literary gentlemen of high character, middle-aged, and most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high—deservedly so—but who, in society, had that air of wrapping his toga around him which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. "What has the world come to," said Thackeray, out loud to the table, "when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other!" The gentleman was astounded, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening. Thackeray then, as at other similar times, had no idea of giving pain; but, when he saw a foible, he put his foot upon it and tried to stamp it out.—(Page 59.)

Besides the discussions on general topics there are many interesting circumstantial details concerning the origin, purpose, and methods of each of Thackeray's more important works, the composition of his ballads and burlesques, and the founding of the "Cornhill Magazine," of which Thackeray was editor, and to which Trollope was one of the earliest and most valued contributors. Intermingled with the general narrative, there are also numerous passages of a more personal interest, such as the following about Thackeray's habits of work:

I think that at no time did Thackeray doubt the sufficiency of his own mental qualification for the work he had taken in hand; but he doubted all else. He doubted the appreciation of the world; he doubted his fitness for turning his intellect to valuable account; he doubted his physical capacity—dreading his own lack of industry; he doubted his luck; he doubted the continual absence of some of

those misfortunes on which the works of literary men are shipwrecked. Though he was aware of his own power, he always, to the last, was afraid that his own deficiencies should be too strong against him. It was his nature to be idle—to put off his work—and then to be angry with himself for putting it off. Ginger was hot in the mouth with him, and all the allurements of the world were strong upon him. To find on Monday morning an excuse why he should not on Monday do Monday's work was, at the time, an inexpressible relief to him, but had become a deep regret—almost a remorse—before the Monday was over. To such a one it was not given to believe in himself with that sturdy, rock-bound foundation which we see to have belonged to some men from the earliest struggles of their career.—(Page 15.)

This suggests a comparison, or rather contrast, between Thackeray and Dickens—a comparison, not as to their literary merits, but as to their dominant characteristics as authors. Dickens, though a year younger than Thackeray, had reached almost the zenith of his reputation before the latter's name had been heard at all. Why, asks Mr. Trollope, was Dickens already a great man when Thackeray was still a literary Bohemian?

The answer is to be found not in the extent or in the nature of the genius of either man, but in the condition of mind—which indeed may be read plainly in their works by those who have eyes to see. The one was steadfast, industrious, full of purpose, never doubting of himself, always putting his best foot foremost and standing firmly on it when he got it there; with no inward trepidation, with no moments in which he was half inclined to think that this race was not for his winning, this goal not to be reached by his struggles. The sympathy of friends was good to him, but he could have done without it. The good opinion which he had of himself was never shaken by adverse criticism; and the criticism on the other side, by which it was exalted, came from the enumeration of the number of copies sold. He was a firm, reliant man, very little prone to change, who, when he had discovered the nature of his own talent, knew how to do the very best with it.

It may almost be said that Thackeray was the very opposite of this. Unsteadfast, idle, changeable of purpose, aware of his own intellect but not trusting it, no man ever failed more generally than he to put his best foot foremost. Full as his works are of pathos, full of humor, full of love and charity, tending, as they always do, to truth and honor, and manly worth and womanly modesty, excelling, as they seem to me to do, most other written precepts that I know, they always seem to lack something that might have been there. There is a touch of vagueness which indicates that his pen was not firm while he was using it. He seems to me to have been dreaming ever of some high flight, and then to have told himself, with a half-broken heart, that it was beyond his power to soar up into those bright regions. I can fancy, as the sheets went from him every day, he told himself, in regard to every sheet, that it was a failure. Dickens was quite sure of his sheets.—(Page 18.)

Perhaps as piquant as any other portions of the book are those in which Mr. Trollope takes a quotation from or an anecdote about Thackeray as a text for his own lucubrations. Here is an example which is worth reproducing on account of the importance of the subject with which it deals. Thackeray held

strong opinions as to what was due by the government to men of letters :

In 1850 he wrote a letter to "The Morning Chronicle," which has since been republished, in which he alludes to certain opinions which had been put forth in "The Examiner." "I don't see," he says, "why men of letters should not very cheerfully coincide with Mr. Examiner in accepting all the honors, places, and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much; and if it is the custom of the state to reward by money, or titles of honor, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service—and if individuals are gratified at having 'Sir' or 'My Lord' appended to their names, or stars and ribbons hooked on to their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are—there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as men of the robe or the sword; or why, if honor and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his Government; nor, surely, need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribbons, and titles, than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every European state but ours rewards its men of letters. The American Government gives them their full share of its small patronage; and if Americans, why not Englishmen?"

In this a great subject is discussed which would be too long for these pages; but I think that there now exists a feeling that literature can herself, for herself, produce a rank as effective as any that a Queen's minister can bestow. Surely it would be a repainting of the lily, an adding a flavor to the rose, a gilding of refined gold to create to-morrow a Lord Viscount Tennyson, a Baron Carlyle, or a Right Honorable Sir Robert Browning. And as for pay and pension, the less the better of it for any profession, unless so far as it may be payment made for work done. Then the higher the payment the better, in literature as in all other trades. It may be doubted even whether a special rank of its own be good for literature, such as that which is achieved by the happy possessors of the forty chairs of the Academy in France. Even though they had an angel to make the choice—which they have not—that angel would do more harm to the excluded than good to the selected.—(Page 36.)

We have already spoken of the felicity and animation of Mr. Trollope's style, but it would be less than justice not to call attention in closing to the readableness of the book, apart from its interest in other respects. Though composed chiefly of literary criticism, the effort of reading it is as that involved in what the scientists have agreed to call "unconscious cerebration."

THE characteristic which is most likely to impress one in reading the "Impressions of Theophrastus Such"* is its complete dissimilarity to anything that George Eliot has previously written. A thin veil of fiction is attempted to be thrown over it by attributing the lucubrations to an imaginary

personage; but after the first chapter, in which he is outlined for us, we catch no further glimpse of Theophrastus Such, and he simply takes his place in the gallery of character-types which the author has endeavored to portray for us. In the later essays, in particular, the standpoint is frankly and undisguisedly that of a woman and of George Eliot, and we are under no obligation to distinguish between what she herself really thinks and feels and what she imagines that a given character under certain circumstances would think and feel. The opinions and the mental attitude are those of George Eliot *in propria persona*, and for this reason the book will probably have a greater biographical value than any other of her works.

In attempting to define the character of the work we can get some help, perhaps, by borrowing a familiar analogy from another art. Our idea is, that these detached and independent essays are substantially identical with the sketches or "studies" which painters make as memoranda of passing impressions or scenic effects, with the design at some time of using them as material for a picture. In other words, we have here some neat and finished specimens of the raw material out of which George Eliot constructs her novels; and it is difficult to avoid the feeling in contemplating them that it was either the original design to present them to us in quite another stage of elaboration and development, or that they are what the scientists would call "arrested growths"—types which were not found adapted for working into a general scheme of life, but which are worth study as isolated phenomena. They are the better worth attention, moreover, because there are unmistakable signs that the "studies" are from nature—that the sketches are really portraits, and not merely the creatures of the author's imagination. The several characters portrayed with such keenness and penetration are typical not because they are generalized from a number of individuals, but because each is representative of an entire class and represents it so accurately that to describe an individual is to describe the class.

The relation which these sketches bear to the author's more customary work is curiously exemplified, we think, in the chapter entitled "The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!" This, the longest, most earnest, and most labored essay in the book, simply presents argumentatively the proposition which was worked out dramatically in the Jewish sections of "Daniel Deronda"; it is the *rationale*, so to speak, of the seer, poet, and enthusiast, Mordecai. Both the essay and the novel are an attempt to discredit the hereditary and wellnigh universal antipathy to Jews; to vindicate them on the side of history and domestic life; and to show that they have exhibited through long ages of contumely and persecution those very qualities—patriotism, pride of race, and persistent memory of a glorious past—which distinguish all the most advanced peoples of the world. The idea of a restored Jewish nationality—a reestablished Judea—pervades the essay as well as the novel; and it is evident that the conception is one

* Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. Pp. 234.

which was not used dramatically to give a touch of ideal completeness to the imaginary figure of a Jewish enthusiast, but has really taken vital hold upon George Eliot's own sympathies. Whether the essay or the novel was written first, the relation between the two is unmistakable; and this, we think, throws light upon the original intent or purpose of the other essays.

It is probably superfluous to say that even in these sketches George Eliot does not content herself with surface traits and resemblances, but penetrates very deeply into the innermost recesses of character, particularly when she is tracing out some elusive and chameleon-like vice or frailty. Indeed, there would be something terrible and repellent in the relentlessness of her analysis were it not for a certain largeness of vision which enables her to "see life steadily and see it whole," and thus seeing it to perceive that man, as Sir Thomas Browne said, is a bundle of contradictions, and that a man with a bad quality, however obtrusive and offensive, is not necessarily a bad man. "None all good, but good in all," may be said to be the moral and summary of the "Impressions of Theophrastus Such," and one who looks out upon the world around him with a like keenness of penetration will be apt to find ample confirmation of it.

Two books on color appear upon our table this month, and may conveniently be noticed together, though in aim and method of treatment they are quite distinct. Professor Ogden Rood's "Modern Chromatics" * is a contribution to the International Scientific Series, and attempts to present in a popular and easily intelligible but strictly scientific manner the fundamental facts connected with our perception of color. The nature of light is first carefully explained; then the different methods of its reflection and transmission; then the way in which it is broken up or subdivided in the spectrum; and, finally, the manner in which it acts upon the eye so as to produce the sensation of color. Many curious facts discovered by other observers are brought out, and a degree of exactness not previously attained has been secured by numerous and careful experiments devised and conducted by the author himself. The more important of these experiments are described in such detail and illustrated so copiously with charts and diagrams that they can easily be repeated or verified by those possessed of the necessary apparatus. But the most distinctive feature of the book is, that the author has not confined himself to the scientific aspects of his subject, but devotes a large share of his attention to its æsthetic or artistic side. For more than twenty years Professor Rood has enjoyed the privilege of familiar intercourse with artists, and during that period has devoted a good deal of leisure time to the practical study of drawing

and painting, so that he is more successful than a mere scientist would be in endeavoring to present in a simple and comprehensible manner the underlying facts upon which the artistic use of color necessarily depends. "The possession of these facts," he says, "will not enable people to become artists; but it may to some extent prevent ordinary persons, critics, and even painters, from talking and writing about color in a loose, inaccurate, and not always rational manner." It would be difficult, indeed, to say to which class the treatise will be most useful: it will be very near the truth, perhaps, to say that it contains about as much science as the art-student will find serviceable, and about as much art as will enable the student of science to appreciate the full meaning of the facts with which he deals.

One chapter of Professor Rood's work is devoted to the abnormal perception of color, or "Color-Blindness," and this forms the subject of a somewhat elaborate volume by Dr. B. Joy Jeffries, of Boston.* The subject has only very recently attained prominence, Dr. Jeffries's being the third monograph upon it yet published; but its importance may be realized when it is stated that experiments made on a large scale in three or four of the leading countries of Europe, and confirmed by the investigations of Dr. Jeffries in America, show that about one person in every twenty-five is partially or completely color-blind. The obvious and great dangers arising from the defect in railway employees, pilots, mariners, etc., where the safety of human life depends upon their correct interpretation of colored signals, are what give the matter its practical importance; and these dangers are so great as to demand the immediate attention of the community. Dr. Jeffries thinks that many railway and marine accidents, otherwise inexplicable, are to be referred to color-blindness; and as the defect, if congenital (as it usually is), is incurable, there is no adequate protection but "the elimination from the *personnel* of railways and vessels of all persons whose position requires perfect color-perception, and who fail to possess this." He urges, therefore, that, "through a law of the Legislature, orders from State railroad commissioners, or by the rules and regulations of the railroad corporations themselves, each and every employee should be carefully tested for color-blindness by an expert competent to detect it. The test and the method of application should be uniform. All deficient should be removed from their posts of danger. Every person offering himself as an employee should be tested for color-blindness and refused if he has it. Every employee who has had any severe illness, or who has been injured, should be tested again for color-blindness before he is allowed to resume his duties. Periodic examinations of the whole *personnel* should also be required."

Dr. Jeffries's treatise is detailed and exhaustive, explaining (as does Professor Rood) the nature of our color-perception, pointing out the apparent cause

* *Modern Chromatics, with Applications to Art and Industry.* By Professor Ogden N. Rood. International Scientific Series. Volume xxvi. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 329.

* *Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection.* By B. Joy Jeffries, A. M., M. D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 312.

of color-blindness and the different forms which it takes—commonly red-blindness or green-blindness, more rarely violet-blindness—discussing the various methods which have been devised for its detection, and furnishing a series of tests which are at once simple and conclusive. A considerable portion of his book is a translation from the work of Professor Holmgren, whose theory and system he adopts; but he has summarized all the facts gathered by all previous investigators, and has added to them the results of some twelve thousand independent examinations of his own. His book, in fact, is a complete *recensens* of the existing knowledge of its subject; and, as the subject concerns wellnigh every one, so the style of treating it is such as to make the book attractive to the general reader.

THE plan upon which Mr. Russell has constructed his "Library Notes" * is very simple, and, in view of its somewhat daring simplicity, the result is surprisingly good. He is apparently an omnivorous reader, and he has had the patience to copy out or note down all the passages which for any reason struck him as being impressive. These passages, touching upon an infinite variety of subjects, he has strung together, sometimes upon a very tenuous connecting thread, and sometimes with no connecting thread at all that can be discovered by the casual reader. There is an attempt at classification, it is true; but the several heads selected—Insufficiency, Extremes, Disguises, Standards, Rewards, Limits, Incongruity, Mutations, Paradoxes, Contrasts, Types, Conduct, Religion—show that the compiler adopted them for the special purpose of avoiding the limitations of any definitive theme. The chapters on Mutations, Paradoxes, and Religion, are fairly homogeneous and systematic; but the remainder are, as we have said, little more than an aggregation of passages from various sources which the compiler considered for one or another reason noteworthy.

Such being the case, the question naturally arises, How comes it that the book is so readable? As a general thing, nothing could be more dreary than collections of "elegant extracts"; yet Mr. Russell's book, though even more heterogeneous and helter-skelter than usual, is in a remarkable degree readable and appetizing. The reason is not obvious, but it is to be found, we think, in the fact that Mr. Russell's taste is at once catholic and cultivated, that he knows just where to begin and where to end his quotations, and that he obtrudes himself upon the reader's attention no more than is absolutely necessary. We have found scarcely a single one among the thousands of excerpts in his book which is not really worth preservation, and there are a neatness and precision about them which are very exceptional in such compilations. Disraeli is so anxious to lose

nothing that is good, that he fatigues by his diffuseness; Mr. Russell is well aware that he can not include all, and so contents himself with taking the kernel.

Aside from its readableness, "Library Notes" is a very convenient book to have at hand when the delinquent memory refuses to yield up those neat quotations or illustrative anecdotes which may be introduced so happily in writing or conversation. There is scarcely a conceivable topic about which there are not one or more passages, and what there is, is certain to be pointed, apposite, and suggestive. A copious analytical index furnishes an easy key to the treasures of the volume.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL, perhaps the most eminent among living German biologists, has set himself the difficult and important task of rendering the elementary principles and facts of evolution intelligible, not merely to special students of science, but to that wider circle of educated readers who, without any special training or acquirements, yet feel an enlightened interest in the vital questions of the time. In his "Natural History of Creation," published several years ago and recently reproduced in English, he traces in broad, general outlines the development of the whole animal and vegetable kingdom. In the "Evolution of Man," * which he describes as a second and more detailed part of the previous work, he attempts to render in a like degree intelligible the entire history of man's development, both as an individual from the parental germ, and as an animal species (or "tribe," as he calls it) from the most rudimentary form of animal life. This stupendous pedigree, Professor Haeckel claims, can now be traced out by science with a degree of probability which amounts to substantial certainty; and he attempts to make each of its successive stages intelligible to the non-scientific reader, together with the double evidence in support of it drawn from the study of man's development as an individual (anthropogeny) and as a race or "tribe" (phylogeny). The difficulty of such a task, as he admits, is very great, "because the defective natural scientific instruction in our schools, even in the present day, leaves educated men quite or nearly ignorant of the structure and arrangement of their bodies"; but there are few obstacles which attentive reading will not surmount, and of the work as a whole, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace says, "There is probably no book in any language which gives so full, so clear, and so perfectly intelligible an account of the earlier stages of the development of animals." The present translation is from the third German edition, which has been carefully revised by the author, and provided with a preface in which he meets the objections of various critics.

* The Evolution of Man: A Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny. From the German of Professor Ernst Haeckel. In Two Volumes. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 467, 504.

* Library Notes. By A. P. Russell. New edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 402.